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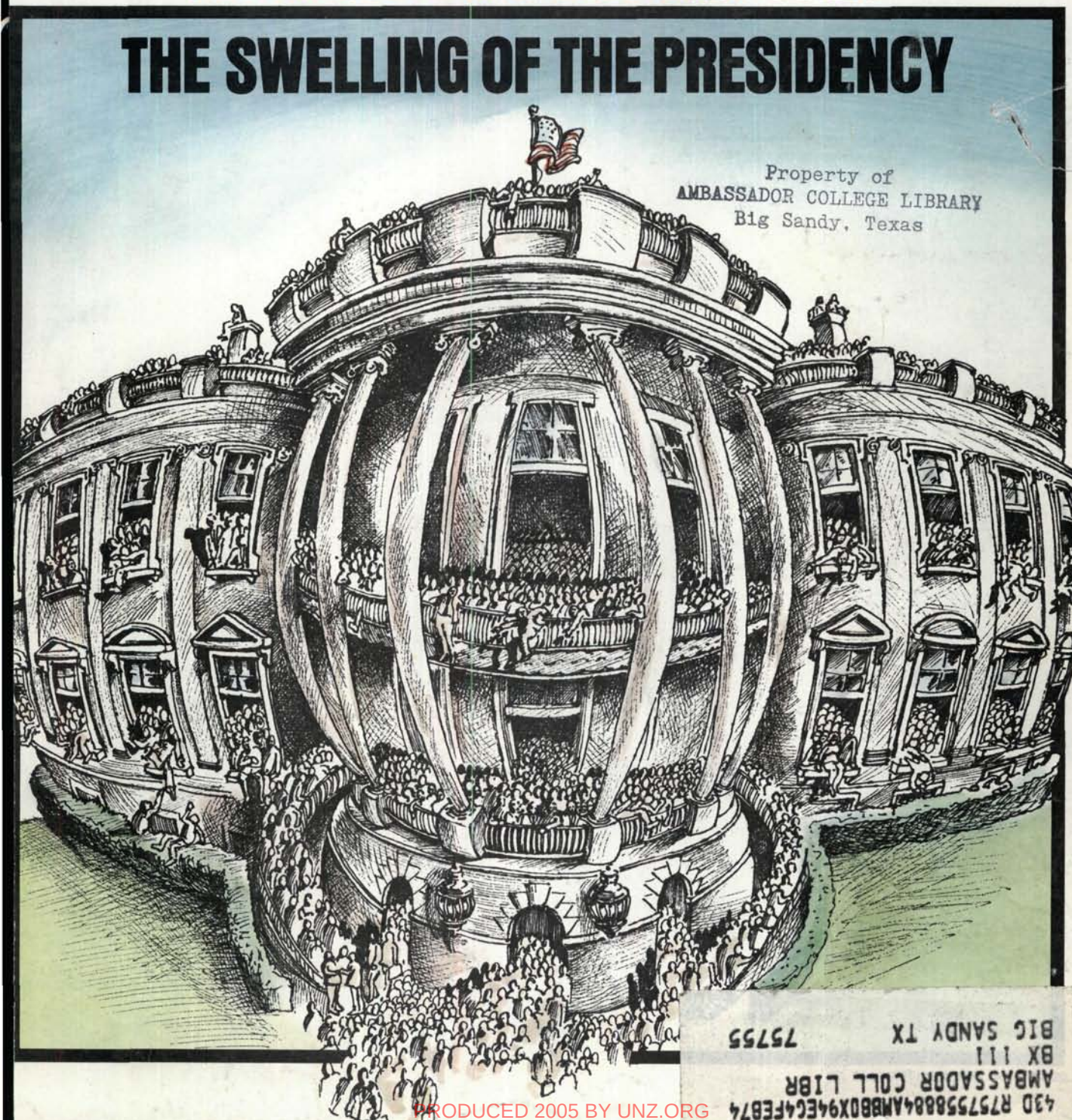
ONE DOLLAR

# Saturday Review of THE SOCIETY

## The Mid-Career Crisis • The Home Buyers' Revolt

## A Mafioso Cases the Mafia Craze

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**35 YEARS OF HELP WITH A HUMAN TOUCH**



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# INSIDE SR

The most remarkable piece of information in this issue of *Saturday Review of the Society* is the fact that the "Presidential Establishment," which political scientist Thomas E. Cronin defines as "the men and women [who] fall directly under the President in the organizational charts," has grown 20 per cent over the past four years and is now nearly as large as the sprawling domestic bureaucracy of the Department of State.

Soon after *SR*'s assistant managing editor, Wade Greene, received and reported to us on Dr. Cronin's article "The Swelling of the Presidency," which makes this revelation (see page 30), we began burrowing into some history books to find out when it was that the presidency began its rapid expansion. Our homework revealed that the turning point occurred during the administration of President William Howard Taft. Prior to that time, according to the memoirs of one of President McKinley's clerks, "life was pretty simple, even for a President." McKinley had only six clerks and a handful of aides working for him at the turn of the century, and they were not so busy that they couldn't revel in "byplay, gossip, or an occasional game of craps in the basement." The White House was then run informally—as if "one big family."

Such casualness at the seat of national authority lasted for approximately one more decade. By the beginning of the Taft administration in 1909, executive problems and paperwork had grown to the point at which they required large-scale, disciplined management. Accordingly, President Taft hired the White House's first efficiency expert, a man named Charles D. Norton, who arranged to have Taft become the first President of the United States to read his mail and interoffice communications in digest form.

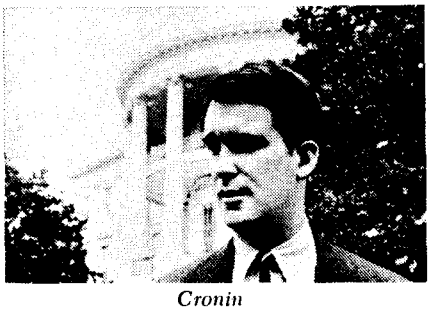
Pressures on the presidency during the First World War were followed by further increases in the size of the White House staff, but it was Franklin Roosevelt who, in 1933, brought in the first of the really esoteric specialists. Soon after his inauguration, F.D.R. had one Ph.D. on his staff who worked out the following formula:

$$\frac{Z_i Y_i}{\Sigma Z_i Y_i} = \frac{\frac{X_i}{\Sigma X_j}\frac{P_i}{\Sigma P_j}}{\Sigma \frac{X_i}{\Sigma X_j}\frac{P_i}{\Sigma P_j}} = \frac{X_i P_i}{\Sigma X_i P_i}$$

to determine and report to him that 5.5 per cent of all letters in the White House mail asking for federal employment and relief benefits came from the state of Illinois and that, although Illinois contained only 1.5 per cent of the country's population at that time, 8.4 per cent of all such federal aid given went to persons living in that state. White House assistants had come a long way since the days when they played craps in the basement.

As the White House staff continued to grow under the administrations of John F. Kennedy, Lyndon B. Johnson, and Richard M. Nixon, a subtle but important change took place. The Presidential Establishment began to horn in on the traditional authority and responsibilities of the Cabinet and even of Congress, until, as Dr. Cronin points out, today the presidency has become mired in the "dubious characteristics of large bureaucracies . . . at the expense of thinking systematically about important, long-range problems."

Dr. Cronin, who is currently a visiting fellow at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara, California, is especially well qualified to assay the consequences of the swelling of the Presidential Establishment. His interest in the presidency began when he was appointed a White House Fellow when Lyndon Johnson was President. In 1969 Harper & Row published *The Presidential Advisory System*, which he coauthored. Dr. Cronin gave the presidency lectures at the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies in Salzburg, Austria. Later, while associated with the Washington-based Brookings Institution, he wrote *The State of the Presidency*, to be published soon.



*Cronin*

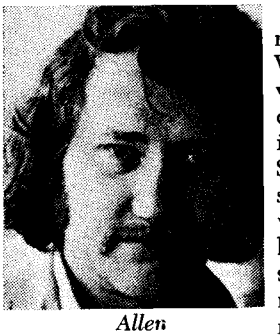
* * * *

Until his arrest in 1968, Vincent Teresa was a high-ranking member of the New England mob and one of the wealthiest Mafiosi in the United States. As a Mafia "money mover," Teresa made millions of dollars in stock swindles, loansharking, and gambling junkets—holding in contempt the "drugstore cowboys" in the Mafia who deal in violent crime. Teresa's main weapons were his unusual intelligence, a near total recall (Mafia "executives" can't keep file cabinets), and a con man's ability to turn the weaknesses of his victims to his advantage.

Today Teresa lives a much quieter life, with the help of an assumed name, federal protection, and the $1,080 monthly check the government sends him (just a "ham sandwich," he says) so long as he remains its principal informer on the Mafia. Teresa claims that he turned state's evidence—thus violating the Mafia code he had lived by since childhood—because his rivals in the New England mob threatened the lives of his wife and children after his imprisonment. As a result of his becoming an informer, however, his ex-colleagues are now offering a $500,000 reward for his murder—more than enough money to keep him in hiding.

*Teresa*

To occupy his leisure time (and also to provide him with the one thing he admits to missing from his days in the mob: money), Teresa has written an autobiography, *My Life in the Mafia*, in collaboration with Thomas C. Renner, a leading investigative reporter in the field of organized crime. Recently Richard Levine, a senior editor of *SR*, invited Teresa to review the current rash of books and movies about the Mafia and to speculate on why the public has become so intrigued with the life he used to lead. "A Mafioso Cases the Mafia Craze" begins on page 23.



*Allen*

Last summer, when William Allen, who teaches creative writing at Ohio State University, sent his wife to the library for some books he needed, she returned with the required books, plus—"just for fun"—three *Ripley's Believe It or Not!* collections. "We spent half the night absorbed in the Ripley books," Allen reports, "and I knew then that I wanted to do a story about Ripley and his feature." On his next trip to New York Allen discovered that Ripley's researcher, Norbert Pearlroth, had been at the task for fifty years, virtually living at the New York Public Library. Finding that hard to believe, Allen went after the story, which appears on page 51.

—W. H. H.



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# Life in the Great Indoors

NEW ORLEANS, La.—Ah, another glorious morning! You jump out of your camper, step jauntily across the lush greensward to the guard rail in front of a breathtaking vertical drop, gulp the moist ocean air deep into your lungs, and look out over—well, over Earhart Boulevard to the glass-and-steel office buildings of downtown New Orleans. Such, at least, is the dream of two urban visionaries named Wesley Hurley and Albert Ledner, who have recently announced their intention to construct the world's first skyscraper campground.

Their idea calls for the construction of a twenty-story, open-sided high-rise complete with a security guard in the lobby and a swimming pool and barbecue pit on the roof. In between, the lower floors will be reserved for parking, while the twelve upper stories will be divided into 240 campsites, each one carpeted with Astroturf and equipped with a utility hookup and deck furniture. The ground floor will house an all-night supermarket and a fast-food facility dishing out "camperburgers" to hearty outdoorsmen famished after a bone-crushing day in the traffic. Plans are also afoot to include a beauty parlor, a barber shop, and an automobile service garage in the building—but plans are the only thing afoot. The campers themselves will watch as their trailers are placed on a turntable-like platform and hoisted up to the appropriate slot, then follow along in elevated comfort. All this for $11 per night for each vehicle.

The idea was really Hurley's brainstorm. One day the thirty-eight-year-old demolition expert came across several run-down buildings owned by Ledner. Hurley's own camper had just been vandalized in New Orleans's French Quarter, an incident which confirmed his suspicion that people who invest in expensive campers are particularly vulnerable to bad elements—human or natural. "People don't want the woodsy bit now," he explained. "They enjoy traveling and want to camp in comfort near the city." (Not that Hurley has anything against camping outdoors: "I was driving in from the Great Smokies last week and couldn't help thinking of our building *sitting* up there. What a *great* view!")

So when Ledner asked him what he would put in place of the run-down buildings, Hurley was not at a loss for words. The two formed Hi-Rise Campsites, Inc., and set about finding the $4 million they figure it will take to get the project—which Ledner, an architect, designed—off the ground. They hope to have the building completed in time for the opening of the nearby Superdome stadium in 1974. Which means that if the scheme doesn't work, Hurley could convert the campground into a parking lot for sports fans. □

# Mugging the President

BY STEVE KLINE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—United Press International is sitting in one of the overstuffed green leather lounge chairs, eating a doughnut. Associated Press is recalling the merits of an exceptionally good Italian restaurant near Walter Reed Hospital, discovered during the "Eisenhower Deathwatch." CBS is playing gin—and losing. Above the banter and the clatter of wire service machines the voice of an administrative aide squeaks out over the speaker system.

"Please stand by for a photographic opportunity in the Oval Office."

Promptly the photographers rise and cloak themselves in the vestments of their profession—motorized Nikons, a Leica or two, and, for the TV boys, an array of 16-mm shoulder-mounted cameras with large film canisters. They converge at a doorway but must wait about five minutes, surrounded by Currier and Ives steamboats and clipper ships, which ply their stately, unhurried way across the press room walls.

"Who's with the old man?" one photographer asks. "Who're we shooting?"

"I don't know."

When conditions are apparently right and the stage is set, an aide leads the little band—about fifteen members in all—across the corridor past a spit-shined marine guard to an alcove just outside the Oval Office. More waiting. Shuffling. Setting cameras. Checking film. All set? Set. The door opens and in pour the White House press corps photographers, squeezing through the entry and jockeying for position, kneeling, standing tall, crouching, scurrying around the rich blue rug fringed with gold stars, taking pictures of the most

*Steve Kline is a freelance writer who lives in Oregon.*

*"Please stand by for a photographic opportunity in the Oval Office."*

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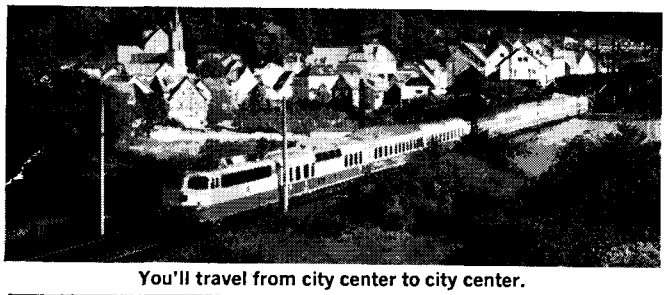

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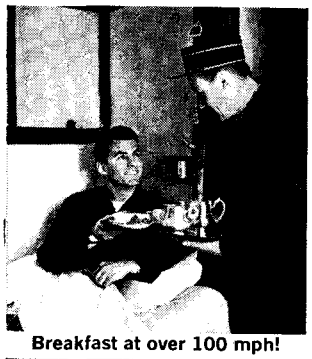

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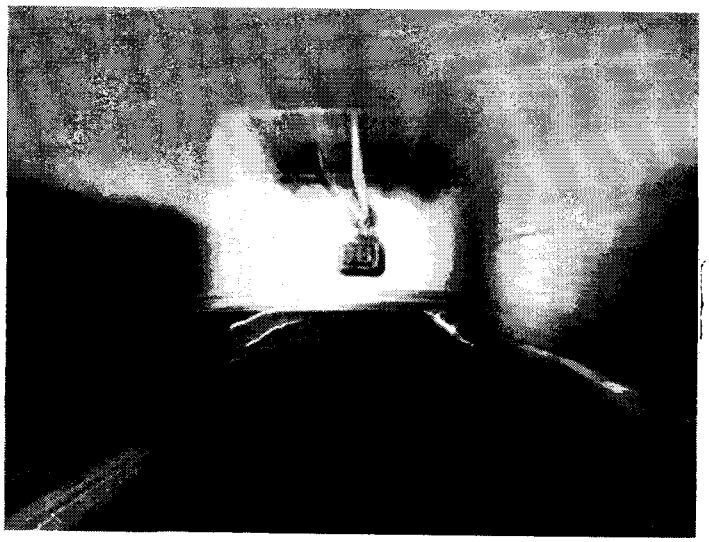

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powerful man in the world. Start with the 24-mm lens for the good overall, the wide angle, then shift over to the 35 to get a little tighter, and if there's time, maybe come in close with the 50. No need to worry about the setting because it's always the same—125 at f5.6—except when the lighting man brings only one light instead of two and you have to open up to f4.

Bdzzzt. Bdzzzt. Bdzzztabzzztabzzzt. "Twenty seconds, gentlemen." Bdzzzt. Switch to the 35. Hold it; he's moving his hand. Bdzzzt. Got it. "Ten seconds, gentlemen." Bdzzzt. "Lights, gentlemen," and the lights are cut and the press files out. Thirty seconds. That's all you get. Just thirty seconds hovering over Richard M. Nixon to earn your daily bread.

*"Who was that with the Old Man? Who'd we just shoot?"*

*"I don't know."*

* * * *

For photographers, an assignment at the White House represents the pinnacle of the profession. To get there, they come not only from Chicago and Boston and Jacksonville but from small and obscure newspapers and news bureaus, pushing, shoving their way to the top by covering forest fires and murders and civil rights marches, airplane crashes and race riots and combat. And when they have made it, when they have reached the top, they get matchbooks from *Air Force One* and credentials entitling them to take mug shots of the President of the United States at half-minute intervals.

"Sometimes it goes slightly longer," says Frank Cancellare, the UPI veteran and dean of the White House photographers. "When it's a real dog, something they're trying to sell, you get more time than you need, but when it's something good, it seems like you only get a little time."

He is a stubby little man, with black-framed glasses, an impish humor, and a penchant for smelly cigars. Since 1938, with time off to cover the war in China, "Cancy" has been part of the zoo, as the White House press corps is termed, one of the "animals" taking pictures of Presidents.

"They ain't got no smarts in there," he says, disgusted by the management of the "photographic opportunity."

"They should let the animals in first. There should be none of this rushin' into a room like a pack of tigers. Let 'em get set up and then bring the dignitaries in. It would be much more dignified that way, instead of rushin' in there and runnin' around for twenty or thirty seconds. It would be so much easier. You could get yourself in position; you'd know what lenses you need, and you could put them right in front of you. We were taking a picture this morning, and all of a sudden they hollered 'lights' and pulled the plug. They never really give you enough time to do a good job. We never know beforehand what the setup's going to be—at his desk, just sitting down, or standing up against a wall. You have to carry three cameras because you need three lenses and you don't have time to change lenses."

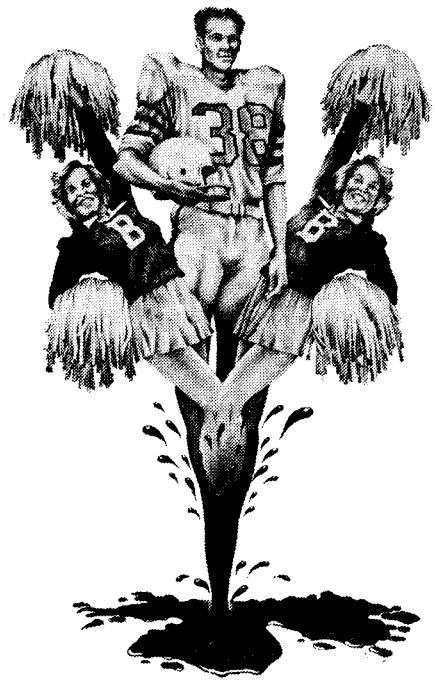
"You start at one corner of the room and work around and shoot every available angle," explains UPI's Ron Bennett. "Then, if you have a few extra seconds, you might go back and try to get a little creative, but you always get your bread-and-butter stuff first. Everybody does the same thing and usually gets the same thing, but sometimes there are different pictures. You might be changing cameras at the time Nixon scratches his nose, and that could be the only time he does anything different; so that's the picture they want."

Another photographer, whose background includes work in Vietnam, concurs: "Which finger he uses and how high he scratches can mean the difference between your picture and someone else's, and after a while you ask yourself, What am I doing here? I covered a flood this morning, and it was great. It was the happiest I've been for months. It's difficult to worry about a head shot job when a lot of people are starving someplace else."

AP photographer Chick Harrity defends the job. "Sometimes it's harder to be creative in a controlled environment than it is outside where you can move things around. Here you have to take what you've got, but you remember that you're always working on a page-one story. Covering the President is important; it's news; it's the top of the pecking order."

Charlie Tasnadi, Hungarian-born photographer who came to AP from *Time,* agrees. "Out of the most innocent picture-taking session," he says, "you may get a picture of a wonderful presidential gesture that makes front pages all across the nation. Your mind shouldn't be clouded by the fact that some say it's a nothing assignment. It's always the White House, the capital of the world."

The White House press corps photographers don't spend all of their time in Washington. When the President travels, the "animals" scramble right after him, to Peking as well as to Peoria. And wherever they go, and however much of their time may be given to eating doughnuts and losing at gin, the White House photographers still get their mail at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Which is enough to keep more photographers than the White House can hold shooting and pecking away in those obscure newspapers across the land. □



*"A stark confrontation of values."*

# Games Texans Play: Oil vs. Football

BY GARY CARTWRIGHT

BURKBURNETT, Tex.—Here on the worn-out, trackless plains of northern Texas, the only thing as important as oil is high school football. So when old Sam Walton announced plans in November to exercise an old mineral lease and to drill a new well, there was bound to be a lot of talk. For the well site was right out on the fifty-yard line of Bulldog Stadium, and this was the best year in a decade for the Burkburnett Bulldogs to boot. They had just won the area's Triple A championship and were heading into the state semifinals.

Here was a rare and stark confrontation of values, not only those of Burkburnett or Texas, but deeply held American devotions to property rights and free enterprise on the one hand and sports on the other. Sam Walton's threat naturally was the hottest topic in Burkburnett since 1940, when Burkburnett was the fictional setting for *Boom Town,* starring Clark Gable.

Burkburnett's real-life contemporary drama began when the school board put pressure on Sam Walton to clean up the black slush that had leaked out around the two rusting pumpers attached to S. H. Walton Well No. 3. The pumpers chug night and day out-

*Gary Cartwright is a freelance writer based in Austin, Texas.*



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side the main gate of Bulldog Stadium, but they produce hardly enough oil to run the motor, and no one paid much attention to them or the mess they were making until the Bulldogs started winning.

Except for the expense of "plugging" the shafts, Sam Walton might just have shut the pumps down. Instead, he did what he had done when a real estate developer cut a street over one of his leases—he demanded money, or else. Or else a lot of unhappy motorists were going to be jockeying around oil derricks. Sam got $15,000 from the developer, but all the school board offered was $1,000, and when Sam refused on the grounds that he would lose money on his investment, the school board indignantly withdrew its offer. That's when Sam reminded the board that the old mineral lease of his took in the football field. And then he produced a permit from the state Railroad Commission, which regulated the oil industry—a permit that allowed him to drill on the fifty-yard line.

"I been wildcatting here for fifty-two years," Sam Walton said. "I got the mineral rights to that land twenty-seven years ago when there wasn't nothing out on that edge of town but brush and rabbit manure. I paid taxes on it all that time. All I can tell you, the Railroad Commission gave me a permit to drill there, and that's what I intend to do."

When I visited this remote and fading little town of 9,200 people a few weeks ago, late in the football season, the fame of Sam Walton's challenge to the sport had spread and national television had descended on Burkburnett along with the *Wall Street Journal*. "Nobody around here is fool enough not to enjoy the national publicity," said Marjorie Kauer, a clerk at the five-and-dime. Still, few people really seemed to think that the Bulldogs might someday be running their plays around an S. H. Walton oil well. "Frankly," said Raymond Greenwood, who recently resigned his job as editor of the local newspaper to become director of the Burkburnett Chamber of Commerce, "we don't believe he can pull it off."

At the same time, no one was totally discounting Sam Walton or the power of the oil ethic he personified. "I don't know," said a man in coveralls in Henry's Bakery, a hamburger and chili joint that is the only place to eat in downtown Burkburnett. "Knowing old Sam, he's just liable to get him a couple of Wilson spudders and start a hole."

Knowing old Sam is something that just about everyone in Burkburnett does. He is a legendary figure here who drives an aging Cadillac and makes daily (including Sunday) inspections of every one of his several hundred oil leases. And knowing Sam as they do, it is doubtful that much of anyone here would have been surprised by anything he did in the quest of oil.

While the oil wells around Burkburnett are not nearly the producers they used to be—Burkburnett itself has also seen a better day—the people here have lived the oil ethic all their lives, and nobody has lived it longer or harder than Sam Walton. Sam and his daddy were already drilling out on Sunshine Hill when Fowler Wildcat No. 1 blew in, on July 29, 1918. Six months later the Burkburnett oil field had spread over 450 square miles of the Red River Valley. Promoters and speculators and general riffraff from San Francisco to New York swarmed to town. Tent cities went up along mud streets. They still speak of the time a team of mules sank and drowned on the street in front of Henry's Bakery.

"You never saw so much money," Sam Walton reminisced when I talked to him. "Riverbed whiskey sold for twenty dollars a gallon. They sold water on the streets for ten cents a cut. Everything was open night and day, even the banks. People were pulling it in with both hands."

Everyone, it seemed, except Sam Walton and his daddy.

"My daddy died broke at age seventy-two," Sam said. "He never made a dime on a well of his own. He built the first spudder ever built and sold it to the Fort Worth Rail and Machine Company.

"We went in together on Sunshine Hill. Daddy told me right off, 'Son, this field's a freak.' The reason he said that, you'd see a dry hole not twenty feet from a gusher. I had some money back then—nearly twenty thousand dollars. I told my daddy, let's go over to East Texas and buy out the niggers. But he wouldn't do it. So he died broke at seventy-two, and now I'm seventy-nine, living on Social Security."

Sam shook his head and looked out across the gray dunes, past the rows of mobile homes where pumps chopped at the last dregs of nourishment. "Oil's three-fifty a barrel," he said. "Ought to be five. Your President reduced the oil depletion allowance from 27½ per cent to 17. Your President raised the oil import quota. Them foreigners have got educated. Now they control 50 per cent of the fields. They can bring it up for four bits a barrel and give us a whipping we can't afford. The only salvation for this country is to find deep-well oil. Most of the wells around here stop at sixteen to eighteen hundred feet. I got mineral rights down to three thousand." But Sam indicated that he didn't think maybe there was enough drive around these days to get at the oil. "People don't believe in oil



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anymore," the old wildcatter sighed.

Sam Walton still does, however, and when we got around to talking about Bulldog Stadium, he perked up. He couldn't guarantee it, he said, but he felt that there was oil under the ground there. Whether there was or not, it was his lease, it was his right, and he was serious about exercising it.

Downtown at Henry's Bakery people weren't sure. A local barber expressed the generally held doubt about Sam's intentions and capabilities of carrying through on the drilling—although no one, significantly, really challenged the propriety of his doing so.

"Old Sam ain't got the money to sink another well," said the barber between gulps of coffee.

"He might," said a man in oil-stained coveralls.

"What he wants, he wants the school board to buy up his lease," the barber argued. "Poor as the oil is around here, he don't want another well. He wants hard cash."

"He'd be a fool to drill," the barber continued. "He's pumping what in that well outside the stadium gate—four barrels a month? Now it costs a man a dollar and a quarter a foot to drill. Oil's three-fifty a barrel. You figure it out."

"It's his *right* to drill," said a weathered woman frying hamburgers. "If he owned the mineral rights under this floor I'm standing on, there's nobody could tell him he couldn't come in here and drill."

Well, a couple of days later the speculating about Sam and Bulldog Stadium and the apparent confrontation between the rights of oil and the rights of football turned out to be just more wind in a place where the wind never stops. On December 8 the Bulldogs lost to an important rival, and the very same day Sam Walton lost his game, too. The Railroad Commission, which is not exactly known in Texas for standing in the path of oil production, uncharacteristically reversed itself and revoked Sam's permit to drill in Bulldog Stadium.

A spokesman for the commission said: "There were possible surface obstruction matters and possible safety matters and possible pollution matters involved in the proposed drilling location, which had not been brought to the commission's attention."

The commission said Sam could file a new permit application, and of course Sam said that's just what he intends to do, but in his heart, you could tell, he was hurt and saddened and more perplexed than ever about people not believing in oil anymore.

"I can't believe it," Sam said of the commission's action. "It's like your preacher telling you there's no God." □

# There'll Always Be a California

BY ANTHONY BAILEY

LONDON, England—"You cannot leave England," writes the British poet Peter Porter, "it turns / A planet majestically in the mind." Dave Stocks knows this, though he wouldn't put it that way. He lives with his wife, two daughters, and a dog in a modern town house in Blackheath, in southeast London. At thirty-five he is a successful factory manager of an automobile accessory plant in nearby Kent. He owns two cars, wears mod clothes (striped-purple shirt, slightly darker striped-purple flared trousers), talks in an engaging Yorkshire accent, but is less consistently cheerful than he once was. This is because he has constant dreams about America.

From 1967 to 1970 the Stockses lived in California. Their beagle puppy is named Pokey, after a girl on the TV show *To Rome With Love*. As a child, Dave's mother had lived in America, and Dave grew up hearing about it all the time. "I come from Keighley, in the grimy North, and Marjory, my wife, comes from Howarth, in Brontë country. But America was tucked away in the back of my mind, and one day when we were living in Coventry, where I had an engineering job, I saw this ad in a trade journal saving Mattel toymakers wanted a production engineer to go to Los Angeles. My wife said, 'I suppose if you don't go, you'll never get it out of your system.' So I went to the interview in Manchester. It was in this big hotel suite. I was greeted by a crew-cut bloke in a short-sleeved shirt with two cigars poking out of his breast pocket. All these mechanical toys were buzzing 'round, like in Santa's workshop, and a side table was piled high with stacks of five-pound notes. He led me over to them and said, 'Take whatever it cost you to get here.' Then we had the interview. They took three photographs of me from different angles, and a few days later they offered me the job."

Dave Stocks worked for Mattel for a year. "Later I found it was cheaper for them to hire me than it would have been to move an engineer and his family from the East Coast. The factory was at Hawthorne, just down the freeway from the L.A. airport. They paid our fare and lent us a car for a few weeks. We arrived with the kids, a dog, and our suitcases and went to a motel they'd booked us into, but I paid for, on one side of the freeway. Those were a traumatic couple of days. We didn't know where to eat. We didn't own a teaspoon. The breakfast eggs came with jelly on the same plate. We moved to an apartment, but after we'd been in it five weeks my little girl Miranda got knocked down by a car a teen-ager was driving in the parking area. She fractured her skull, and for a week we didn't know whether or not she'd lost her sight. One doctor wouldn't touch her until we signed a form promising to pay his fee. Another one sent us a bill, though he hadn't done anything. We got screwed by the lawyer. But we belonged to the Kaiser health plan, and that paid the hospital bills. The hospital was good. And Mattel was great. They're a tough, hire 'em and fire 'em firm, but they told me to look after my kid and come into work when I felt like it. And people we met because of it—receptionists, secretaries, nurses' aides—were super. I'm impressed with that side of America—the service, the initial contact, the girls with big smiles and lovely teeth. The way, when you go into a coffee shop, they give you a glass of water and a napkin the moment you sit down, and when you leave they say, 'Thanks for stopping by.' Maybe it's all on the surface, not genuine, but I think it's fabulous."

The accident (from which Miranda recovered) led the Stockses to move to a house. "It was the best house I've ever lived in, or probably ever will. Shingle roof. Four bedrooms. About eight years old. I loved it. It suited me to step out of my front door in the mornings and see Mount Baldy—though my wife always reminds me that from August to November you couldn't see it for the smog.

"Anyway, after an exciting year at Mattel, I went to Avon Cosmetics in Pasadena as a production manager. I think they're the best company in the world to work for. They're very people-conscious. They go out of their way to look after their work force. I was earning over twenty thousand a year. I had a two-year-old Cadillac, and my wife had a Chevy. You can imagine me, a few years out of Keighley in the North of England, driving 'round California in a Cadillac with sumptuous cloth upholstery. I could have driven forever in that car. I used to get into it some evenings and drive. Sometimes we'd drop down to Mexico on a Sunday morning or go up to Monterey for a short holiday. I got onto playing golf at Pebble Beach. And I went to a Mexican bloke and learned classical guitar."

What ended Dave Stocks's California idyll was a letter from England. A friend who ran an engineering firm in Blackheath asked him to come back and

---

*Anthony Bailey, a staff writer for* The New Yorker, *currently lives in London.*



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# Who is NICK JOHNSON?

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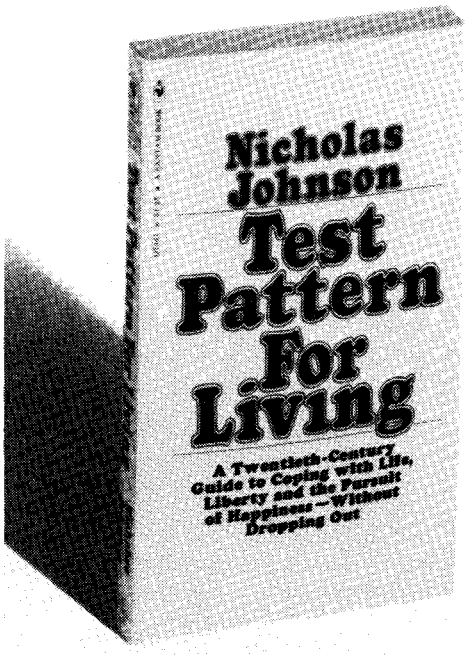
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give him a hand. "As soon as my wife read the letter she had the plane tickets booked. She liked some things about California, but it didn't enchant her. She said it felt like being on vacation all the time, knowing that it was going to come to an end. She'd go out into the garden in her bikini and not get a tan because of the smog. She didn't want the kids to grow up there. She missed her parents, and she thought the girls should be nearer their grandparents. I suppose, if I'd been single, I'd have stayed. Or I could have said, 'Go home, and I'll send you some dollars every week.' California's full of divorces. But that's not what it's all about, is it? You've got responsibilities, haven't you? Still, if it hadn't been for the wife and kids, I probably never would have come back to put up with all this humbug.

"For a while after we got back I thought I was going to have a breakdown. I used to listen to the jets coming into London airport and think how easy it would be—I could get the next plane out to California. Here I have a Vauxhall Viva, a tin box with a sewing machine in it, and I'd remember the Cadillac. Here we have this small three-bedroom house. These are all material things, I know, but that's the sort of man I am, the sort of work I do. I enjoy good things. Back here in England I'd go into a café and nearly explode at the lousy food and lousy service—some motherly old dear calling you 'luv' and slapping down in front of you something awful you probably haven't even ordered. You don't know how I used to dream about being back in Shakey's Pizza Parlor."

Coming back home, however, had its advantages. "In terms of the children, I know we did the right thing. They go to a really great, free Inner London Education Authority primary school. They've got good friends. I haven't quite got it pinned down why this country's better to bring up children in, but maybe it's because people *don't* try so hard, there isn't the striving, the pressure, everything that made California exciting for me. It scared my wife. The daughter of an attorney we knew was a heroin addict at thirteen. Half the local teen-agers were on one drug or another. It can happen here, but I don't think it will, to that degree. In California the added material benefits outweigh for a man some of the riskiness of life, the lower social benefits. But you can't consider your children that way. The standard of living is higher in America, but the quality of life, if you can get at it, is higher here."

If you can get at it?

"Well, a lot of people here don't have either the high standard of living or the quality of life. They certainly don't get the material rewards they'd get in America to make up for doing the jobs they do. And naturally they aren't as devoted to their jobs. Avon knew how to get real enthusiasm out of its work force, but you should see how it is here. Where's the enthusiasm, where's the productivity? Our firm made a loss last year, and my boss promised me he'd really do better by the lads on the shop floor if we made a profit in the first six months of this year. So we worked like dogs. Sometimes I'd take a case of beer along and hand it out to the night shift to jolly things along. We made a profit, but has he done anything? Not a sausage, though I bet the directors are counting on a big bonus for themselves. I've been on at my boss about it for the last two weeks. I've got people in my plant who are grateful for old clothes my wife sends along for their kids. My secretary can't make ends meet on her present salary. America gives you something in return for your effort, but what's in it here for a fitter in my plant who gets twenty-five pounds a week? I'm having a battle getting him a few pounds more. Can you wonder if he stays home in bed or takes off to a football match?"

Marjory Stocks says that one always complains more at home and that her husband has a rosy view of what life was like in California. Sometimes he agrees. He looks as if he were at home here. And yet: "I'd occasionally leave Avon at two a.m., go to an all-night restaurant—try finding one of those in London!—and chat with the waitress about life and everything. I thought it was fabulous. But maybe I don't look under the surface. Maybe she went home and got knocked about by her husband. I know there are problems. In California I had the reputation of being a sympathizer with minority groups. I thought the blacks, the Mexicans, and the Indians had a raw deal, particularly the Indians. But I've got America in my system now, and it's hard to shake. One lot of our L.A. friends flew over to visit us last year and when they went back, I felt poorly for weeks. I do the pools for one reason—so if I win, I'll have the cash to take us all back for a proper visit. Sometimes when I get depressed, I lock myself in the kitchen and show all the cine film I took in California. Or I go up to town and have a hamburger in the Kings Road and imagine there's a man wearing arm bands and playing the piano and I'm back at Shakey's.

"I'm here for good, I guess. I've come home to Mother England. But I've told my wife—I've put it in my will—that when I die, I want cremating and my ashes scattered over the sixteenth tee at Pebble Beach." □

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# TRAVEL

# Florence Blooms in Winter

BY HERBERT R. LOTTMAN

It had never occurred to me before that Florence was a city with a life of its own. In the course of my wanderings I had been there five or seven times—the precise number never mattered to me, because Florence never mattered. It was always summer, always an oven. I followed the crowds, stepping lively so as not to be trampled. I would stick close to the jewelry and souvenir shops while walking along the Ponte Vecchio, always conscious of the fact that, if I strayed from my own traffic lane, I'd be done for.

I played the same game at the Uffizi Gallery, not overstaying my thirty-second quota in front of the Leonardo *Annunciation* or Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*; and I remembered to depart via the exit door. Tourist traffic at the Uffizi and Pitti museums is divided between *entrata* and *uscita* gates to avoid the risk of serious collision. When I saw sightseeing buses parked outside the Bargello Museum (Donatello's *David*) or the Academia Gallery (Michelangelo's ditto), I sought five minutes' reading time in the nearest coffee bar. As for the hotels, either you reserved long in advance or you took pot luck, and in both cases you'd be billed for meals you didn't want (obligatory *pensione*).

Waiters in the restaurants served you ever more rapidly. Tuscan cooking, praised around the world, seemed to me a matter of speed. A quarter of an hour got you from pasta to pastry in one fashionable restaurant, if you made the mistake in even the best of the *trattorie* of ordering your entire meal at the beginning, the resulting pile-up of dishes would impress you as much as the Giotto bell tower.

As a consequence of all this (my confession continues), I disliked Florence, found it the least pleasant place to be in Italy, felt trapped when I had to accompany loved ones there, and, finally, I resolved to boycott it. Then a business conference got me to Florence off-season, and I found that tourists were scarce. Incredulous at first, I tested the museums. A few visitors, who happened to be Italian-speaking, sauntered through the halls. On Sunday, when national museums waive admission fees and one might expect a crowd, I spent as much time as I desired in front of my favorite Cranachs and Dürers at the Uffizi, and also viewed some unexpected treasures (had they been hidden all the while by German lady tourists wearing flowered hats?). I tested my luck further and found that I could realize a dream: I walked by myself into each monk's cell at the San Marco Monastery and was left alone before the touching Fra Angelico frescoes. Clearly, it was time for me to take a second look at Florence.

The statistics supported my discovery. Actually, Florence is a medium-large city with an indigenous population of nearly half a million. But last summer, in the busiest tourist month (July), there were 220,000 extra tourist bodies, a crowd that is the equivalent of half the resident population. The city's tourist office reported the following totals of tourists in for the off-season months: October 164,142; November 82,662; December 57,120. In the middle of summer, one out of every three people you encounter as you fight your way among the museums and leather shops is a fellow tourist. In December it's closer to one in ten.

From the end of October, say, to the beginning of April Florence is another city, one whose activities are not oriented to sightseers. It is a cooler city, too. This is the time the symphony season at the Teatro Communale begins for the natives (the tourists have their Musical May; the only Florentines at concerts in the Pitti Palace in July and August are those selling tickets). The fall theater season began with Brecht's *Mother Courage*, performed by Italy's excellent repertory troupe, the Teatro Stabile di Genova. Until the tourist season resumes in the spring, the company is presenting foreign and Italian classics in their original language. (The programs posted on walls around town remind townspeople that canes and umbrellas are strictly forbidden in the theater, a throwback to an ancient but still enforced law to prevent disputes in the audience from developing into full-scale battle with swords concealed in canes).

*The Boboli Garden (without tourists)*

In the public gardens, such as the Boboli, the winter traveler finds not a charging horde from the American Express buses but a group of neighborhood people celebrating their marriage, taking wedding photos against the background of grotesque statues. Italian children play Italian children's games. You will be able to identify the local citizens by their studiedly proper clothing. You can find them reading *La Nazione*, their daily newspaper, tranquilly in the sun. It's the only season in which you'll see a native of Florence in the sun of his own will.

Walk to the Piazza della Repubblica, the downtown square that remains native territory, even at the height of the summer season; it has neither monument nor museum, only the public cafés Italians enjoy. In these cafés the only view for patrons is of each other. Florentines crowd around the outdoor betting parlor. The *passeggiata* after working hours of citizens along the Via dei Calzaiuoli is very different from that found along the Vecchio; the people who walk the Via dei Calzaiuoli aren't trying to get anything out of Florence; you can feel their peace and share it. Florence has recently banned private automobile traffic from its historic center, and that helps. Where else to see the Florentines? On the Duomo square—hard as that may be for a summer tourist to believe—and inside the cathedral, or on the benches of the Piazza Santa Maria Novella. But hark—that sudden surge in front of Ghiberti's bronze Baptistry doors? "There is a certain spurt in tourist arrivals after December 15," a city tourist official explains. "Latin Americans come at that time—it's their summer vacation season." □

*Herbert Lottman lives in Paris and is a contributing editor to* Publishers Weekly.



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# EDITORIAL

## The Truman Legacy

"I find it hard to talk about myself," Harry S. Truman told a *New York Times* reporter a few years before his death. "I did what I had to do, and that is that." Historians, of course, will display no such reservations about discussing Mr. Truman, and long before the thirty-third President of the United States was laid to rest in Independence, Missouri, last month, they had begun appraising his years in office.

Some have rated him "near great," not so much for his domestic record as for the decisive way in which he confronted the nation's post–World War II challenges in foreign policy. Others, most notably the "revisionist" historians, have taken him to task for confronting those challenges far too decisively; they see him as the chief architect of, or at least a key craftsman in, the creation of a Cold War that, in their view, could have been avoided.

Generally, the revisionists take one of three tacks, in ascending order of extremism: 1) that Truman, by bending to internal pressures and demobilizing the huge American military machine too rapidly, presented an irresistible temptation to Stalin to bite off as big a hunk of the globe as he could; 2) that it was terribly naïve of Truman not to realize that the Russians' historic dread of encirclement made it inevitable that the Red Army would absorb Eastern Europe; 3) that Truman's combativeness gave Moscow the impression that the United States was out to crush the Soviets, and that they were only trying to beat him to the punch.

The first two criticisms are of a piece; both assume as inarguable the Soviets' need for a *cordon sanitaire*. The Poles, Czechoslovaks, Hungarians, and others who happen to live in that area have, however, demonstrated rather vigorously at times that they do not see things in the same light. Moreover, around 1948 there were quite a few Western Europeans (not to mention Iranians, Turks, and Greeks) who feared that Stalin's concept of a buffer zone just might be broad enough to embrace—or suffocate—them as well.

As for the argument that Truman was being simply awful to the Russians and that it was he, not Stalin, who was betraying paranoid signs and imperialistic designs—hogwash. The American efforts to rebuild Europe and Asia may eventually have made those regions safe for U.S. business, but—just incidentally—they also played a decisive role in the reconstruction of several shattered countries. And to say that Stalin's military and diplomatic thrusts were a justifiable response to Truman's aggressiveness is about as outrageous as to say that Hitler's occupation of Austria was merely a defensive reaction to Vienna's intolerably warlike behavior.

Truman's presidency was dominated by foreign policy. In domestic affairs, he was far ahead of his times in areas like Medicare and civil rights, and he put up a more flinty resistance to the McCarthyite poison than is generally recognized. But it was in the arena of international affairs that Truman was most severely tested.

The first major test, and what many regard as his greatest failure, came only a few months after he took office: the decision to use the atomic bomb against Japan. Truman found the alternative unacceptable—a million American casualties, and even more Japanese, in an invasion of the home islands. But no real effort was made to demonstrate to the Japanese in advance the awesome power of the bomb.

With the war's end came a dramatic series of decisions that signaled America's acceptance of an international role and buried the possibility of a reversion to isolationism. There were the Truman Doctrine, fashioned to aid embattled Greece and Turkey; the Marshall Plan and NATO, which helped to forge an enduring transatlantic link; and Point Four, created to channel technological aid to underdeveloped lands.

In a later era some or all of these measures—plus Truman's decision to help defend South Korea—are being scored as steps that led us inexorably into Vietnam. What Truman's forceful decisions led us into, on the contrary, was a role that the mightiest power on earth could have refused only at its—and the world's—peril. Vietnam notwithstanding, our role as an outward-looking nation willing to shoulder major international responsibilities is one that we cannot reject even today. We simply have to learn how to quit overplaying it.

RONALD P. KRISS

## The Nixon Prospect

What will a second Nixon term bring? If the administration's actions between Election Day and next week's Inaugural are any indication, the answer must be —trouble. This is particularly true in two crucial areas:

THE FIRST AMENDMENT: Richard Nixon is far from the first President to develop a deep resentment of his critics in the Fourth Estate. Few Presidents, however, have lashed back at the press as ferociously as has Nixon, via subpoenas, harassment, and hints of worse. Taking note of this trend, the Zurich-based International Press Institute said in its year-end report for 1972 that in the United States "the government in various guises is attempting to chip away at press freedom through the courts and by threats of court action." The latest chip came shortly after Nixon's re-election. Clay T. Whitehead, director of the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy, described television reporters as people "who confuse sensationalism with sense and who dispense elitist gossip in the guise of news analysis." Unless they correct such "imbalance or consistent bias," Whitehead warned, station managers will "be held fully accountable . . . at license renewal time." That might safely be called a naked threat.

THE WAR: Barely a month after Henry Kissinger electrified the world with his statement that "peace is at hand," Nixon launched the heaviest air attacks in history against North Vietnam. The ceasefire talks in Paris had suddenly broken down, and the administration seemed bent on bombing Hanoi into behaving more tractably at the negotiating table. Sweden's Premier, Olof Palme, a longtime critic of the war, described the saturation attacks as "atrocities." Britain's Roy Jenkins, a Labor party leader who has not been outspoken on the issue, called the bombing "one of the most cold-blooded actions in recent history." Ohio Senator William Saxbe, a Republican, declared: "I have followed President Nixon through all his convulsions and specious arguments, but he appears to have lost his senses on this." Whether such reactions had any effect is uncertain. Nixon did, however, finally order that the bombers desist north of the twentieth parallel, and soon thereafter the Paris talks were resumed. It may be worth recalling that the same Richard Nixon said during his 1968 campaign: "Those who have had a chance for four years and could not produce peace should not be given another chance."

R. P. K.



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# LETTERS

**Depression Tragedy**

The great tragedy exposed in "The Death of Harold" [*SR*, Dec. 16] is the fact that we continue to treat our poor, our sick, and our weak in this heartless manner.

One cannot help but compare the warm, loving, illiterate letters of the Sitwell family with the synthetic syntax in the medical superintendent's correspondence. It is hard to believe that a computer didn't punch out the repeated "collect" telegrams and the "past-due" hospital bills.

Few alterations have taken place in our society concerning health care since 1936. Changes have not occurred through elected officials. My congratulations to *Saturday Review* for publishing these letters that penetrate even the most solidified, middle-class American apathy.

Both the image of Ida Sitwell returning to her parched Kansas home accompanied by the body of her dead son and the fact that the great number of American poor still share her condition today makes it impossible for me to rejoice over the sight of Apollo 17's dusty astronauts "strolling on the moon" via public tax money. I'd prefer to pay for the needs of the hundreds of Harold's living in our country today.

Elaine R. Warick
Los Angeles, Calif.

**Toyland Today**

In "Creative Playthings" by Thomas Meehan [*SR*, Dec. 16] we read the following: "A little girl doesn't need a dozen dolls—one that she really loves is plenty," and later: "The small boy pushing a block along a crack on the floor pretending it's a train is hard at work learning about the world." Since when is this sex typing of toys "creative"?

Dr. Judith S. Weis
Newark, N.J.

A little over seventy years ago my father asked me: "If the house should burn down, what one plaything would you want to save?" Without hesitation I replied, "My buggy spoke." My black, enamel buggy spoke came from a buggy wheel and was tenoned at one end and shaped at the other to fit the rim and the hub of the buggy.

When I held it to my shoulder, it was a gun. When I was astride it, it galloped down the road and across the fields. Its other functions fade from memory, but it answered every purpose.

I wish I could have it now.

Orville S. Poland
Delmar, N.Y.

If you compare the Creative Playthings catalogues published prior to the time of CBS ownership with the catalogues of the "late" 1960s, you will see that less is not more. These days we get our toys directly from Ravensburg, Germany. The Miller-CBS catsup is not full-bodied enough for me.

Le Roy Elsing
St. Paul, Minn.

**Hail to the Queen**

Your article "Hobo Hoedown" by Dan Carlinsky [*SR*, Dec. 16] demands some corrections regarding the Queen of the Hoboes. Mr. Carlinsky is misinformed about the honorary non-hobo title he gave me. I "officially" became a hobo in 1963 when I received my name, Long Looker Mic, from Boxcar Myrtle of Burlington, Iowa, who had been the reigning Queen for a number of years. My daughter (Adventurer Jan, who is also a hobo) and I attended the convention in Britt with Boxcar Myrtle for several years. When she announced her retirement three years ago, I ran for Queen and have been successfully elected ever since.

I would suggest that Carlinsky not jump to conclusions about what he sees and hears. The title Queen of the Hoboes is real, and so am I.

Long Looker Mic
Queen of the Hoboes
Rockwell City, Iowa

**More on the War**

The December issue of *Saturday Review* devoted to The Consequences of the War was in several respects quite extraordinary. The timing could not have been better, and I do know how much work and foresight must have been involved in this. The range of judgments and observations was considerably broader than the narrow diet of criticism to which we've been accustomed. Although I would have wished even more "against the grain" content, the articles were stimulating and in a number of instances fresh and constructive.

Leo Cherne
Executive Director
The Research Institute of America, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

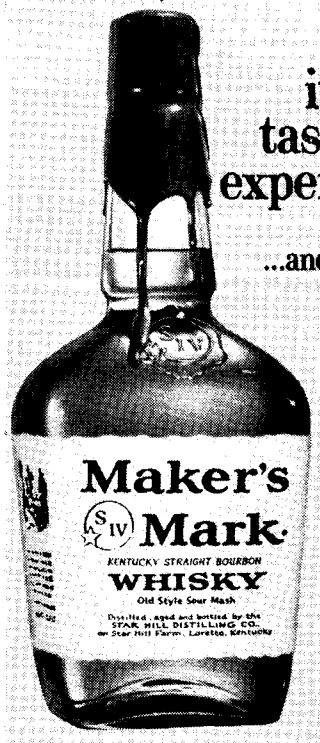
**Manners and Morals**

The cover of your SOCIETY issue [*SR*, Dec. 16] shows an ugly, steam-rolling witch letting a man have it in the face. One picture inside [accompanying "The New Etiquette" by Raymond Sokolov] shows a mindless broad suckling her brat in public and a "liberated" woman standing over an elderly Santa Claus, to whom she has just delivered a karate chop. It is true that much humor can be found in this liberation of people, but, please, not entirely at the expense of women.

Pamela Meserve
Jackson, Mich.

Raymond Sokolov's contention that "everybody agrees that morals have changed a lot lately" seems to be much less a fact than a favorite myth perpetuated largely by journalists. Because sex is more openly and honestly discussed, it is assumed that morals have degenerated, creating a society totally devoid of sexual standards. As a relatively "liberated" woman, I would like to see the statistical evidence supporting this view.

Barbara Shapiro
Bethesda, Md.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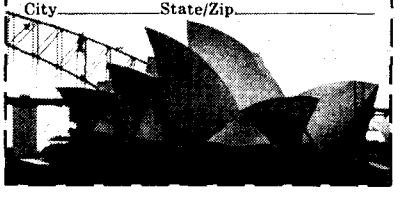




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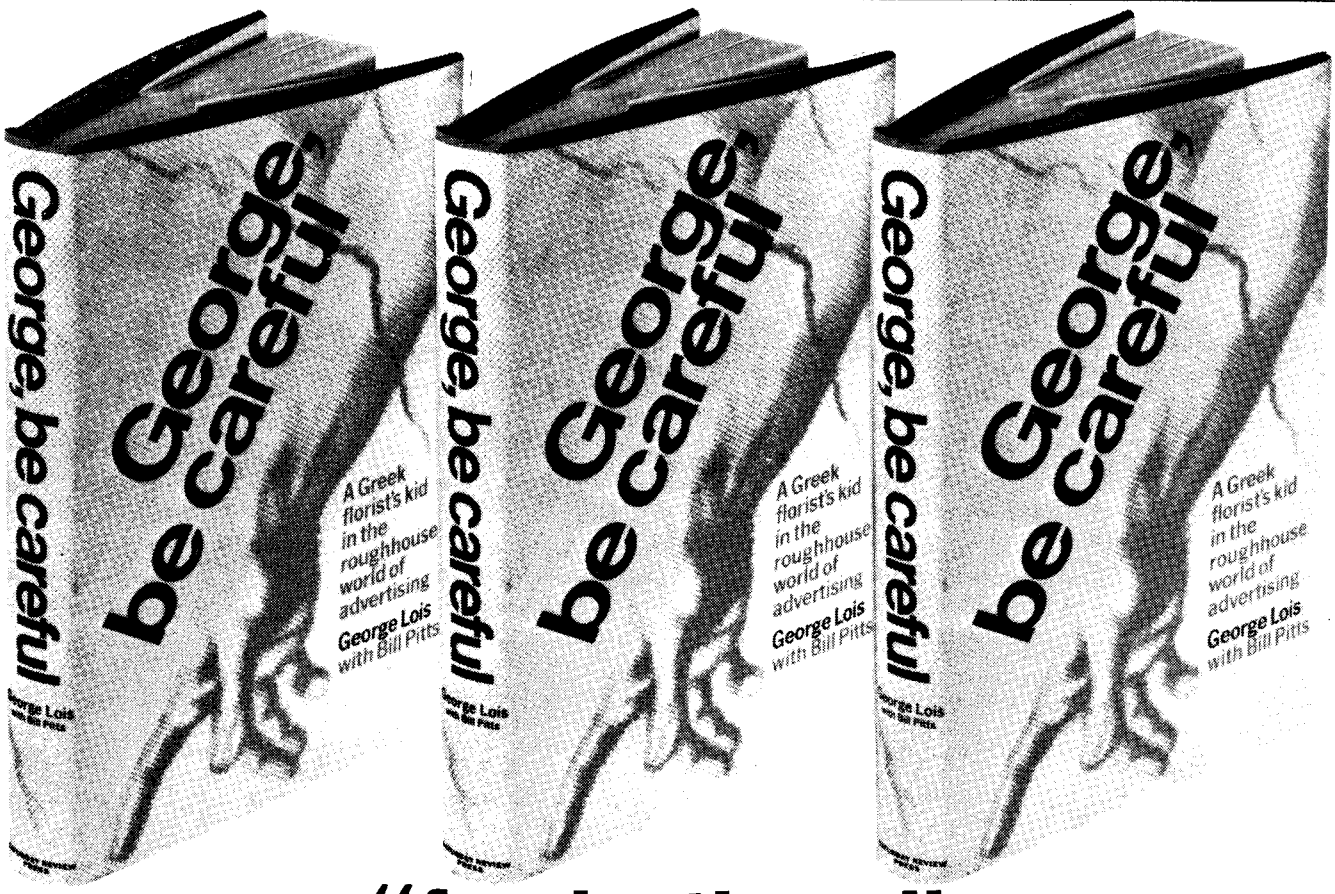
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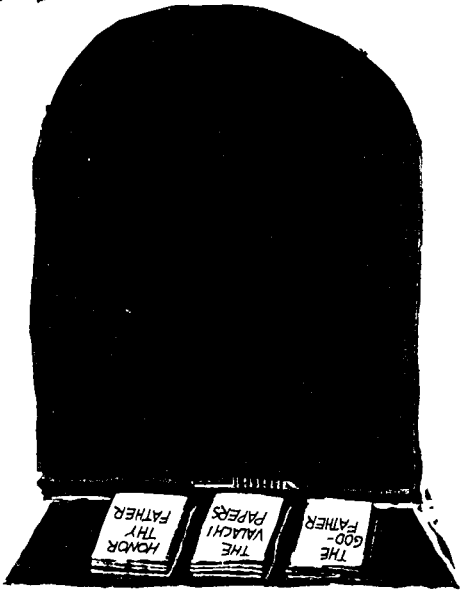
# A MAFIOSO CASES THE MAFIA CRAZE




BY VINCENT TERESA

The Mafia is big business. In fact, it's two industries these days. There's the one I was in. That one makes billions of dollars each year through stock thefts, loansharking, gambling, drug traffic, and other rackets. And then there's the other Mafia industry—the one that writes about what we do and puts it in bestsellers and on movie screens for the public to lap up. The funny part is that while the Mafia picks the public's pocket, the public is beating down doors to read about how it's being stolen blind. Right now I think there are more books on the Mafia floating around than Joe Namath signature footballs. Everyone's making money on the mob.

It's funny. All my adult life, since I was thirteen, I've been around Mafia people. My grandfather was a Mafia don, a crime boss in Boston in the old days. My friends were all street thieves or big Mafia people. When I was in the mob, stealing millions, I never thought about the public's interest in what my friends and I were doing. I only have a ninth-grade education, so reading anything else but numbers-racket odds or loanshark records didn't interest me. Today, though, I have nothing to do but read, because I'm not out hustling anymore. I'm an informer, something I always hated. But the mob stole my money, tried to kill my wife and one of my kids, so I talked. Now that I'm living in seclusion, I have time to think about all the things I did and read the stuff that's being written. I can't get over what I see on the newsstands these days.

If you want to know the truth, I think the American public are sadists at heart. I remember sitting in a movie-house in Virginia watching *The Godfather*. The audience was actually cheering at times. That shocked me. You'd think that Don Corleone was the Lone Ranger and the other mob were the bad guys. Everytime a bad guy did something to hurt Corleone and his men, the people would shout: "That louse! Get the bum!" I couldn't believe it. Didn't they understand that *all* the mobsters in the movie were vicious? Just because Don Corleone didn't want to sell dope, or because his son Mike had an Irish girlfriend, that didn't make them any better than the other guys. They were still dumping stiffs around the corner like everybody else. They were still making their money off gambling and loansharking and extortion.

But the public doesn't want to know. They like seeing blood and guts, cheer-

"Right now I think there are more books on the Mafia floating around than Joe Namath signature footballs. Everyone's making money on the mob."

*Vincent Teresa, the highest-ranking Mafia figure ever to turn state's evidence, now lives under federal protection and uses an assumed name. His autobiography,* My Life in the Mafia, *which he wrote with the collaboration of Thomas C. Renner, will be published by Doubleday early in March.*



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ing for good guys and booing bad guys. Look at prizefighting in this country, or the phony wrestling matches. Millions go to see them and watch them on television. They shout their lungs out while a guy bites another guy's ear off or pounds his head on the floor. They sit there thinking: "O-o-o-o, would I love to do that to that guy." So when someone else does it, it's just like they were sitting there doing it themselves.

It's the same way when people read about the Mafia. They love to read that Joe the Boss got shot in the head or that Tony the Nut got stabbed in the chest. Let's face it: most mob guys wouldn't read this stuff or look at it in a movie. They know what the mob is like. They got to go to bed each night wondering if they'll wake up the next morning, and when they do, they're too busy hustling money to worry about what someone's writing. They don't like to see things written because that makes them too visible, brings heat on them, and they haven't time to waste reading about what they're doing.

I read *The Godfather* a few years ago, while I was waiting to be sentenced in the Baltimore County jail. You have to read something else besides the Bible in solitary. Don't misunderstand me, I enjoyed it. But if I was out on the street, I wouldn't have paid any attention to it. Believe me, I *know* what a godfather is. I don't have to read about one. The guys who read the book in the can were the underlings—the street hoods. They would always tell each other lines like, "I'll make you an offer you can't refuse"—and then laugh like they were hearing it for the first time.

It's the same in the legit world. The people that read these books are the little guys who work their tails off for $100 or $200 a week. They buy them, put one in their lunch box, and bring it to work. Then they nudge the guy next to them while eating a ham sandwich: "Boy, imagine that Luciano. What a life he had, huh? Lived at the Waldorf-Astoria . . . a different broad every night." Then they go home at night and dream about being in Lucky's shoes. You know why? Because they've got nice fat wives at home. They're cornered by dull and routine lives, so they long for the excitement and glamour they can never have. If they were hungry, they'd be out stealing. That's what separates honest guys from thieves. You got to be hungry—for money, for power—to be a thief.

But I'm not really that surprised by the public's curiosity about the Mafia. I've played on it in my business for many a year—that's how I beat so many suckers. I found out one thing early on: you show me a guy that's got a touch of larceny in him and I'll show you a sucker I can beat. I don't care what anybody says—90 per cent of the public are dying to be Sicilians, to lead that kind of life. Even the *Napolitanos* are dying to be Sicilians. All most people know is that a Mafia man wears a $350 silk suit, $150 Italian shoes, a Borsalino hat, a silk shirt, drives around in a big Lincoln or Cadillac, and always has a good-looking girl in a mink on his arm.

The trouble is that the fellow that wants to be a Mafioso doesn't realize that the guy he saw all dressed up ten minutes ago may be going around the corner to get two bullets in the head from some snake who hates him, or that at three in the morning his doorbell rings, and when he goes to open the door the building blows up underneath him or police are there to pull him out and tailor him for stripes for the rest of his life. People don't think of that. All they think about is the romance and excitement.

The funny thing is that Mafia people sometimes get caught up in the Hollywood image of mobsters—at least years ago they did. I remember that Jerry Angiulo, who's now head of the Boston mob, used to come on like George Raft. He'd wear a silk smoking jacket with an ascot tied around his neck and patent leather shoes. Here's this bum I grew up with, and all of a sudden he started calling me "the kid." Sinatra used to impress a lot of mob guys, too. Once Ralphie Chong saw Sinatra wear those long, pointy collars in some movie, and the next day he went to a tailor and had two dozen shirts made with those same collars.

As a kid, my own movie idol was Sydney Greenstreet. He always impressed me because he had a lot of nerve, he was smart, and he had class. I was never impressed by tough guys—they're a dime a dozen. Greenstreet was big and sloppy-looking, but when the guy spoke he had tremendous diction, a great vocabulary. All my life I tried to fashion myself to have style in everything I did. I didn't want to be a common, ordinary thief. I tried to use my brains. Sometimes I used to stay in my office in Boston, turn out the lights, look out over the city, and just plan out my next move.

For the most part the Hollywood image of a mobster—back in those days as well as now—was over-romanticized. So the public has a false idea of the Mafia, which has been built up by writers and filmmakers who haven't been close enough to a mob guy to know what it's all about. They pump out a lot of garbage from newspapers and cops and informers, but they don't really know. It's a big game, the other Mafia industry. They feed the public some pabulum about a secret society, and the public eats it up. But this secret business is over. It's secret to the extent that mobsters want to stay on the street. If you talk, of course, you're going to get hurt. Why? Because, if you talk, I'll go to the can, that's why. Not that you're giving away any big secrets about blood rites and that kind of thing.

The only time those rites are still used is when a man of pure Sicilian blood is being made a don. But that isn't the way you become an ordinary member—what we call a "made man"—of an organization today. Nowadays a mob member sponsors another guy—just like you're trying to get into a country club. It's a business. The sponsor goes to his associates and says, "Look, I got a good man here that we want to have with us; his capabilities are this, that, and the other thing. I'll vouch for him." As soon as he vouches for the applicant he puts his head on the block, too. The new guy's taken into a room with the top men, asked a few questions, told what's expected of him. Then there's a vote. But if they weren't going to vote him in, he wouldn't be there in the first place to see who else was present. You can only come out of that room two ways—a made man or feet first. I guess that's the main difference between getting into the mob and joining a country club.

I know old Joe Valachi talked about secret blood rites before a U.S. Senate committee and in the book by Peter Maas, *The Valachi Papers,* but that sort of thing went out in the Thirties. I knew Joe, and he lived in the past. All he had were his memories.

Don't get me wrong. *The Valachi Papers* was accurate, but to me the book was just a rehash of the story Joe told at the hearings. And it wasn't Joe talking in the book—not the way he talked to me at La Tuna Prison in El Paso, when we were both there a few years ago. I didn't see the movie, but from what I've heard about it Joe would have had a fit. It was all blood and guts. That's all the public wants, not the real story about how a guy like Joe had to sweat bullets to make a living from day to day, or the agony of his death in prison. The biggest score Joe ever made was $60,000 on counterfeit ration stamps. Today that's peanuts to a mob money mover. But Joe went public. He gave the world a lot of history about the mob, and that was important.

I remember when Joe was testifying before that Senate committee back in 1963. I was sitting in Raymond Patriarca's office in Providence, Rhode Island. That was the headquarters for the New England mob. Patriarca was the don then; now he's in jail. We were all sitting there, Raymond and me and Henry Tameleo, the underboss, and some other guys, and we were watching



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Joe on television. I remember Raymond saying: "This bastard's crazy. Who the hell is he?" Henry knew him. "I remember that guy," Henry said. "Vinnie and I met him in some café in Manhattan. He was a nothing." At that moment Valachi was testifying about Joseph Bruno, an old Mustache Pete who used to operate in Boston. Then he went on to talk about meeting Raymond. Raymond still didn't remember Valachi, and he was mad as hell, but everyone else in the room was getting a big kick out of the hearings.

"What the hell's the Cosa Nostra?" Henry asked.

"Is he a soldier or a button man?" someone else said, pointing to Henry.

"I'm a zipper," another guy joked.

"I'm a flipper," someone else said.

It was all a big joke to them. In New England we never used names like "soldiers" or "*caporegimes*." People in our mob were either "made men," dons, Mustache Petes, bosses, or underbosses. Sure, we all knew about the Commission—the ruling body of the Mafia, or Cosa Nostra—and the crime families that Joe described, but we called them the Ruling Council and "the mobs." Our mob was called the Office. In Buffalo they called it the Arm.

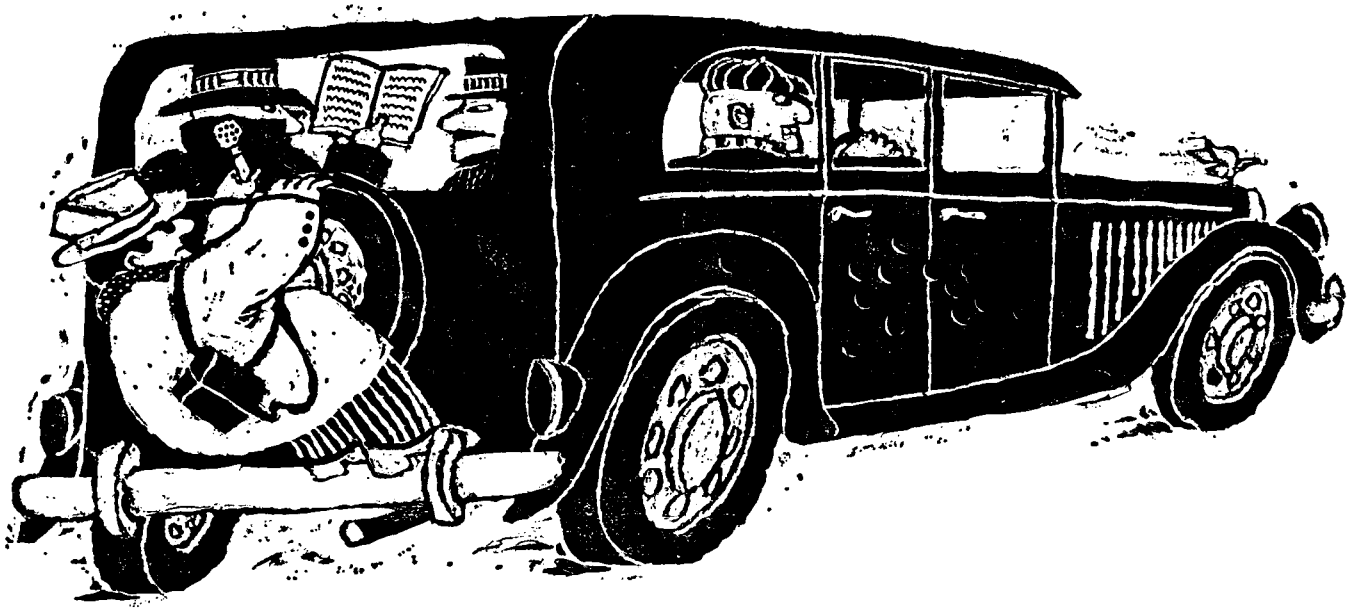
*The Valachi Papers* was really the first popular book about the mob, and it was something the public liked because it had seen old Joe on television and could identify with him. But the book that really made the mob fashionable was *The Godfather*. As far as I'm concerned, the book was far superior to the movie. What I liked about the book—and what they dropped from the movie—was that it showed how Don Corleone came over to this country intending to work and make an honest buck, but there were prejudices against Italians, so he was forced into doing things the way they were done in Sicily. I know that's accurate because it's what happened to my grandfather, Vincenzo Teresa, when he came to Boston from Sicily. The Irish politicians and the Protestant snobs looked down their noses at the Italians. They squeezed them for every dime they could and made them work like pigs in the dirtiest jobs. I'm not crying "poor Sicilian boy that couldn't make a living." Don't misunderstand me. What I'm saying is that Don Corleone, like my grandfather, showed his Sicilian temper and found another way to make a buck—the way they did in Sicily when outsiders pushed them around.

The one great thing Puzo did in his book was show the Sicilian genius for organization. That's one thing about Sicilians. They might not always be educated people, but if there is one thing they know, it's organization. They know how to take four guys that are ambling around aimlessly with no place to go and make them a tight-knit unit.

Puzo also showed the compassion of a don, the fair way Corleone ruled. That's the way most dons are. I don't care what you say, if you go to a don, even if you're not a member of his mob, and you've got a legitimate beef about someone in his mob, and it proves to be the truth, you'll get justice. That's what makes the dons so important in the mob. They rule fair and square. I don't know who Puzo had in mind when he made up the character of Corleone, but to me it was a little bit of Joe Profaci, who used to be the boss of Brooklyn; Carlo Gambino, who's head of the largest crime family in New York; and Three-Finger Brown, who used to be the boss of the Long Island mob. I even saw a little of Don Peppino, an old Mustache Pete I loved when I was in the New England mob. I realize Puzo didn't know about him, but he captured some of his mannerisms in the book anyway.

When I saw Marlon Brando play the Godfather on the screen, I remember thinking to myself that this guy ought to get an Academy Award. He had the mannerisms of a don, the class of a don, down to perfection. The soft, soft voice, always talking in riddles and parables. Dons are like that. They're elegant people in their own way—princes of crime, so to speak. They might look like old greaseballs. They might be little squirts, like Don Peppino, who was only five feet tall. But when they open their mouths, they're ten feet tall. They speak in broken English and all that, but I remember that when Don Peppino sat down and spoke in his broken English, it was like the sound of music coming from him. His speech was so nice and soft, and he never swore. If you said a four-letter word in front of him, he'd say: "Hey, what are you, a nigger, you talka lika that? Don'ta you talka lika that in front of me. I no lika that language."

Peppino was an elegant man, and so was Joe Lombardo, the old Massachusetts boss. I was a thirteen-year-old kid and a petty thief when I met him. I thought to myself, here I am, shaking



"Personally, I wish more writers would get close to mob guys and find out what they're really like. Then the public might stop thinking about the Mafia like it was Robin Hood and his Merrie Men."



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hands with Joe Lombardo, a big Mustache Pete. I'd heard about him from hanging around the North End of Boston and from my Uncle Sandy, who was connected with the mob. It was Don Lombardo this and Don Lombardo that. Hell, Lombardo looked like a banker, not a thief. He dressed very conservatively, mostly in grays. He wore a little pinky star sapphire, a gray fedora, and black shoes. I was ready to meet a big mobster who'd say in a deep gravel voice: "How are ya, kid?" But when he greeted me, it was in a soft, easy voice. "Be a nicea boy. You be a gooda boy. Soma day you goa someplace." He was an educated man, even though he spoke broken English. Clean, he smelled clean. I remember that the most, like it was yesterday. I remember that this man smelled like he'd just stepped out of a shower.

Now, while Puzo had the Sicilian don down perfectly, he went haywire in other areas. I remember both the book and movie portrayed a sitdown of the dons. Everything was fine except for one thing—Don Corleone had an Irish *consigliere*. It could never happen. An outsider, a Jew, an Irishman, a black—no one but a Sicilian could sit in on a council of the dons. I can't understand why Puzo, a guy who wrote such a tremendous book, so easy to read, so interesting, and so close to being true on so many things, fouls up with that.

Nobody can be an adviser to a Sicilian if he isn't a Sicilian himself. They don't trust anyone who isn't of their blood, even if they raised him from birth. Not only would a don distrust him, the rest of the mob would, too. They'd say, "What are you doing with this Irish guy here. We don't want him here."

That's the way it was in Boston. I had a black man working for me called Walter. He'd saved my life, and I trusted him, but nobody else in the mob wanted any part of him. I was told point-blank, "We don't want this guy around."

"Why?" I asked. "He's trustworthy."

"He's black," they answered. "Get rid of him."

I'll say one thing. I didn't have to tell Walter. He understood. If I went into Giro's Restaurant, he'd go in, but he'd sit way over in a corner booth all by himself and never come near the table where I was sitting with the boys. He knew that they wouldn't allow me to bring him close enough to overhear the conversation. It wouldn't have mattered if he was Irish or Indian or black—he wasn't Italian, he wasn't Sicilian. So they wouldn't trust him. He ran a small loanshark racket for me, and he'd do other things for me, but not when it involved other mob members.

In that way, the title of Nicholas Gage's book—*The Mafia Is Not an Equal Opportunity Employer*—is perfect. Blacks, Irish, Jews, or Poles don't have equal status with Mafia members. They work for them, maybe sometimes they make more money than Mafia members, but unless they're Sicilian they're not trusted in the inner circle.

Take Meyer Lansky, the leading Jew in organized crime. Hank Messick wrote about him in his book called *Lansky*. Now Messick has to be spellbound by Lansky. He thinks Lansky is some kind of god. Well, a guy like Lansky has a lot of power. A lot of mobsters admire him. I did myself, but from a different angle than Messick. I think of him as the great money mover, probably the greatest of all time. He had the foresight to organize Las Vegas and Cuba and Europe with casinos, then to skim off the top and wash the mob money through banks all over the world, where he has contacts.

The big trouble with Messick's book is that he makes Lansky into something he isn't—chairman of the board of organized crime. That's nonsense. The truth is that because Lansky's a Jew he can't sit in on a meeting of the Ruling Council. They don't trust him. That's why they had Jimmy Blue Eyes, a *caporegime* in Vito Genovese's family, with Lansky all the time. Jimmy Blue Eyes kept an eye on Lansky to make sure he didn't chisel, and he prevented mob punks from shaking down Lansky. Without Jimmy Blue Eyes, Lansky would have been like a toothpick standing in a forest. But Messick doesn't know that. He's even got Lansky belting Luciano in the old days. If Lansky ever laid a finger on Luciano before or after Luciano became a boss, he would have been whacked out on the spot. Big as he is, Lansky couldn't even order a guy like me around unless he got the permission of my boss. To do that, he had to go to Jimmy Blue Eyes, who would ask Patriarca if I could work with Lansky on something. Otherwise, I'd tell Lansky to take a flying leap.

When Messick overrates Lansky, it

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proves he really doesn't understand what the mob is all about. His book is all opinion—his opinion. He sure as hell never interviewed Lansky, yet he quotes conversations between Lansky and Luciano when they were young punks. How the hell can you make up quotes like that? The trouble is the public eats that stuff up and believes it.

In *The Mafia Is Not an Equal Opportunity Employer,* Nick Gage puts Lansky on the same pedestal that Messick does. In fact, that's one trouble I found with Gage's books—he's too repetitious. He's writing the same thing Messick is writing about Lansky and a dozen other guys are writing about other hoods. To be honest, the only thing I found in Gage's books that I hadn't read somewhere else was his description of a gambling junket he went on with the Eastern Sportsmen's Club. I know Eastern. In fact, I did some business with them while I was running the Esquire Sportsman's Club and the Logan Sportsman's Club out of Boston. I'll give Gage credit—he had some brass to go on the junket, but he didn't know enough about what to look for, so he missed the real action. The action comes when the junket operator wines and dines the sucker, then knocks him out in a rigged card or dice game for $50,000 or $100,000 in a hotel suite away from the casino games—and then turns the victim himself into a loanshark or a stock swindler.

Gage would never have gotten on any of *my* junkets unless he had the right banks to vouch for him, and even then I think I'd have found out about his real identity and bounced him. I only went after the high rollers with lots of dough in their bank accounts, and I checked each one out thoroughly. A good mob junketeer always does his homework properly. The Eastern Sportsmen's Club was strictly a fast-

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moving operation. They'd take 100 players to the Victoria Sporting Club or some other London club and pull in $300,000. Hell, I'd take an average of thirty or forty high-rollers to the Colony Club in London, and they'd go for $600,000, sometimes a million bucks—not to mention what I'd make in rigged games in hotel suites. If any of my players were as cheap as Gage was, as careful about spending his $1,000 advance fee for chips as he said he was—it took him a whole week—he'd have been bounced on his ear. He couldn't understand why they kept telling him that they didn't have those special rare wines that he ordered in the club's restaurant in London. I guess he thought it was all phony. The truth is that they treated him that way because he was a small-potato man, a cheapskate. If I had walked into that joint with him—and I've been there—they would have run out and started squeezing the grapes for me. Any guy that's a big spender gets what he wants. If he nurses his $1,000 in chips, he gets zip.

"I remember watching Joe Valachi on TV testifying before that Senate committee back in 1963. It was at the headquarters of the New England mob in Providence, and at one point Raymond Patriarca, the don, said: 'This bastard's crazy. Who the hell is he?'"

Frankly, I'm disappointed with books like Messick's and Gage's. For the most part, they're ancient history. They repeat what everyone and his brother has written about—the Mafia wars of the Thirties, Prohibition, the Gallo wars, the Purple Gang. What about the mob today? The only book where a writer really talked to the mob guy he's writing about is *Honor Thy Father* by Gay Talese.

Now there is one of the best written books I've ever read. Talese is a real artist with words. And he got close to the mob. He spent a lot of time talking to Bill Bonanno and other people in the Bonanno mob. I'd say he gave a pretty good picture of mob life, the strains on the family, the problems of survival. He did one thing I didn't like, though: he got too close to Bill Bonanno and because of that he didn't see Bill for what he really was. He made Bill out to be a tough guy, a loyal son, a courageous leader—as though Bill got into the mob only to help out his poor old dad, Joe "Bananas." Let me tell you something: Joe Bananas don't need his kid's help to get out of a jam. He never did and never will. Where Talese went wrong—and don't take my word for it, ask any mob guy—is that he took a punk and glamorized him. I think Talese wrote what he believed was a true story. But in plain English, he was conned.

I remember Bill Bonanno. He was a little over six feet, a nice-looking kid. When I first met him, he reminded me of one of those college joes you see on the football field. But he was a jerk who didn't know what time of day it was unless someone shook him and said it's nine in the morning. He was irresponsible and had a loud, sassy mouth. Believe me, the only reason someone didn't whack him out years ago was out of respect for his old man. When I was in La Tuna Prison, a kid named Rinky, who'd been in jail with Bill for a while, told me that if it wasn't for the reputation of Joe Bananas, Bill would have been thrown from a prison tier a dozen times.

I was on the street when the so-called Banana Wars were taking place. The whole mob was buzzing about the way Joe Bananas had tried to whack out Carlo Gambino, Steve Magaddino, and Three-Finger Brown in order to put himself in the chair as the boss of bosses. So what Talese writes about is

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pretty accurate, except maybe it wasn't the big gang war he makes it out to be. It was really small potatoes. Only about six or seven guys got hit. Hell, in Boston they once whacked out more than fifty in a gang war.

Talese doesn't really say it, but the reason why the mob didn't put Joe Bananas to sleep was because of the loyalty of a lot of his friends, people like Patriarca and Tameleo. Gambino and Magaddino wanted him hit, but the old Mustache Petes who started the mob with guys like Joe Bananas felt different. I remember the Boston mob sent Tameleo, Don Peppino, and Don Nene to Buffalo. I drove them. They met with Magaddino in a restaurant, and it was there that Joe Bananas's life was saved. Tameleo came out after the meeting and said to me: "I think Joe Bananas will be all right now. Everything is going to be okay." And it was. They banished Bananas as a boss, but they let him live.

Talese saw a dying mob in the Bonannos, and so now he thinks the whole Mafia is dying and unimportant. Well, nothing could be further from the truth. It's big, it makes billions of dollars each year, it still corrupts cops and politicians and judges, and it's getting bigger now that so many Sicilians are being smuggled into this country as reinforcement. Go to Chicago or Detroit or New Orleans and see how big they are. Or just look at New York. Carlo Gambino is more powerful than ever. He's doing what Joe Bananas couldn't. He's making the five New York crime families into one, and he'll boss them all.

Both Talese and Puzo fell into another trap in their books. They've got the dons grooming their kids to be in the rackets. That's just fantasy. No mobster—especially a boss—wants his kids to follow in his footsteps. To tell the truth, of all the mob people I knew, I can think of only two whose kids got involved, Bill Bonanno and Anthony Zerilli, the son of old Joe Zerilli, the boss of Detroit. And you can bet they never wanted it to happen, it just did. Even Lansky has tried to keep his two kids on the straight and narrow. Look at Gambino or Luchese. Their kids are in legitimate businesses. Sure, their old man helped them get set up. What father wouldn't? But they're not made members of the mob, and that's a fact. I got sons of my own. I'd break my kids' legs rather than see them involved with the mob. I'd like to see them go to college and become, say, attorneys—anything, really, so long as it's straight and on the up. So when Puzo pictures the sons of Corleone taking over his mob with his approval, he's dead wrong.

I don't know how close Talese got to Joe Bananas, but he was right about one piece of advice that Joe gave his son—never let anyone know how you feel. That's a story I had pounded into my head by Tameleo day after day, and it's a lesson he learned from Bananas. In his younger days Tameleo used to lose his temper a lot, and Bananas pulled him aside one day and gave him a little lecture. "Don't ever forget," Bananas told him, "that when you get mad at a guy, smile at him, look him right in the eye, walk over and pat him on the shoulder. Keep patting him there. Eventually you're going to look down and see a big hole where you were patting him." What he meant was that if you keep on your enemy's good side, he's going to trust you like a brother and then you can whack him out whenever you feel like it.

I met Bananas a couple of times, first at the old Red Devil Restaurant in New York with Tameleo and later at the Dream Bar in Miami. I was very impressed with him. He was a very stern man, good-looking, well-built, with hard features. He had those snake eyes—it's a trait of all the old Mustache Petes—eyes that can look right through you. He was a tough piece of work.

Books like Talese's and Puzo's, even Maas's, give the public at least a halfway decent picture of mob life. I think Puzo and Talese got caught up in the excitement and made heroes out of bums, and that's wrong. Maas plays it pretty straight, but he doesn't have the style that gets you interested the way Puzo and Talese do.

Personally, I wish more writers would get close to mob guys and find out what they're really like, what they really do, before they sit down and write books about them. Talese did it. I think Puzo did. It's the only way they could know some of the things they write about. I realize it isn't easy. Mob guys don't like writers or reporters. The writers may get hurt trying to get too close. But if more would really do it, then the public might stop thinking about the Mafia like it was Robin Hood and his Merrie Men.

Not that mobsters are all bad. There are plenty of good things about them the public might be interested in. For instance, does the public know whether mob guys are patriotic or not? The truth is, most are. We don't think about undermining the government. We corrupt politicians, but that's only so we can do business. We cheat on taxes, but let's face it, there isn't a damn business executive who doesn't. If you want to know the truth, I think everyone's entitled to swindle a little on taxes because they're too high and the politicians spend like drunken sailors on all their pet deals to help out their buddies anyhow.

Mob people aren't stupid. We know that none of us could get away with the things we get away with in some other country. It's a land of opportunity for us. Don't forget, most of us grew up with holes in our shoes. What do you think would happen to me or Lansky or any other mob guy in Russia, or Haiti, or Brazil, or some European country? It would be, empty your pockets, stand up against the wall, and boom—that's the end of it. This is the greatest country in the world—particularly for a mob guy. You are a free man. As bad as your reputation may be, you'll normally get a fair trial. That doesn't happen in a lot of countries.

I was against a guy like that George McGovern, and I'll bet most mob guys were, too. Not that I love Nixon. But any guy who wants to give amnesty to a bunch of draft dodgers, to a bunch of cowards who ran away, shouldn't be President. I don't want to see my sons go to war. It would rip my heart out to see them go. But if they get their notices, I'll drive them to the draft board center. Why? They owe it to their country. It's as simple as that.

Another thing I'd like to see is writers paying more attention to the rackets that mob people operate, instead of always talking about the murders they're behind. Anyone can write about a bunch of gangland murders. All you have to do is read a police file. But how about the millions that are swindled in stocks, and how big corporations are taken over, and how the mob washes its money through corrupt bankers? What about how a mob guy with a ninth-grade education outwits big, educated business executives—the larceny that's in a lot of millionaires that makes them easy game for a mob swindler?

That kind of information is interesting, and it also does the public some good. There is one thing that all these books and movies and newspaper articles have already done: they've put heat on the Mafia, made it more visible. A few years ago we were all stealing Wall Street blind and nobody was doing much about it. Then there was a lot of publicity about the mob, and guys like myself were busted one after another. Now it isn't so easy to swipe millions in stocks and use them for collateral to take over companies. People are beginning to wise up. So that's a plus.

I just hope that people who write about the Mafia will wise up more. I hope they start pinning down what the mob is doing now, not what it did twenty or thirty years ago. If they do that, if they wake the public up and stop making the mob look like it's romantic and exciting and a treasure house of easy riches, maybe then they'll contribute something. Otherwise, they're only picking the public's pocket just like the mob does. □



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# THE SWELLING OF THE PRESIDENCY

BY THOMAS E. CRONIN

**The number of government employees working directly under the President of the United States has grown an alarming 20 per cent in the last four years, and now approaches the size of the State Department's domestic bureaucracy. A White House watcher weighs the consequences of the burgeoning "Presidential Establishment."**

The advent of Richard Nixon's second term in the White House is marked by an uncommon amount of concern, in Congress and elsewhere, about the expansion of presidential power and manpower. Even the President himself is ostensibly among those who are troubled. Soon after his reelection, Mr. Nixon announced that he was planning to pare back the presidential staff. And in recent days, the President has said he is taking action to cut the presidential workforce in half and to "substantially" reduce the number of organizations that now come under the White House. Mr. Nixon's announcements have no doubt been prompted in part by a desire to add drama and an aura of change to the commencement of his second term. But he also seems genuinely worried that the presidency may have grown so large and top-heavy that it now weakens rather than strengthens his ability to manage the federal government. His fears are justified.

The presidency has, in fact, grown a full 20 per cent in the last four years alone in terms of the number of people who are employed directly under the President. It has swelled to the point where it is now only a little short of the State Department's sprawling domestic bureaucracy in size.

This burgeoning growth of the presidency has, in the process, made the traditional civics textbook picture of the executive branch of our government nearly obsolete. According to this view, the executive branch is more or less neatly divided into Cabinet departments and their secretaries, agencies and their heads, and the President. A more contemporary view takes note of a few prominent presidential aides and refers to them as the "White House staff." But neither view adequately recognizes the large and growing coterie that surrounds the President and is made up of dozens of assistants, hundreds of presidential advisers, and thousands of members of an institutional amalgam called the Executive Office of the President. While the men and women in these categories all fall directly under the President in the organizational charts, there is no generally used term for their common terrain. But it has swelled so much in size and scope in recent years, and has become such an important part of the federal government, that it deserves its own designation. Most apt perhaps is the Presidential Establishment.

The Presidential Establishment today embraces more than twenty support staffs (the White House Office, National Security Council, and Office of Management and Budget, etc.) and advisory offices (Council of Economic Advisers, Office of Science and Technology, and Office of Telecommunications Policy, etc.). It has spawned a vast proliferation of ranks and titles to go with its proliferation of functions (Counsel to the President, Assistant to the President, Special Counselor, Special Assistant, Special Consultant, Director, Staff Director, etc.). "The White House now has enough people with fancy titles to populate a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera," Congressman Morris Udall has reasonably enough observed.

There are no official figures on the size of the Presidential Establishment, and standard body counts vary widely depending on who is and who is not included in the count, but by one frequently used reckoning, between five and six thousand people work for the President of the United States. Payroll and maintenance costs for this staff run between $100 million and $150 million a year. (These figures include the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), which is an Executive Office agency and employs two thousand people, but not the roughly fifteen thousand-man Central Intelligence Agency, although that, too, is directly responsible to the Chief Executive.) These "White House" workers have long since outgrown the White House itself and now occupy not only two wings of the executive mansion but three nearby high-rise office buildings as well.

The expansion of the Presidential Establishment, it should be emphasized, is by no means only a phenomenon of the Nixon years. The number of employees under the President has been growing steadily since the early 1900s when only a few dozen people served in the White House entourage, at a cost of less than a few hundred thousand dollars annually. Congress's research arm, the Congressional Research Service, has compiled a count that underlines in particular the accelerated increase in the last two decades. This compilation shows that between 1954 and 1971 the number of presidential advisers has grown from 25 to 45, the White House staff from 266 to 600, and the Executive Office staff from 1,175 to 5,395.

But if the growth of the Presidential

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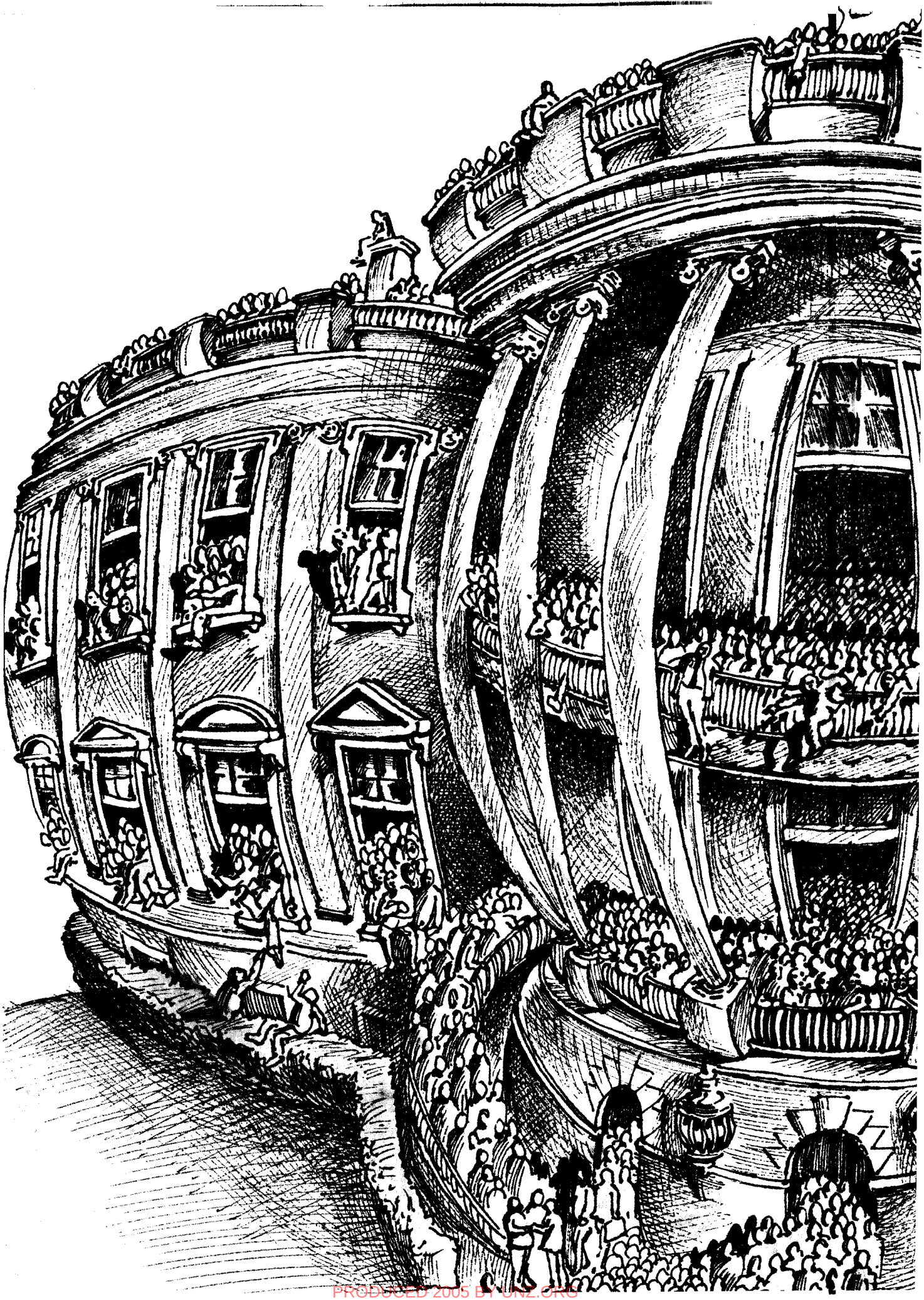

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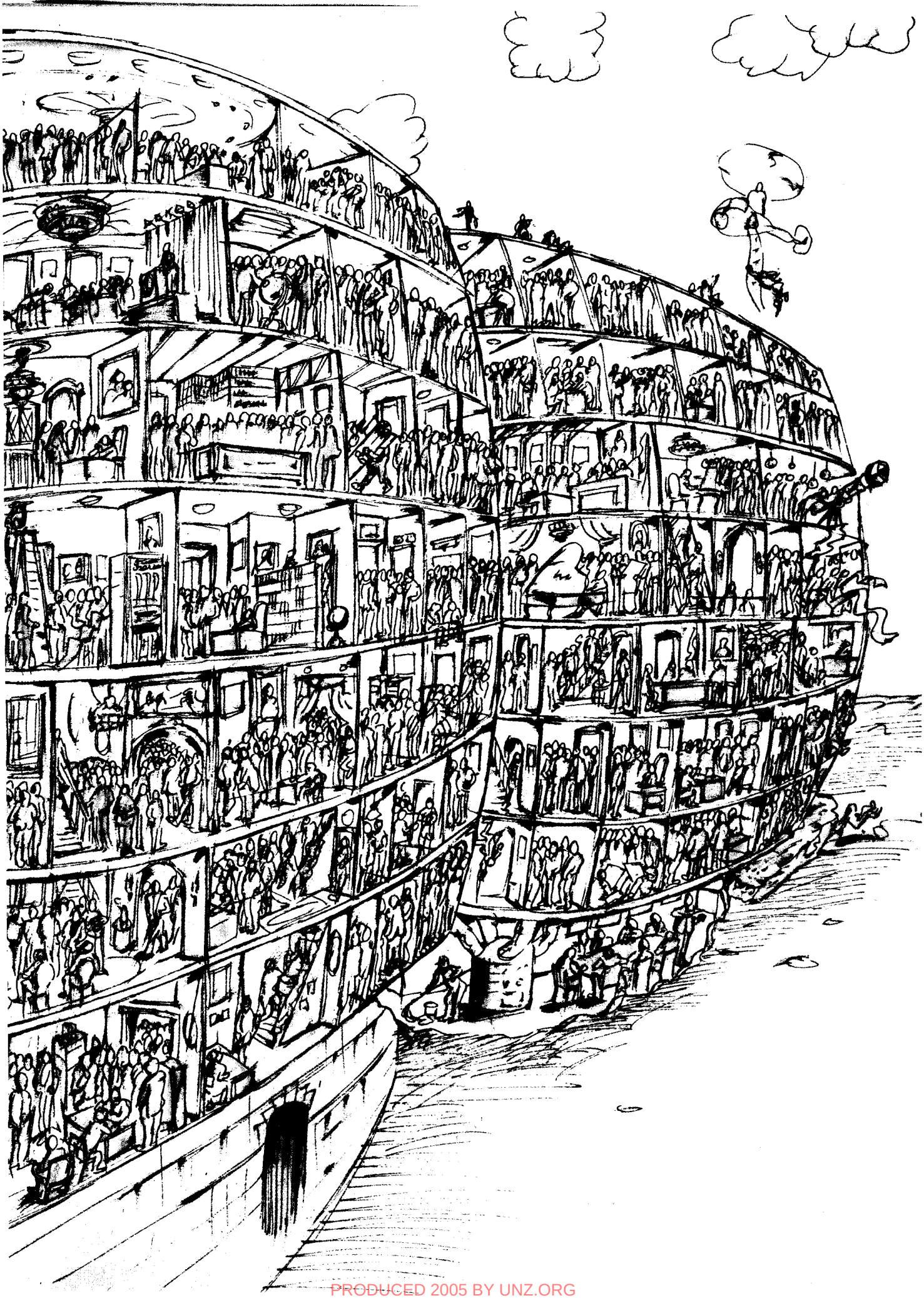

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Establishment antedates the current administration, it is curious at least that one of the largest expansions ever, in both relative and absolute terms, has taken place during the first term of a conservative, management-minded President who has often voiced his objection to any expansion of the federal government and its bureaucracy.

Under President Nixon, in fact, there has been an almost systematic bureaucratization of the Presidential Establishment, in which more new councils and offices have been established, more specialization and division of labor and layers of staffing have been added, than at any time except during World War II. Among the major Nixonian additions are the Council on Environmental Quality, Council on International Economic Policy, Domestic Council, and Office of Consumer Affairs.

The numbers in the White House entourage may have decreased somewhat since November when the President announced his intention to make certain staff cuts. They may shrink still more if, as expected, the OEO is shifted from White House supervision to Cabinet control, mainly under the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Also, in the months ahead, the President will probably offer specific legislative proposals, as he has done before, to reprogram or repackage the upper reaches of the executive.

**The expansion of the White House has made the traditional textbook picture of the executive branch nearly obsolete.**

Even so, any diminution of the Presidential Establishment has so far been more apparent than real, or more incidental than substantial. Some aides, such as former presidential counselor Robert Finch, who have wanted to leave anyway, have done so. Others, serving as scapegoats on the altar of Watergate, are also departing.

In addition, the President has officially removed a number of trusted domestic-policy staff assistants from the White House rolls and dispersed them to key sub-Cabinet posts across the span of government. But this dispersal can be viewed as not so much reducing as creating yet another expansion—a virtual setting up of White House outposts (or little White Houses?) throughout the Cabinet departments. The aides that are being sent forth are notable for their intimacy with the President, and they will surely maintain direct links to the White House, even though these links do not appear on the official organizational charts.

Then, too, one of the most important of the President's recent shifts of executive branch members involves an unequivocal addition to the Presidential Establishment. This is the formal setting up of a second office—with space and a staff in the White House—for Treasury Secretary George Shultz as chairman of yet another new presidential body, the Council on Economic Policy. This move makes Shultz a member of a White House inner cabinet. He will now be over-secretary of economic affairs alongside Henry Kissinger, over-secretary for national security affairs, and John Ehrlichman, over-secretary for domestic affairs.

In other words, however the names and numbers have changed recently or may be shifted about in the near future, the Presidential Establishment does not seem to be declining in terms of function, power, or prerogative; in fact, it may be continuing to grow as rapidly as ever.

Does it matter? A number of political analysts have argued recently that it does, and I agree with them. Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the expansion of the Presidential Establishment is that it has become a powerful inner sanctum of government, isolated from traditional, constitutional checks and balances. It is common practice today for anonymous, unelected, and unratified aides to negotiate sensitive international commitments by means of executive agreements that are free from congressional oversight. Other aides in the Presidential Establishment wield fiscal authority over billions of dollars in funds that Congress has appropriated, yet the President refuses to spend, or that Congress has assigned to one purpose and the administration routinely redirects to another—all with no semblance of public scrutiny. Such exercises of power pose an important, perhaps vital, question of governmental philosophy: Should a political system that has made a virtue of periodic electoral accountability accord an ever-increasing policy-making role to White House counselors who neither are confirmed by the U.S. Senate nor, because of the doctrine of "executive privilege," are subject to questioning by Congress?

Another disquieting aspect of the growth of the Presidential Establishment is that the increase of its powers has been largely at the expense of the traditional sources of executive power and policy-making—the Cabinet members and their departments. When I asked a former Kennedy-Johnson Cabinet member a while ago what he would like to do if he ever returned to government, he said he would rather be a presidential assistant than a Cabinet member. And this is an increasingly familiar assessment of the relative influence of the two levels of the executive branch. The Presidential Establishment has become, in effect, a whole layer of government between the President and the Cabinet, and it often stands above the Cabinet in terms of influence with the President. In spite of the exalted position that Cabinet members hold in textbooks and protocol, a number of Cabinet members in recent administrations have complained that they could not even get the President's ear except through an assistant. In his book *Who Owns America?*, former Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel recounts his combat with a dozen different presidential functionaries and tells how he needed clearance from them before he could get to talk to the President, or how he frequently had to deal with the assistants themselves because the President was "too busy." During an earlier administration, President Eisenhower's chief assistant, Sherman Adams, was said to have told two Cabinet members who could not resolve a matter of mutual concern: "Either make up your mind or else tell me and I will do it. We must not bother the President with this. He is trying to keep the world from war." Several of President Kennedy's Cabinet members regularly battled with White House aides who blocked them from seeing the President. And McGeorge Bundy, as Kennedy's chief assistant for national security affairs, simply sidestepped the State Department in one major area of department communications. He had all important incoming State Department cables transmitted simultaneously to his office in the White House, part of an absorption of traditional State Department functions that visibly continues to this day with presidential assistant Henry Kissinger. Indeed, we recently witnessed the bizarre and telling spectacle of Secretary of State William Rogers insisting that he *did* have a role in making foreign policy.

In a speech in 1971, Sen. Ernest Hollings of South Carolina plaintively noted the lowering of Cabinet status. "It used to be," he said, "that if I had a problem with food stamps, I went to see the Secretary of Agriculture, whose department had jurisdiction over that problem. Not anymore. Now, if I want to learn the policy, I must go to the White House to consult John Price [a special assistant]. If I want the latest on textiles, I won't get it from the Secretary of Commerce, who has the authority and responsibility. No, I am forced to go to the White House and see Mr. Peter Flanigan. I shouldn't feel too badly. Secretary Stans [Maurice Stans, then Secretary of Commerce] has to do the same thing."

If Cabinet members individually have been downgraded in influence, the Cabinet itself as a council of govern-



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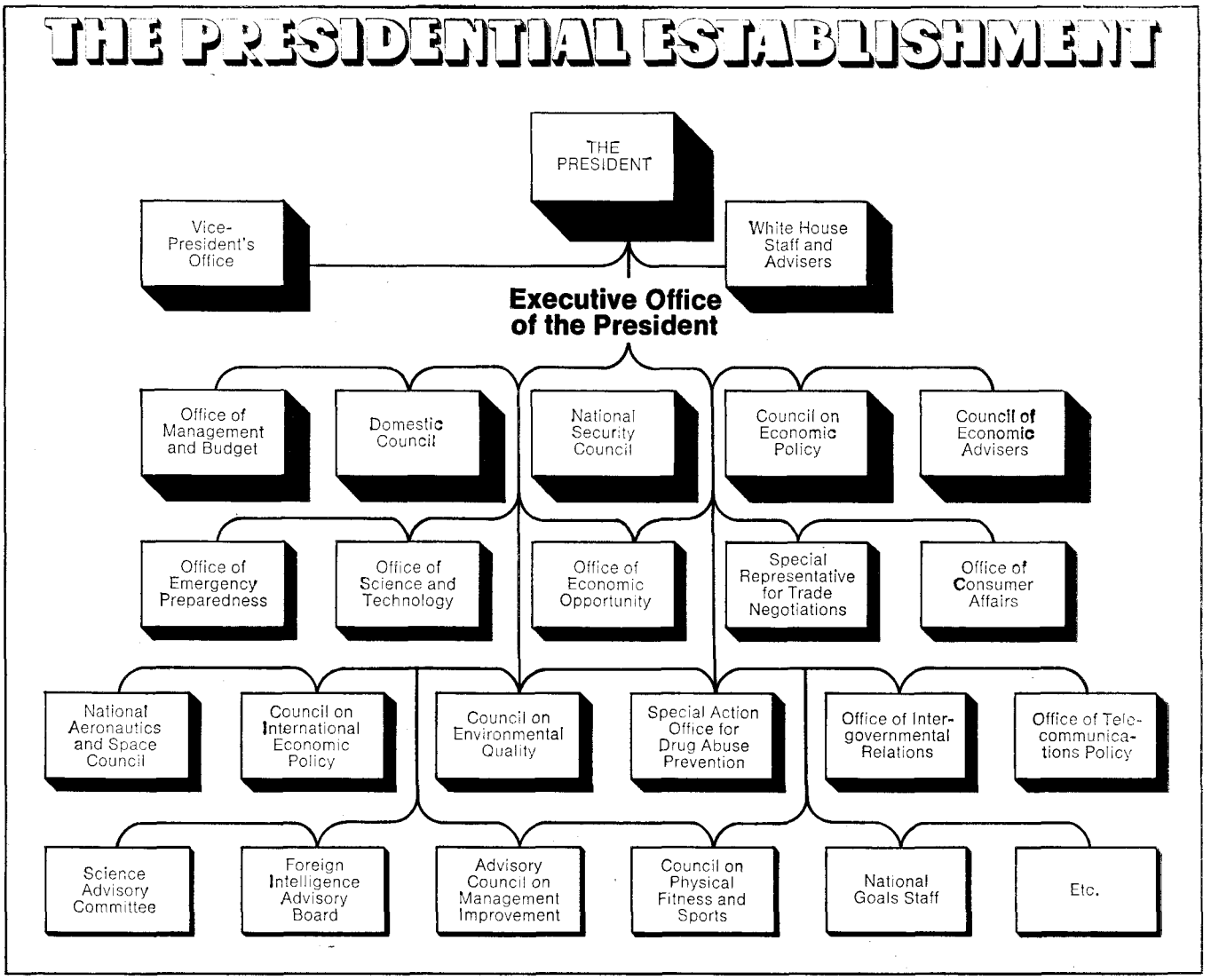
THE PRESIDENTIAL ESTABLISHMENT
THE PRESIDENT
Vice-President's Office
White House Staff and Advisers
Executive Office of the President
Office of Management and Budget
Domestic Council
National Security Council
Council on Economic Policy
Council of Economic Advisers
Office of Emergency Preparedness
Office of Science and Technology
Office of Economic Opportunity
Special Representative for Trade Negotiations
Office of Consumer Affairs
National Aeronautics and Space Council
Council on International Economic Policy
Council on Environmental Quality
Special Action Office for Drug Abuse Prevention
Office of Intergovernmental Relations
Office of Telecommunications Policy
Science Advisory Committee
Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board
Advisory Council on Management Improvement
Council on Physical Fitness and Sports
National Goals Staff
Etc.

ment has become somewhat of a relic, replaced by more specialized comminglings that as often as not are presided over by White House staffers. The Cabinet's decline has taken place over several administrations. John Kennedy started out his term declaring his intentions of using the Cabinet as a major policy-making body, but his change of mind was swift, as his Postmaster General, J. Edward Day, has noted. "After the first two or three meetings," Day has written, "one had the distinct impression that the President felt that decisions on major matters were not made—or even influenced—at Cabinet sessions, and that discussion there was a waste of time . . . . When members spoke up to suggest or to discuss major administration policy, the President would listen with thinly disguised impatience and then postpone or otherwise bypass the question."

Lyndon Johnson was equally disenchanted with the Cabinet as a body and charateristically held Cabinet sessions only when articles appeared in the press talking about how the Cabinet was withering away. Under Nixon, the Cabinet is almost never convened at all.

Not only has the Presidential Establishment taken over many policy-making functions from the Cabinet and its members, it has also absorbed some of the operational functions. White House aides often feel they should handle any matters that they regard as ineptly administered, and they tend to intervene in internal departmental operations at lower and lower levels. They often feel underemployed, too, and so are inclined to reach out into the departments to find work and exercise authority for themselves.

The result is a continuous undercutting of Cabinet departments—and the cost is heavy. These intrusions can cripple the capacity of Cabinet officials to present policy alternatives, and they diminish self-confidence, morale, and initiative within the departments. George Ball, a former undersecretary of state, noted the effects on the State Department: "Able men, with proper pride in their professional skills, will not long tolerate such votes of no-confidence, so it should be no surprise that they are leaving the career service, and making way for mediocrity with the result that, as time goes on it may be hopelessly difficult to restore the Department. . . ."

The irony of this accretion of numbers and functions to the Presidential Establishment is that the presidency is finding itself increasingly afflicted with the very ills of the traditional departments that the expansions were often intended to remedy. The presidency has become a large, complex bureaucracy itself, rapidly acquiring many dubious characteristics of large bureaucracies in the process: layering, overspecialization, communication gaps, interoffice rivalries, inadequate coordination, and an impulse to become consumed with short-term, urgent operational concerns at the expense of thinking systematically about the consequences of varying sets of policies and priorities and about important long-range problems. It takes so much of the President's time to deal with the members of his own bureaucracy that it is little wonder he has little time to hear counsel from Cabinet officials.

Another toll of the burgeoning Presidential Establishment is that White House aides, in assuming more and more responsibility for the management of government programs, inevi-



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tably lose the detachment and objectivity that is so essential for evaluating new ideas. Can a lieutenant vigorously engaged in implementing the presidential will admit the possibility that what the President wants is wrong or not working? Yet a President is increasingly dependent on the judgment of these same staff members, since he seldom sees his Cabinet members.

Why has the presidency grown bigger and bigger? There is no single villain or systematically organized conspiracy promoting this expansion. A variety of factors is at work. The most significant is the expansion of the role of the presidency itself—an expansion that for the most part has taken place during national emergencies. The reason for this is that the public and Congress in recent decades have both tended to look to the President for the decisive responses that were needed in those emergencies. The Great Depression and World War II in particular brought sizable increases in presidential staffs. And once in place, many stayed on, even after the emergencies that brought them had faded. Smaller national crises have occasioned expansion in the White House entourage, too. After the Russians successfully orbited *Sputnik* in 1957, President Eisenhower added several science advisers. After the Bay of Pigs, President Kennedy enlarged his national security staff.

**Even a partial listing of specializations that have been grafted onto the White House forms a veritable index of American society.**

Considerable growth in the Presidential Establishment, especially in the post-World War II years, stems directly from the belief that critical societal problems require that wise men be assigned to the White House to alert the President to appropriate solutions and to serve as the agents for implementing these solutions. Congress has frequently acted on the basis of this belief, legislating the creation of the National Security Council, the Council of Economic Advisers, and the Council on Environmental Quality, among others. Congress has also increased the chores of the presidency by making it a statutory responsibility for the President to prepare more and more reports associated with what are regarded as critical social areas—annual economic and manpower reports, a biennial report on national growth, etc.

Most recently, President Nixon responded to a number of troublesome problems that defy easy relegation to any one department—problems like international trade and drug abuse—by setting up special offices in the Executive Office with sweeping authority and sizable staffs. Once established, these units rarely get dislodged. And an era of permanent crisis ensures a continuing accumulation of such bodies.

Another reason for the growth of the Presidential Establishment is that occupants of the White House frequently distrust members of the permanent government. Nixon aides, for example, have viewed most civil servants not only as Democratic but as wholly unsympathetic to such objectives of the Nixon administration as decentralization, revenue sharing, and the curtailment of several Great Society programs. Departmental bureaucracies are viewed from the White House as independent, unresponsive, unfamiliar, and inaccessible. They are suspected again and again of placing their own, congressional, or special-interest priorities ahead of those communicated to them from the White House. Even the President's own Cabinet members soon become viewed in the same light; one of the strengths of Cabinet members, namely their capacity to make a compelling case for their programs, has proved to be their chief liability with Presidents.

Presidents may want this type of advocacy initially, but they soon grow weary and wary of it. Not long ago, one White House aide accused a former Labor Secretary of trying to "out-Meany Meany." Efforts by former Interior Secretary Hickel to advance certain environmental programs and by departing Housing and Urban Development Secretary George Romney to promote innovative housing construction methods not only were unwelcome but after a while were viewed with considerable displeasure and suspicion at the White House.

Hickel writes poignantly of coming to this recognition during his final meeting with President Nixon, in the course of which the President frequently referred to him as an "adversary." "Initially," writes Hickel, "I considered that a compliment because, to me, an adversary is a valuable asset. It was only after the President had used the term many times and with a disapproving inflection that I realized he considered an adversary an enemy. I could not understand why he would consider me an enemy."

Not only have recent Presidents been suspicious about the depth of the loyalty of those in their Cabinets, but they also invariably become concerned about the possibility that sensitive administration secrets may leak out through the departmental bureaucracies, and this is another reason why Presidents have come to rely more on their own personal groups, such as task forces and advisory commissions.

Still another reason that more and more portfolios have been given to the presidency is that new federal programs frequently concern more than one federal agency, and it seems reasonable that someone at a higher level is required to fashion a consistent policy and to reconcile conflicts. Attempts by Cabinet members themselves to solve sensitive jurisdictional questions frequently result in bitter squabbling. At times, too, Cabinet members themselves have recommended that these multi-departmental issues be settled at the White House. Sometimes new presidential appointees insist that new offices for program coordination be assigned directly under the President. Ironically, such was the plea of George McGovern, for example, when President Kennedy offered him the post of director of the Food-for-Peace program in 1961. McGovern attacked the buildup of the Presidential Establishment in his campaign against Nixon, but back in 1961 he wanted visibility (and no doubt celebrity status) and he successfully argued against his being located outside the White House—either in the State or Agriculture departments. President Kennedy and his then campaign manager Robert Kennedy felt indebted to McGovern because of his efforts in assisting the Kennedy presidential campaign in South Dakota. Accordingly, McGovern was granted not only a berth in the Executive Office of the President but also the much-coveted title of special assistant to the President.

The Presidential Establishment has also been enlarged by the representation of interest groups within its fold. Even a partial listing of staff specializations that have been grafted onto the White House in recent years reveals how interest-group brokerage has become added to the more traditional staff activities of counseling and administration. These specializations form a veritable index of American society:

Budget and management, national security, economics, congressional matters, science and technology, drug abuse prevention, telecommunications, consumers, national goals, intergovernmental relations, environment, domestic policy, international economics, military affairs, civil rights, disarmament, labor relations, District of Columbia, cultural affairs, education, foreign trade and tariffs, past Presidents, the aged, health and nutrition, physical fitness, volunteerism, intellectuals, blacks, youth, women, "the Jewish community," Wall Street, governors, mayors, "ethnics," regulatory agencies and related industry, state party chairmen, Mexican-Americans.

It is as if interest groups and profes-



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sions no longer settle for lobbying Congress, or having one of their number appointed to departmental advisory boards or sub-Cabinet positions. It now appears essential to "have your own man right there in the White House." Once this foothold is established, of course, interest groups can play upon the potential political backlash that could arise should their representation be discontinued.

One of the more disturbing elements in the growth of the Presidential Establishment is the development, particularly under the current administration, of a huge public-relations apparatus. More than 100 presidential aides are now engaged in various forms of press-agentry or public relations, busily selling and reselling the President. This activity is devoted to the particular occupant of the White House, but inevitably it affects the presidency itself, by projecting or reinforcing images of the presidency that are almost imperial in their suggestions of omnipotence and omniscience. Thus the public-relations apparatus not only has directly enlarged the presidential workforce but has expanded public expectations about the presidency at the same time.

Last, but by no means least, Congress, which has grown increasingly critical of the burgeoning power of the presidency, must take some blame itself for the expansion of the White House. Divided within itself and ill-equipped, or simply disinclined to make some of the nation's toughest political decisions in recent decades, Congress has abdicated more and more authority to the presidency. The fact that the recent massive bombing of North Vietnam was ordered by the President without even a pretense of consultation with Congress buried what little was left of the semblance of that body's war-making power. Another recent instance of Congress's tendency to surrender authority to the presidency, an extraordinary instance, was the passage by the House (though not the Senate) of a grant to the President that would give him the right to determine which programs are to be cut whenever the budget goes beyond a $250 billion ceiling limit—a bill which, in effect, would hand over to the President some of Congress's long-cherished "power of the purse."

What can be done to bring the Presidential Establishment back down to size? What can be done to bring it to a size that both lightens the heavy accumulation of functions that it has absorbed and allows the Presidential Establishment to perform its most important functions more effectively and wisely?

First, Congress should curb its own impulse to establish new presidential agencies and to ask for yet additional reports and studies from the President. In the past Congress has been a too willing partner in the enlargement of the presidency. If Congress genuinely wants a leaner presidency, it should ask more of itself. For instance, it could well make better use of its own General Accounting Office and Congressional Research Service for chores that are now often assigned to the President.

Congress should also establish in each of its houses special committees on Executive Office operations. Most congressional committees are organized to deal with areas such as labor, agriculture, armed services, or education, paralleling the organization of the Cabinet. What we need now are committees designed explicitly to oversee the White House. No longer can the task of overseeing presidential operations be dispersed among dozens of committees and subcommittees, each of which can look at only small segments of the Presidential Establishment.

Some will complain that adding yet another committee to the already overburdened congressional system is just like adding another council to the overstuffed Presidential Establishment. But the central importance of what the presidency does (and does not do) must rank among the most critical tasks of the contemporary Congress. As things are organized now, the presidency escapes with grievously inadequate scrutiny. Equally important, Congress needs these committees to help protect itself from its own tendency to relinquish to the presidency its diminishing resources and prerogatives. Since Truman, Presidents have had staffs to oversee Congress; it is time Congress reciprocated.

Similar efforts to let the salutary light of public attention shine more brightly on the presidency should be inaugurated by the serious journals and newspapers of the nation. For too long, publishers and editors have believed that covering the presidency means assigning a reporter to the White House press corps. Unfortunately, however, those who follow the President around on his travels are rarely in a position to do investigative reporting on what is going on inside the Presidential Establishment. Covering the Executive Office of the President requires more than a President watcher; it needs a specialist who understands the arcane language and highly complex practices that have grown up in the Presidential Establishment.

Finally, it is time to reverse the downgrading of the Cabinet. President Nixon ostensibly moved in this direction with his designation several days ago of three Cabinet heads—HEW's Caspar W. Weinberger, Agriculture's Earl L. Butz, and HUD's James T. Lynn—as, in effect, super-secretaries of "human resources," "natural resources," and "community development" respectively. The move was expressly made in the name of Cabinet consolidation, plans for which Mr. Nixon put forward in 1971 but which Congress has so far spurned.

The three men will hold onto their Cabinet posts, but they have been given White House offices as well—as presidential counselors—and so it may be that the most direct effect of the appointments is a further expansion of the Presidential Establishment, rather than a counter-bolstering of the Cabinet. But if the move does, in fact, lead to Cabinet consolidation under broader divisions, it will be a step in the right direction.

Reducing the present number of departments would strengthen the hand of Cabinet members vis-à-vis special interests, and might enable them to serve as advisers, as well as advocates, to the President. Cabinet consolidation would also have another very desirable effect: it would be a move toward reducing the accumulation of power within the Presidential Establishment. For much of the power of budget directors and other senior White House aides comes from their roles as penultimate referees of interdepartmental jurisdictional disputes. Under consolidated departments, a small number of strengthened Cabinet officers with closer ties to the President would resolve these conflicts instead. With fewer but broader Cabinet departments, there would be less need for many of the interest-group brokers and special councils that now constitute so much of the excessive baggage in the overburdened presidency.

Meantime, the presidency remains sorely overburdened—with both functions and functionaries—and needs very much to be cut back in both. Certainly, the number of presidential workers can and should be reduced. Harry Truman put it best, perhaps, when he said with characteristic succinctness: "I do not like this present trend toward a huge White House staff . . . . Mostly these aides get in each other's way." But while the number of functionaries is the most tangible and dramatic measure of the White House's expansion, its increasing absorption of governmental functions is more profoundly disturbing. The current White House occupant may regard cutting down (or transferring) a number of his staff members as a way of mollifying critics who charge that the American presidency has grown too big and bloated, but it is yet another thing to reduce the President's authority or his accumulated prerogatives. As the nation's number-one critic of the swelling of government, President Nixon will, it is hoped, move—or will continue to move if he has truly already started—to substantially deflate this swelling in one of the areas where it most needs to be deflated—at home, in the White House. □



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# THE MID-CAREER CRISIS

## Why, in their mid-thirties, do so many people suddenly crack up, break down, let their careers go smash, or lash out at those closest to them? An expert offers an explanation.

BY KENN ROGERS

"What are my living circumstances? What do you want me to tell you, Doc? I wake up at three in the morning; I feel paunchy and tired. I look at my wife snoring next to me with two pounds of makeup smeared all over her face. Both my kids, God bless them, are inches taller than I am. Both tell me that I'm a square and a supporter of a hypocritic society. Big deal. I then think of the job, and I just know they're gonna make Harry executive vice-president and not me. My secretary will be consoling, always trying to stick her big tits into my face. Stupid broad. You can't get involved in the office. Weekends I play golf at the country club, have a couple of drinks, go home, eat, watch TV, play cards with the neighbors, hear a little gossip, go to bed, go to work. Come next August I'll be thirty-seven. I often wonder, 'How is this different from what my old man and my mother used to do?' Except their way of life wasn't as expensive as mine. They were never as much in hock as I am. Things aren't at all the way I thought they would be. Sometimes I think: screw it all! But I can't just run out. Christ! What the hell do I do?"

Most research relating to human development deals either with the years from birth to late adolescence or with those from climacteric or menopause to death. Yet the midyears—roughly from mini-skirt to Medicare—are no less fascinating. And they are, I believe, crucial. My own studies suggest that at some point between the ages of thirty and thirty-nine most people undergo a crisis in the course of which profound changes occur in the individual's relations to himself or herself and to his or her external environment. The feelings expressed by the American businessman quoted above—frustration, anger, despair—are a typical outcry of a person caught up in what I shall call the mid-life crisis.

Previous researchers have touched on various aspects of this crisis. In *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, published in 1933, the Swiss psychologist C. J. Jung placed "middle life" between the ages of thirty-five and forty and referred to statistical evidence showing "a rise in the frequency of cases of mental depression in men about forty, [while] in women the neurotic difficulties generally begin somewhat earlier—between thirty-five and forty." (Twenty years later, in his *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, Dr. Alfred Kinsey reported that "the peak of extramarital activities, both petting and coitus, occurs in the mid-thirties and early forties.") In *Childhood and Society*, which appeared in 1963, Eric Erikson posited eight developmental psychosocial stages, with stage seven corresponding to adulthood in middle age. Erikson saw this stage as characterized by one of two opposing developmental manifestations. One, "stagnation," he described as a "regression to an obsessive need for pseudo intimacy, often with a pervading sense of personal impoverishment . . . and

*Kenn Rogers, professor of business administration at the Cleveland State University, is the author of* Managers: Personality and Performance.



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excessive self-love." The other, "generativity," he described as being marked by a primary "concern in establishing and guiding the next generation"—in other words, caring for the welfare of others, particularly young people, by trying to make their world a better place to live and work in. In 1965 Elliott Jaques published a paper called "Death and the Mid-Life Crisis," in which he suggested that this crisis is basically depressive, "calling for a reworking through of the infantile depression, but with a mature insight into death and destructive impulses to be taken into account." In 1968 Lee Stockford presented findings based on three interrelated studies involving more than 2,100 men and women. Stockford's research indicated that 80 per cent of executives aged thirty-four to forty-two are hit by a crisis that often results in serious personality problems. (They admit, he writes, "to having trouble with their wives, and [they] frequently blow up on their jobs because of trivial events.") Stockford suggests that this crisis stems from "the daily personal conflicts a young man undergoes when he finds his youthful ideals and goals banging up against business operations that seem to him low on principle and high on expedience." In 1968, too, Eric Fromm observed, in *The Revolution of Hope*: "Most people make a decision about their careers at an age when they do not have the experience and judgment to know what activity is the most congenial to them. Perhaps in their mid-thirties they wake up to the fact that it is too late to start that activity which they now know would have been the right choice."

The details cited in a number of these studies are intriguing. Jaques, for example, observes that the death rate among creative artists shows "a sudden jump between thirty-five and thirty-nine, at which period it is much above the normal death rate." The list of famous artists who died at this point in their lives includes Mozart, Raphael, Chopin, Rimbaud, Purcell, Baudelaire, and Watteau, among many others. Yet these same critical years, Jaques reminds us, can be the most productive. Bach's greatest achievements came after his thirty-eighth year; Racine's career as a dramatist culminated with his creation of *Phèdre* at the age of thirty-eight; Goethe underwent a profound change in his outlook when, between the ages of thirty-seven and thirty-nine, he left his homeland and traveled through Italy.

Part of the midlife crises, biophysiological research suggests, is due to the onset of aging and one's emotional reactions to this process. In 1939 G. M. Davidson wrote: "Aging commences between the end of the third and the beginning of the fourth decade." In the same year A. Cohn reported that the early signs of arteriosclerosis generally start to appear in people over thirty. In 1947 M. Prados and B. Ruddick suggested that endocrine disturbances, with attendant waning of sexual powers, may threaten men and women with the loss of their "love object," thus reactivating previous conflicts and anxieties. More recently, in 1970, Robert N. Rapoport described studies indicating that, from their thirty-fourth year on, humans normally experience a "progressive decline in psychological as well as biological powers."

My own findings concerning the critical nature of the midpoint of a person's life are based on four interrelated studies—two of them made in London, two in Nassau County, New York—and on evidence brought forward in a score or more of scientific publications. Here, then, is my admittedly tentative explanation of the midlife crisis.

Two interacting causes of stress develop at the midpoint of a person's life. The first is that the individual experiences a reawakening of unresolved problems that occurred in the early stages of his or her development. Thus, for example, parents who grew up in an atmosphere of constant quarrels or actual violence or whose father or mother left them will often strive to avoid repeating the pattern of their parents' lives, which they have learned to hate. During their teens and twenties, while establishing themselves educationally, occupationally, and socially, they may succeed in escaping from the neurotic tensions that are the legacy of such an upbringing. By their thirties, however, at which point they have achieved a certain stability in their careers and social lives, much of the unconscious tension that up to this point was released in fighting others becomes free-floating. The fact that they are unconscious of the source of this tension increases their need to reattach it to some tangible object or specific situation. People caught up in this crisis almost invariably act as if in the grip of what psychologist Karen Horney has called "the tyranny of the should." Overtly they seem compelled to bring about changes within themselves or in their relations to significant elements of their environments.

At a deeper level, however, they wish to halt or even reverse the aging process and thus the advent of death. The awareness of death, then, on either a conscious or a subconscious level, is the second cause of stress. The realization that one will not live as long as one has lived already forces an individual to recognize that it is highly unlikely that he will accomplish everything he had hoped for, that he will become all that he had hoped to become. And here, too, frustration takes its toll, leading people to go out of their way to destroy something of vital importance in their lives—health, career, or marriage, for example.

During the midlife crisis two modes of behavior can be observed—flight from or fight with one's fear of death. Flight is apt to be characterized by a feeling of helplessness, of withdrawal into oneself, a feeling that "life is too tough" or that "there are no good professional openings for people after forty." Fight, on the other hand, means using this critical period as a time to strengthen one's ability to face eventual death, to adjust to it maturely. It also implies realizing the futility of holding onto immature standards of fantasy-perfection and, instead, learning to live with one's shortcomings and those of others. This does not mean accepting the status quo, however. Individuals who have faced and fought with their fear of death tend to work toward improving conditions around them in the belief that the world can, and should, be bettered. Indeed, the midpoint in life appears to represent a final decisive period for further developing one's social learning ability. Those who have chosen flight give up the efforts to learn. Those who fight continue to learn and grow. □

## CRACK-UP CASE STUDY

One finding of Professor Rogers's research into the midlife crisis is that economic success can contribute to marital disharmony as potently as can bad social and economic conditions—especially if the couple is childless. The following psychological profile of a typical couple shows how this may work:

John and Sara, who had been outstanding students in college, were rapidly promoted in their jobs. Their coworkers, however, did not see them as "nice people," but as persons who stepped on others to get ahead. They constantly gave the impression that they were better than others, and neither could work as part of a team. John was thirty-five, Sara thirty-three, when they came for marital counseling. He had just become a CPA and was made a partner of his firm. Sara was made head nurse of one of the major teaching hospitals. They had paid off the mortgage on their home and things were going well financially. It was at this point that they decided to break up their marriage. Sara said: "We were much happier when we had to struggle"—i.e., when their destructive tendencies could be employed in fighting outside problems.



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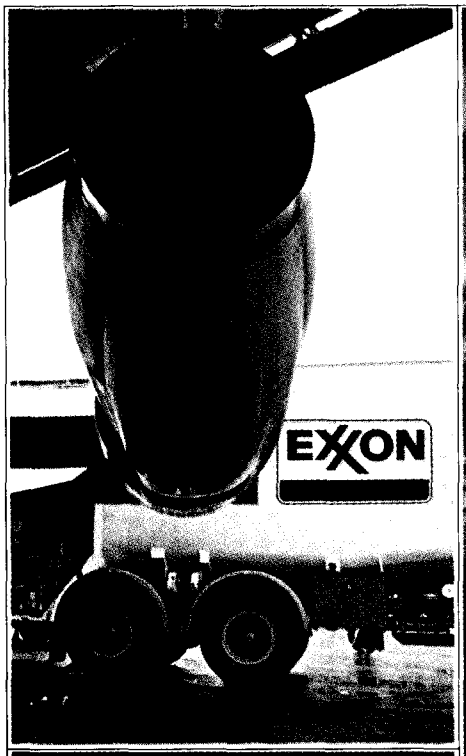


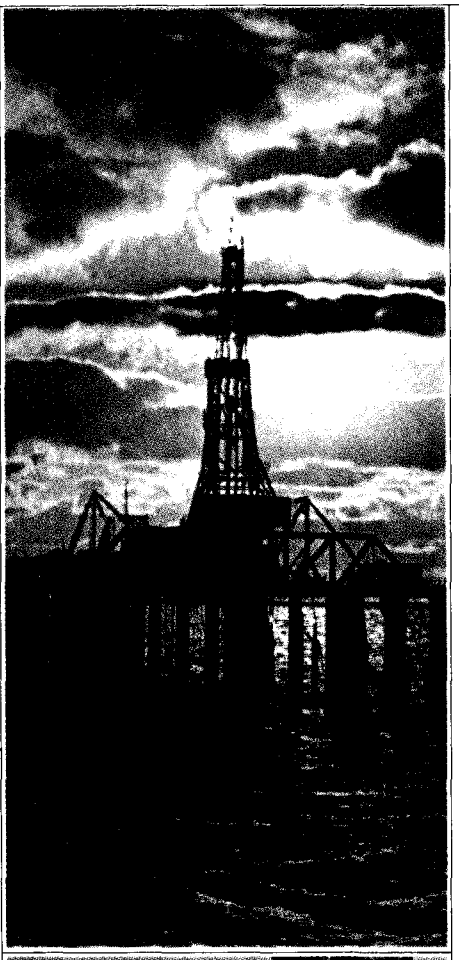

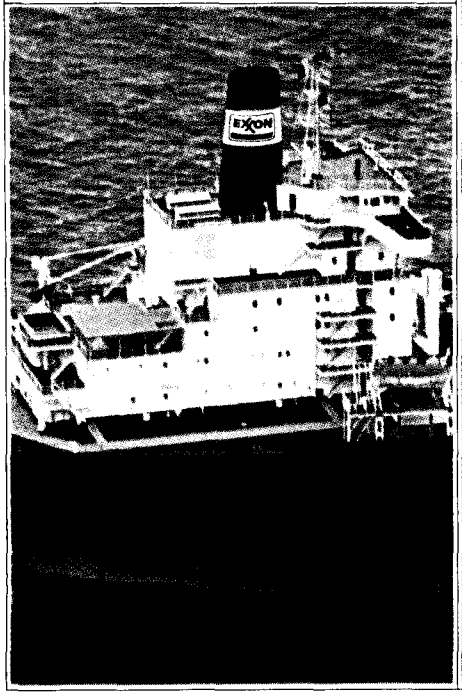


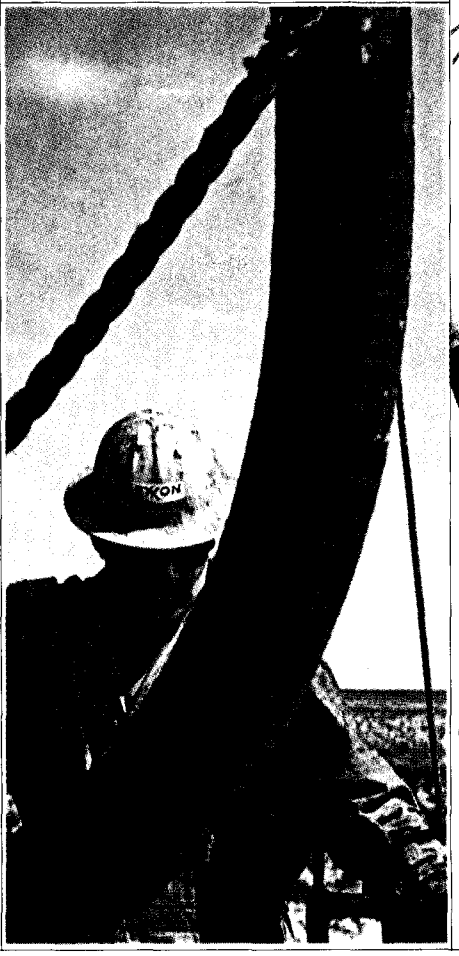


**We'd like you to know about Exxon Corporation.**

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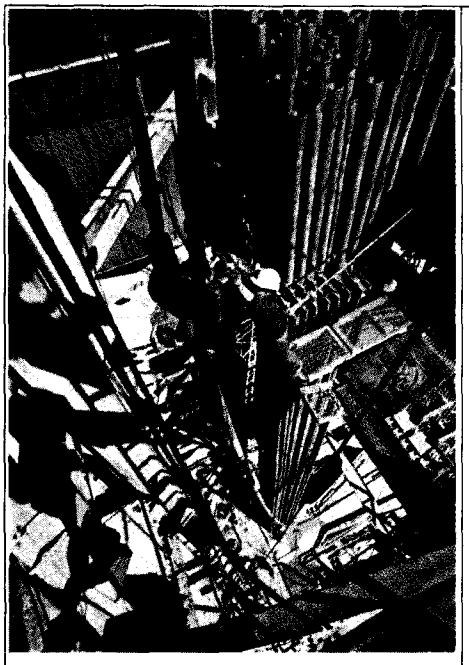


## Exxon explorers search for oil and gas around the world—the odds are usually against them.

Drilling a single exploratory well can take more than a year. It can mean moving hundreds of tons of equipment to the high Arctic or deep into the desert.

Yet, more often than not, it is a failure.

Nevertheless, the search goes on—and for good reason—to help make sure there will be enough energy for everyone who needs it—now and in the future.

So the Exxon explorers keep on exploring, seeking the well that will not be dry. Sooner or later, their perseverance pays off, when they drill that rare well that opens up a major new source of supply.

In the U.S. the Exxon explorers search from coast to coast and beyond, far out onto the continental shelf. They are drilling on every continent, with recent successes in Alaska, Australia, Canada, Florida, and in the North Sea off Scotland.

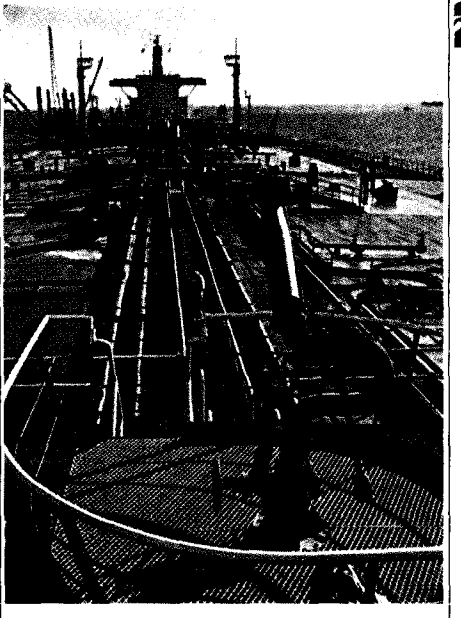
As a result of these efforts Exxon has over 20,000 oil- and gas-producing wells in the United States and another 7,000 abroad.

EXXON

## At any given time Exxon is moving 4.5 billion gallons of oil, in tankers, barges, pipelines and trucks.

As you read this, the oil is moving. It is moving in tankers across the oceans of the world and up and down the coasts of every continent. The Exxon tanker fleet is among the world's largest. Steaming along at a sedate 15 to 20 miles an hour, a single Exxon tanker can deliver 20 million gallons of crude oil from Texas to a New Jersey refinery in eight days.

Pipelines silently move oil, natural gas, gasoline, jet fuel and other products around the country. Exxon and other companies often



share these lines.

Oil products travel the inland waterways—the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Hudson—by barge. One tug, the *Exxon Tennessee,* can push eight barges at a time, loaded with 750,000 gallons of oil, all the way from Louisiana up to Pittsburgh in 14 days. Slow but steady.

Where the tankers, pipelines and barges can't go, the tank truck takes over, delivering to homes and service stations.

It's a complex and astonishingly efficient transportation system that keeps the oil moving from our wells to our customers.

## Many of the world's refineries use at least one of the refining processes developed by Exxon.

Stated as simply as possible, the job of an oil refinery is to transform crude oils into products that are useable: gasolines, heating oils, diesel and jet fuels, asphalts, chemicals and hundreds more. Exxon has pioneered many of the processes with which the complex needs of modern living can be met from nature's raw materials.

In the United States, Exxon has five refineries. Its affiliates abroad have another 60.

Today it's common to relate petroleum and chemicals, but before 1920 it was practically unheard of.

It was in that year that an Exxon refinery produced the first commercial "petrochemical."

From this beginning, Exxon Chemical Company has grown into a business with 60 plants in 24 countries. Its products are used in everything from plastics to cosmetics. Today, petroleum is the source of 80 per cent of the raw materials of modern chemistry.

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## Exxon is making a determined effort to minimize pollution, both from its operations and its products.

Simply running the business of oil efficiently these days is not good enough. That's why Exxon is investing some $200,000,000 every year to remove sulfur, to clean up water and to do a lot of other things to help the environment. Here are just a few.

Because oilmen, even old-timers, rarely see a well out of control, Exxon has established a special school in "blowout" prevention techniques in Texas. It teaches drillers what to do if and when they are ever confronted with one of these rare crises.

Tanker captains receive unique training at a facility Exxon built in Grenoble, France. Here, in realistically scaled model tankers, they learn the special skills they'll need to handle and berth the largest supertankers afloat.

Exxon has been instrumental in setting up many organizations dedicated to rapid and effective cleanup in the event of oil spills. Each of our U.S. refineries has a full-time staff of environmental specialists.

All of this is part of a continuing battle to get ourselves and our industry in harmony with the environment.

## Exxon research scientists average a patent a day every working day.

Exxon scientists and engineers are involved in about 1000 different projects at any given time.

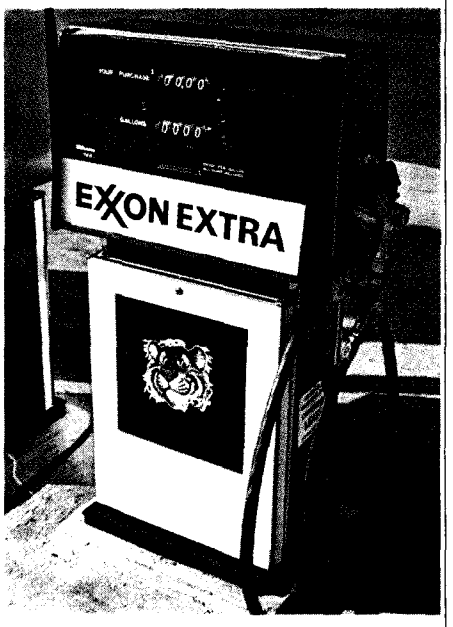
These projects could range from the development of offshore mooring devices for very large tankers to the study of unique methods for burning high-sulfur fuels in order to create as little pollution as possible. They cover everything from waste water treatment to new engineering for modern refinery processes.

Exxon researchers are developing better ways to make synthetic rubber, and better ways to extract more oil from underground reservoirs.

With an overall research program that is costing $100,000,000 a year, every day Exxon is coming up with something that, in one way or another, helps you.

And this is helping all over the world because Exxon research is multinational. It focuses the talent of more than 5,000 scientists and engineers in seven countries on solving the problems of our company and meeting the needs of our customers.

## If you're like most people, the only time you come face to face with Exxon is at a service station.




The chances of coming face to face with an Exxon service station are pretty good—because there are 25,000 of them from coast to coast.

Over the years you've probably come to know your local Exxon dealer and the fine products and services he can offer you.

Perhaps you have also learned to depend on our touring service or road maps—Exxon was the first oil company to offer road maps, way back in 1922.

If you've had some trouble with your car you might have driven it into one of the many Exxon Car Care Centers where the problems were diagnosed rapidly and repaired efficiently.

Exxon Marinas, Travel Parks and Avitats catering to the needs of boaters, campers and flyers can be found in many parts of the country, and of course, your Exxon credit card can be used at all of them.

Abroad, you can buy equally fine products through our affiliates in more than 100 countries.

EXXON

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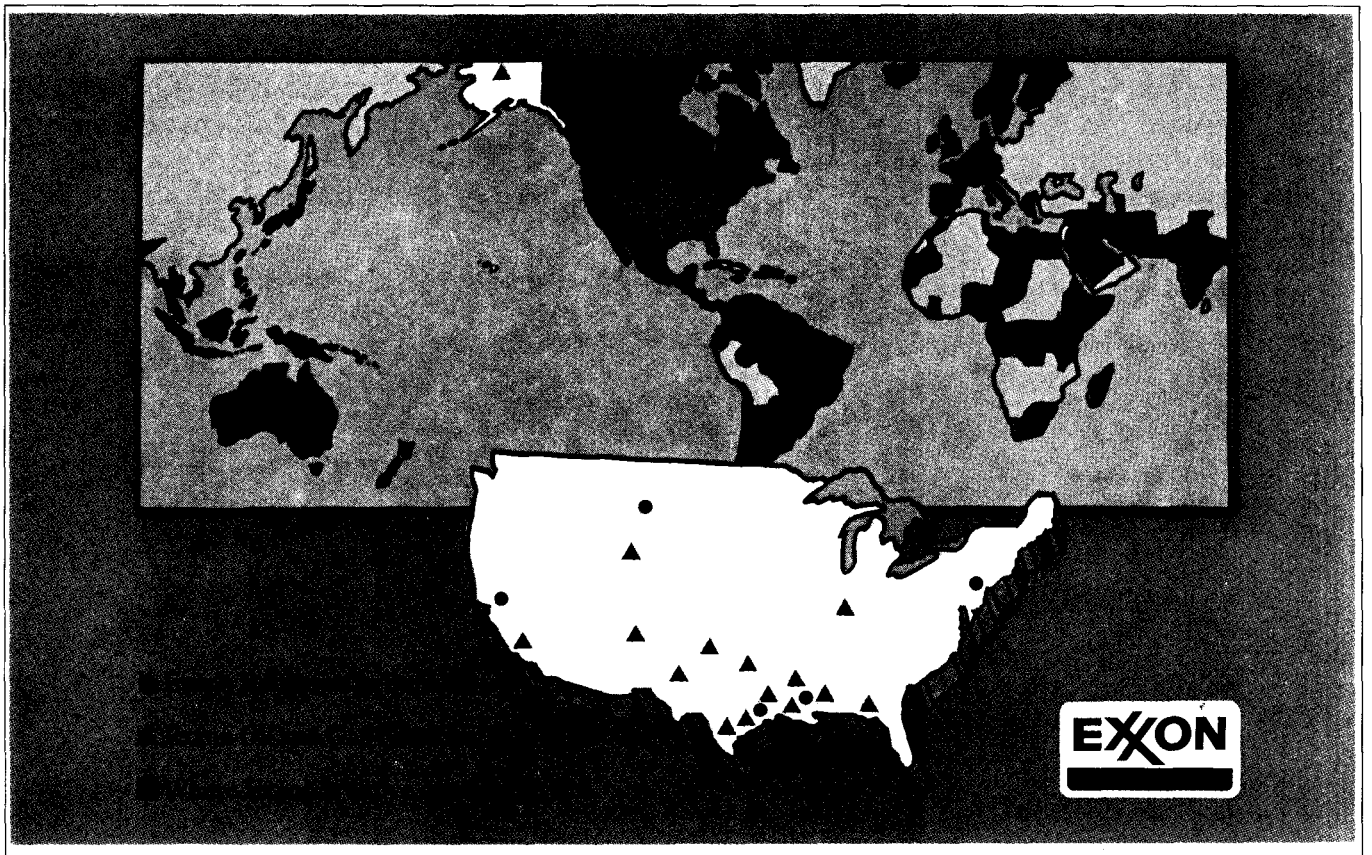



## A corporation should be a "corporate citizen" as well.

The people of Exxon Corporation have made sure that the company is committed to goals that go beyond the primary responsibilities of conducting their business efficiently. There is also a commitment to society, and that commitment is an integral part of the business of Exxon.

The Exxon Education Foundation, for example, has a seventeen-year history of financial support to higher education—in fact, it has contributed over 34 million dollars to date.

And for nearly as long, Exxon has supported fine arts through competitions around the world, educational experiments like Harlem Prep, and excellence in television programming like *An Age of Kings* and *Play of the Week* and, more recently, *Vibrations*.

Beyond this are the individual activities of our many employees working, often with Exxon support, in community projects as varied and numerous as the skills they offer.

## We'd like you to know Exxon.

We hope these pages have told you something about Exxon Corporation—who we are, what we do and where we work.

We are U.S.-based with many affiliates abroad. There are, in fact, 143,000 Exxon employees around the world. Our primary task is finding, producing, transporting, refining and selling oil and natural gas to millions of customers.

In the United States, there are 40,000 of us; most of us work for Exxon Company, U.S.A., in itself one of America's leading oil and gas enterprises. In recent months Exxon Company, U.S.A. has carried out the change to Exxon that you've seen at your service station.

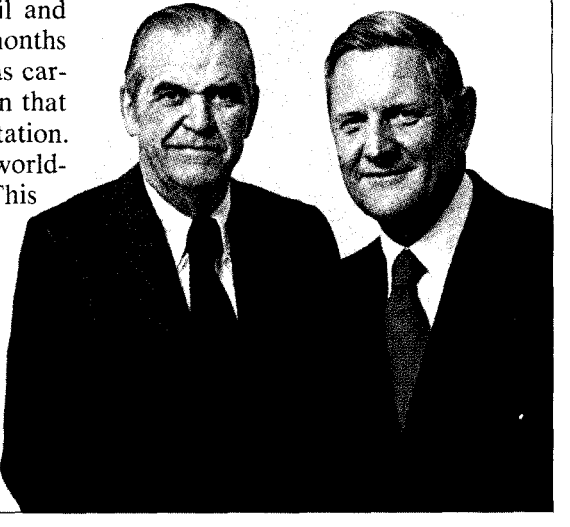
An important part of our worldwide business is chemicals. This is guided by Exxon Chemical Company. U.S. chemical operations are conducted by Exxon Chemical Company U.S.A.

We are also companies that do research and engineering, international exploration, development of non-petroleum energy sources, and land development. This should give you an idea of our scope.

Although the name of Exxon Corporation is new, we realize that our reputation will continue to depend upon the quality of our products, the service we offer and the way we conduct ourselves.

J. K. Jamieson
*Chairman,*
*Exxon Corporation*

C. C. Garvin, Jr.
*President,*
*Exxon Corporation*



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*How I joined the Total Loss farming commune in Vermont after...*

# PSYCHIC FARMING

BY MARTY JEZER

What is Total Loss Farm? Well, it's a commune and family of a dozen or so people, all friends and dropouts from various niches in and outside of society. It's a one-hundred-acre subsistence hill farm with a cow, a garden, and a cider press on a dirt road in Vermont. It's a way of life we began in 1968 as a response to the hopelessness of stopping the war in Vietnam. But mostly Total Loss Farm is a community; that's the important thing. For most people, given a choice as to what they want in their lives, would probably choose community over anything else. It's always seemed to me that, once we all have food, shelter, and other necessities in hand, community is the only objective worthy of our ambition.

* * * *

People often ask how I came to the farm, and I have to begin way back with my favorite recollections of growing up in what must have passed for community on the streets of New York. The best hours of my youth were spent loitering in front of Simon's Candy Store on Creston Avenue in the Bronx, doing nothing, just hanging out. Most of my contemporaries quickly abandoned this phase of life and went on to bigger, if not better, things. Some, I suppose, are even considered "successful" in their chosen fields. And I? I'm thirty-one and surely should have outgrown it all by now. But it struck me early in life that hanging out was one of the most sensible and civilized ways of spending one's life.

But I didn't drop out; not for a long time, anyway. I finished college, dabbled in graduate school, embarked on a career, took care not to burn any bridges, and entered the bohemian world one small step at a time. In the winter of 1963, when I was but a thesis away from a master's degree, I got a phone call from two strangers who were doing research on a wildcat coal mining strike in the hills of eastern Kentucky. They had heard, through a mutual friend, that I had a car and a sense of adventure. They asked whether I'd like to drive them south. What a question. Theirs was the phone call I had been waiting for all along. I packed my bags, vacated my apartment, left school, and headed south to Hazard, Kentucky.

Hazard was my Mississippi, and, like many people my age who went south during the early days of the civil rights movement, it completely changed my life. When I returned to New York from Hazard, I settled in on the Lower East Side, lived with and married Nancy, and became one of the younger members of a circle of writers and artists, some of whom by now have been "discovered." But at the time none of them cared about public success or critical acclaim. They toiled away at their crafts with diligence and anonymity, working at whatever odd jobs were available to earn enough bread to buy food and pay rent. God knows why they put up with me. I worked in advertising by day and played hipster at night. But they were patient, and eventually I saw their light.

I guess it was in 1965 that we all became aware that there was a war in Vietnam. That fall I took part in the first large antiwar parade in New York City, a march down Fifth Avenue. I also became active in a pacifist workshop and discovered, quite pragmatically, that nonviolent action made sense to me. But pacifist literature annoyed me. It was excessively self-righteous. Along with two friends I started *Win* magazine.

*Win* dedicated itself to "psychedelic pacifism" and to the creation of genteel mayhem in the streets, and it was an experiment in a new kind of journalism. We not only had to report news of the Movement; we had to create it as well. At times it seemed that the entire peace movement consisted of maybe ten people walking around in circles with signs reading "End the War in Vietnam." It was that lonely, and *Win* made incredible demands on our lives. I spent one vacation from my straight job at a week-long vigil in front of the White House and most of my "sick" days sitting in jail.

By the time Chicago came we were all tough, battle-hardened veterans of a score and more skirmishes with the police. It dawned on some of us, too late I suppose, that we had entered into a cycle of escalation similar to the pattern of the war itself. The more disruptive we became, the more force the government would muster to keep us down. But our desperate acts seemed justified at the time, and I suppose, if it's any consolation, history will be kind.

The desperation caused problems for those of us committed to nonviolence, however. We were advocates of disruption, of course. But the threshold of anger had become so high that nonviolent action was no longer possible, and the pacifists found themselves in the compromising position of trying to cool both sides. Chicago was the last demonstration I ever attended. I went, planning to write about it for *Liberation* magazine. But I never wrote the article. I saw things happen in Chicago about which I didn't want to write. The police riot didn't bother me. What frightened me at Chicago—and I wish I had had the courage to say it in 1968 (though no one would have been in a frame of mind to listen)—was the violence of our own people and the way that violence raged out of control. The hippie kids who had answered the call to a festival of life and the McCarthy followers who went to Chicago still believing in the system were transformed overnight into an angry and hateful mob without any political understanding of their violence except sweet and righteous revenge. You cannot build a movement for social change on the emotions of revenge.

Chicago confirmed my instinct that it was time to drop out. Earlier in the year I had gone to Washington, D.C., to help Ray Mungo on Liberation News Service (LNS). Ray was a Movement heavy who had helped bring together the flourishing underground press network by his cofounding of LNS, a radical news wire service started primarily to carry antiwar news which the Establishment wire services were ignoring. He and I were together right in the middle of the riots after the death of Martin Luther King, and our two busts during the riot turned us instantly into old and trusting friends.

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*Marty Jezer's observations on communal living are adapted from* Home Comfort: Life on the Total Loss Farm, *a collection of essays and drawings by a communal family to be published in February by Saturday Review Press. Drawings by another commune member, Alicia Bay Laurel, will also appear in the book.* *© 1973 by Monteverdi Artists Collaborative, Inc.*



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*PICKLED EGGS, TOTAL LOSS STYLE*

*Got extra eggs? We do. We pickle them. Beet juice makes them violet; ginger makes them brown. Recently I hard-boiled fifteen eggs. I barely squeezed them into a wide-mouthed canning jar, along with lots of garlic, carrots, onions, or whatever. I filled the spaces between the eggs with a mixture that amounted to: a cup of cider vinegar, a half cup of soy sauce, ginger, dill seed, salt, and what you like in picklings. Then I set them in the cellar for a week or so. They were a delight even to those who had disdained the thought of them.*

*Hugh Beame*

After Chicago I headed back to Washington, and, well, one step led to another. Soon Ray and I were headed for Vermont to buy this farm. . . . I never quite understood the details. I met some of the other people who were going to live on the farm. Everyone seemed weird, but so was I, and it seemed that, if the farm was really going to happen, I should go with the flow.

* * * *

I want to try to say some things about psychic farming, about how we have learned to live together (no easy feat) and change and grow. Most of us came to the farm without any concrete idea of why we had come or what we were about. Some of us wanted a more decent place than Boston or Washington to be with our friends. Some of us had political fantasies—the idea the farm might be an anarchist haven, a liberated zone, with land open to all. But none of us had a clear idea of what constituted a commune. We had read about them in the underground press and seen a story about them in *Time*. Someone recognized an old chum in a picture from Morningstar Ranch in California. Was that what we were hoping to become?

We were miserable the first year. The early months of autumn bliss, of tripping together, falling in love, exploring the woods, swimming in the beaver pond, were soon blanketed by the stark, harsh reality of winter, a winter of discontent that lasted, for some of us, through the following summer and fall. The forest was stripped bare of its foliage and we of our illusions. The wind blew through the cracks in the house, and we shivered in our nakedness.

If anything sustained us during those long, drawn-out winter days of sitting idly around a wood stove, it was Ray's ability to create meaning out of nothing, and to create excitement about what I remember as mostly long, interminable periods of boredom and frustration. He was the one who gave us our first "reality"—our first idea of what the farm was.

That reality was a mythic one, woven from mixed strands of fantasy, hyperbole, a vision of the apocalypse, a sense of the absurd, and a generous portion of bull. Ray could really rap. Everything we did, in Ray's retelling, was a magnificent achievement of cosmic significance. A walk to the mailbox was a journey through time. That the engine of one of our ancient automotive junks actually turned over and ran was a triumph for Michael's automotive sensibility. Did Richard make a spaghetti sauce that everyone liked? Then it became Richard's Finest—none better in the world.

We were, I suppose, a sad and pathetic lot. Some of us had helped bring down a President; now we were reduced to glorifying the most trivial things, seeing triumph in the kinds of mundane affairs ordinary people take for granted. I sometimes wonder why we did hold on and why, as so many other communes have done, we did not give up our venture as hopeless and go our separate ways. Maybe it was pride that kept us going. We had been quite public about leaving politics and moving to the country; there was a lot of heavy ego-satisfaction at stake.

During this period physical work had a low priority; the idea of the farm then, as defined by Ray, didn't leave enough space for it. This was terribly frustrating to those like myself who were accustomed to defining ourselves on the basis of our work. For a long time I would wake up early in the morning, bursting with energy, ideas, and plans for things I wanted to do during the day only to have the day end in rage and anger because there was no one with whom to share my enthusiasm and because all the things I wanted to do were new to me and there was no one to teach me or to share my mistakes.

Though no one had the forthrightness (or the stupidity) to state it, I think we all quietly understood that we had gotten into this thing way over our heads and that our community was fragile, very fragile indeed. But our common vulnerability helped create communal bonds. It was as if we all realized individually that a single breakdown in any of us, or, worse, a single violation of the many tacit understandings that defined, though minimally, what we each could and could not do, would cause the community as a whole to collapse. We moved gently about one another, careful not to say anything or do anything so harsh or final as to burst the bubble that Ray's genius for words had so finely made.

For a long time I felt that in doing so we were being less than honest. I had come to the farm with expectations colored by experience in the Movement. I expected everyone to confront one another directly and the farm to become an ongoing encounter session until all our differences were straightened out. Those who couldn't take it would just choose to leave. I didn't know much about process then, and I didn't understand the importance, in Ray's phrase, of having tolerance beyond reason, or about letting things flow naturally.

But I've since seen communes, especially those just beginning, overdose on honesty and destroy themselves in the process. I've watched while friends sat around a kitchen table for hours at a time making kamikaze attacks on each other's egos and their own, leaving emotions raw and psyches shattered, all under the delusion that by being honest and open with one another they were creating stronger communal ties. Who needs it? Living together is tough enough without inviting trouble. Confrontation might work on a weekend encounter marathon among strangers who have homes to flee to when the session is over. There's no such escape valve in a commune where everyone lives all day, and every day, under the same roof.

I wish I could delineate a specific chronology of events to mark how we *did* manage to pull ourselves together and become a "working commune." I can't, except to say that it crept up on us in fits and spurts, most of the time when we were not looking. I remember a few isolated events that marked its coming—sitting at dinner at the very beginning and going around the table telling our parents' first names. A trivial matter, I suppose, but it was a linking of our individual pasts to our collective present. Then there were the few times we worked together, carrying wood out of the forest in long human chains, digging a ditch to run water to the house (and imagining we were patching the Ho Chi Minh Trail), painting the house, and putting up the harvest on busy autumn days.

Slowly, very slowly, we came to learn each other's weaknesses and strengths, where our areas of sensitivity lay, who was particularly vulnerable and to what, who responded to humor and who to criticism. It was an uneven process. I learned about differ-



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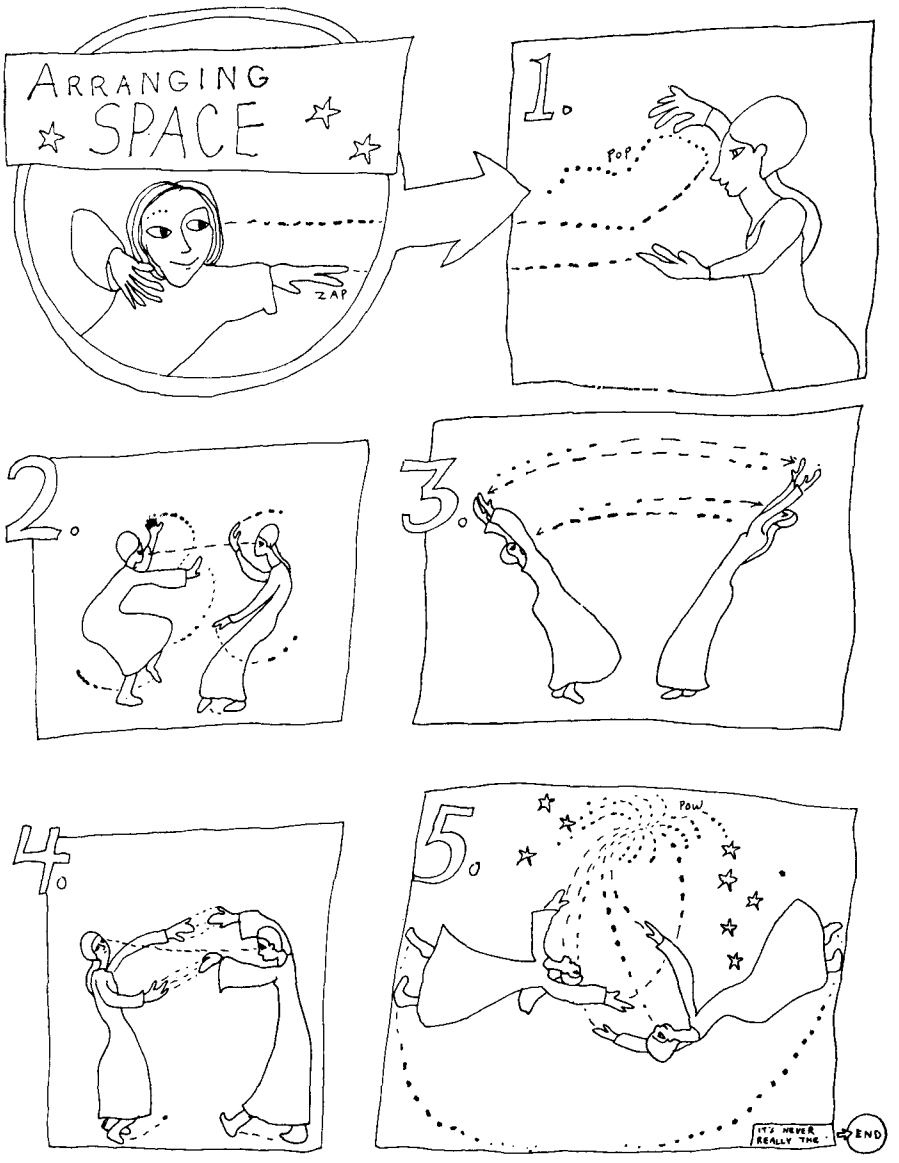
ent people at different times. Some I know better than others; others I trust to know and understand me. As we came to be comfortable together, we came to trust each other. Our guards fell. We learned that we could trust the others to treat us with care. Love was there to cushion the hurt. Our friendships became strong enough to withstand any personal strife.

When we began to realize this, we started to shed our egos and assume the burdens and the pleasures of being, in part, everyone else on the farm. Within each of us there became space in our heads to hold the essential understanding of what it is to be everyone else. Late in the second winter Ray came up with the phrase "No more me, no more you" to describe this particular state of mind. At first I thought it was just another of Ray's glib phrases (glib phrases that usually ended up making sense) until I realized that I was carrying a whole farmload of people around with me wherever I went and that I was no longer sure where I stopped and they began. This terrified me. It still does when I'm foolish enough to try to peer into the future, wondering how far this path can lead. Will I eventually disappear?

Sometimes it becomes a burden—the weight of being a dozen or so people when it is difficult enough just being myself. Most of the time, however, it's a real goof. What a relief not always having to be exclusively me but to be free to perceive and react the way the others do, especially since everyone on the farm is so crazy and unique. I am always astonished that everyone else on the farm seems to be staggering under the same load. John Lennon described it best: "I am he as you are he as you are me and we are all together."

This summer, after almost four years on the farm, I first started to realize how well it was working. It was weird because even on the worst of days, when everything seemed to be going wrong and everyone seemed to be conspiring to frustrate me, even on the kind of days that used to send me away from the farm, I was undeniably happy, as if the basic strength of the farm had become sufficiently strong to bear me up under the greatest of difficulties. We seemed, finally, to have attained a strong group consciousness, a consciousness that gave each of us individual strength and the assurance that, no matter what minor obstacle might get in our way, the good feelings of the farm would go on. So we criticized each other at will—and also with a certain amount of flair. Some of us really did it up in grand style.




*"Slowly, very slowly, we came to learn each other's strengths and weaknesses."*

* * * *

In the beginning the burden of work on the farm fell to the few people who had some rudimentary skills or were clear about what they wanted to do. As I said, I was one of them. I fell in love with the forests, walked around with a guidebook, and soon learned to identify all the trees. I became skilled with the ax and chain saw and learned to "read" the forest, to know which trees needed cutting and which trees should stand. Woodcutting became my thing, just as Red became the carpenter and Michael worked with the cars, and the women, naturally, ended up in the kitchen.

I soon fell into a vicious cycle the creation of which was my own doing. The more I got into providing wood, the more time I spent doing it, leaving others to think that I'd do whatever needed to be done. I, of course, wanted help from the others, but I didn't know how to ask them because asking would be coercive. So I waited for volunteers, while the others waited for me to ask for their help. The more I worked alone, the more burdened I felt by responsibility; yet I also felt more important, as if the farm depended on my efforts. This led to more problems.

I took it upon myself to oversee the whole farm operation and tried to do whatever needed doing. Whenever there was a vacuum in a work project, I rushed in to fill it. My high energy made it impossible for anyone else to step into the breach and assume responsibility. This circle soon drove me crazy, as it would anyone, as it did Red the carpenter, Ray the fund raiser, and Ellen and Connie, who thought the farm's financial burden necessitated their commuting to town to work. The farm soon became divided (at least in

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICIA BAY LAUREL



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ORGANIC! KOSHER! NATURAL!
Nosherai (in season)
to hangers-out in the Cafe Depresso appear Sometimes
Pete's OLIVES
from the mysterious jar on the TOP SHELF
YUMMY BEAME'S PICKLED EGGS
a controversial favorite
OAT-RAISIN FAMILIAR
Sometimes with exotic additives!
FRUIT SLOP from the canning closet
FOR THAT SOUR CRAVING:
Veranda's dill beans
SPARKLING HARD CIDER
Siphoned from our 40 gallon barrel in the cellar
Our cellar also houses the apples
A BREAD FOR EVERY PALATE
WE HAVE 18 KINDS OF TEA
though no one seems much interested
If you're lucky you might get some of BEAME'S HOMEBREWED BEER
A PLEASURE TO QUAFF
Then there's ALWAYS Last Night's LEFTOVER RICE & VEGETABLES which you can re-fry with a little soy Sauce
TO BE SMEARED WITH: YOGURT sour cream
and other cultures in varying states of putrefaction
there might be wheat or alfalfa or mung bean sprouts in a jar in the bread cabinet.
YOU COULD HAVE A GLASS OF BESSIE'S DELICIOUS MILK
FRESH SQUEEZED DAILY

*"If there is anything we do well on the farm, it is eat."*

the eyes of the workers) between those who worked and those who lived off that work. The workers felt more and more self-righteous. Then, although they increasingly froze the others out of every possible task, the workers became convinced that they were the only ones aware of their tasks and competent to do them.

Unable to see myself as simply one member of the family, I became Marty the woodsman or Marty the gardener; it was in these roles that I related to the farm. While once I would bound out of bed anxious to get to the fields, I now found it difficult to sleep at night, counting, like sheep, each instance in which somebody didn't do something he or she should have done. I was unhappy and often thought of leaving, only to stay and do one last chore "for the sake of the farm."

At the end of the second summer I split up with the woman with whom I was living, and I had nothing to keep me at the farm. So, come autumn, after I helped get in the winter's wood (if I didn't, who would, etc.), I split to join a new commune that friends had started not too many miles away.

It took me six months to be able to return to the farm, as I guess I always knew I would. Most of the time was spent simply debriefing—getting all the accumulated bitterness and resentment out of my system and waiting for the farm to fall apart, as I was sure it must without my presence. It didn't, thank God for that. In fact, my leaving must have been a boon for the others, who suddenly found space for their own projects and for putting across their own private realities of what the farm should be like.

On the new commune I watched as people went through the same hassles we had gone through two years before. Realizing that I couldn't go through the process again, I got a drive-away car and went to visit friends in New Mexico. New Mexico didn't appeal to me. There were no trees in New Mexico. After a month I decided to take off for San Francisco.

I hitchhiked around the Bay Area for another month, going wherever drivers would take me. I felt free of any responsibilities. There was no future, and I had finally transcended the past. I was no longer Marty the woodsman or Marty the radical or Marty the writer. People who gave me rides never asked my name or what I did. We either got on together or didn't, in which case I'd just hitch another ride. I discovered myself again, or maybe for the first time. I realized that I had never been in a situation in which I had nothing to offer but my most naked existential self. It was time to return home, to return to the farm, simply as *me* for better or for worse, for I had learned that simply being ourselves was, and is, what the farm is most about.

The past two years have been so good that I often fear something must be amiss in our lives; happiness isn't supposed to come this easily. We have all become aware of what needs to be done. So someone is always around to do it. Rarely does anyone feel a need to have to do something. We're not yet renaissance men or women skilled in many crafts, though that is a goal. But specialization is breaking down. Those of us who know the woods by their trees have come to understand their magic, and those who understand best that the woods are magic also know now that the woods are made up of maple, beech, and ash.

* * * *

One evening we sat down and tried to estimate our monetary expenditures for the average year. Our records are chaotic. We have no treasurer and have never bothered keeping books to detail income and expenses. Money is spent as it comes in—sporadically. Sometimes we have thousands of dollars in our checking account. Other times you can't even find loose change under the cushions of the couch. The checkbook is accessible to all, and we trust each other not to make unnecessary expenditures. But what's an unnecessary expenditure? We tend not to get petty about the outflow of petty cash.

Money has, in fact, never caused much of a problem. People earn whatever they can; some earn nothing at all, and that's OK, too. People who earn money usually take out pocket money



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before depositing their checks into the common account. That's OK. Anyone who goes out and makes a wage deserves a hamburger or two on the sly.

We live on between $8,000 and $10,000 a year. That means each of us has a per capita income of less than $1,000 a year. Not bad.

Our major expense is the mortgage. It is $2,700 per year for ten years, paid in monthly installments. Taxes are another $800. We owe the mortgage to the woman who sold us the farm. We are her major source of income; so we can't miss a payment. We have six years to go on the mortgage and have always met the bill.

I doubt that we spend more than $10 a week on food. And we feed anywhere from six to twenty people a day—probably averaging ten for dinner any given night. If there is anything we do well on the farm, it is eat. Vegetables, dairy products (milk, cream, butter, eggs), and fruit (pears, peaches, apples, various berries) are home produced. So are some herbs, a little meat (beef, pork products, tough old hens), corn meal, and some maple syrup. We also make various kinds of wine, home brew, and hard cider, but not enough (as yet) to keep us in full supply.

We have to buy such staples as salt, sugar, cooking oil, most spices, pasta, different kinds of grains, baking flour, and brown rice (in 100-pound bags), as well as sesame seeds and cashew nuts to meet gourmet tastes. We also crave cheese and have to buy all our fish and additional meat.

We heat and cook entirely by wood. The first year we broke a lot of ax handles, but not anymore. We rummage old attics for clothes; boots and winter garments cost some, but mostly we wear and wear the same funky old clothes. Initially our building costs were high because we had to buy Fiberglas insulation and stoves. But now we do most of our building on the farm for the price of hardware and nails. We tear down old barns, sheds, and buildings for people, and we usually get to keep the lumber and old-fashioned brick.

Our constant expenses are electricity, propane gas for the hot water heater, and gas for the tractor, chain saw, truck, and our one and sometimes two running cars. Vehicles are a major expense. There are no mechanics on the farm, and our road is a notorious car-killer.

Farm equipment is our other major expense. Our tractor and its various accessories are probably worth about $2,500. We could use a cart, a manure spreader, an old-fashioned thresher, and a new chain saw. A hay rake and baler would be nice, too. Bessie, the cow, cost us $225. Cheap. We'd like another cow. Then we'd be fixed for cheese. The other animals cost us maybe $100 combined, and animal feed runs to about $7 a week. The hens, horse, goat, and cow all get their own grain. We make hay with the help of neighboring farmers.

With the cost of all these basic goods we still get by for less than $10,000 a year, and there is usually enough money left to finance vacations and trips, which may last a day or a month and take us to California or just to a neighboring town.

Our income has come mainly from books—royalties from *Total Loss Farm* by Ray or *Living on the Earth* by Alicia Bay Laurel, for example. One and sometimes two people teach at the university level. Their incomes help meet day-to-day expenses. At various times different members of the farm have worked as a nurse's aid in the hospital, a laundress at a mental institution, a dishwasher at Filene's department store in Boston, a dispatcher for Yellow Cab in a nearby metropolis. We do babysitting for neighbors and sugarmaking and haying for local farmers. But only in the first year were outside jobs vital to our existence. The fact that some people still feel a need to work probably means that our open commune checkbook still does not work in actuality as well as in theory.

* * * *

We wake up each morning with the sun and the history of the planet before us. Some days we frolic in the past. Other times we are rushing so carelessly into the future that I don't have time to put on a shirt. Some days we even live in the present, at least according to calendar time. But that's the least interesting time of all.

The time I like best is when we are early eighteenth-century yeoman farmers, rough, hardy, proud, independent folk, living close to the land at the edge of the woodland frontier. Iroquois are our neighbors and are free to hunt and trap game for food and hides wherever they wish. There are no fences on our land, and we used the deed to start a fire one damp, chilly autumn night. We give the Indians vegetables from our garden in exchange for meat, and we often sit around the campfire with them smoking a pipe of peace. We have also freed the slaves, but that was a long time ago, around the time we decided to free ourselves. One night some Indians and black people came around to play some music: Louie brought out his big conga drum, and Richard made up a chant. The rhythm made the dark rain clouds disappear, and the chanting caused the moon to shine. Things like that go on around here all the time. We hardly ever miss a good sunset, and almost every night we get to watch the stars shine.

Sometimes when a stranger comes walking up the road, I wonder if we are not to be visited by de Tocqueville or some other earnest traveler. I would like to show him how prosperous our homestead has become. There is always food to eat and cider, peach wine, beer, or milk to drink. We grow the food ourselves, and there's always enough for one more setting. There is a roof over our heads and wood for the stoves. We have built a porch, and there are no more holes in the barn roof. What more could one ask? We really do live well, and I know de Tocqueville would be tickled to see how times have changed—to see how much better it's all become since he last wandered through these parts. ☐

### *THE FARM'S CARROT BREAD*

*2 cups grated carrots*
*1 cup corn meal*
*1 scant cup porridge (if it's left over)*
*1½ cups molasses and honey mixture (at most)*
*1 cup oil/margarine*
*Salt and cinnamon to taste*
*3 cups liquid, including carrot broth*
*1 cup buttermilk, if available*
*1½ oz. yeast (I use ¾ of a 2-oz. cake) in ½ cup warm water*
*5 cups whole wheat flour (a variety of whole grains is good; I use ½ cup rice flour, ½ cup soy flour, and the rest wheat)*
*3 cups white flour (be prepared to use more)*

*This is not a quick bread. Let the carrots cook in water; then add the rest of the ingredients except yeast and flour. This is the point at which you make sure you have the taste you want. Let sit as long as possible on a warm stove ("So the flavors will marry," as a friend of mine says). When lukewarm, add yeast and flour, stirring until you have a cohesive soft dough. Let sit. Add more white flour to knead. (It may take another 3 or 4 cups, don't be alarmed.) When kneaded, let rise and punch down at least once (the more it's punched down, the finer the texture). Shape into 4 or 5 big loaves and bake in a slow oven for another hour. Don't worry if the tops burn a little; it must be thoroughly baked. Like all bread, this tastes better the second and third days.*



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# Believe It or Not!

# Even Though ROBERT RIPLEY DIED IN 1949, His Feature Still Appears in 328 Newspapers in 38 Countries!!!

BY WILLIAM ALLEN

*"If you hold a guinea pig by its tail, ITS EYES WILL FALL OUT!"*

*"The barking frog, when disturbed, inflates to twice its normal size and WAILS LIKE A HUMAN INFANT!"*

*"The DENTAL NERVE of an elephant weighs as much as 12 POUNDS!"*

On a recent *Tonight Show* Johnny Carson held up a paperback copy of *Ripley's Believe It or Not!*, quoted such items as those above, quipped that *he* didn't believe any of them, and then mentioned that, even though Robert Ripley was dead, somebody was still producing the feature. He wasn't sure who.

In fact, *Ripley's Believe It or Not!* has been going on almost as long without Ripley as it did with him. Though it hardly attracts the attention it once did, it is still syndicated in 328 newspapers in thirty-eight countries, and the twenty-first paperback edition is in production.

The person Johnny Carson didn't know about is Norbert Pearlroth, who for the last fifty years has been the unheralded researcher for B.I.O.N. We'll meet him later.

* * * *

It's hard for the television generation to realize how popular *Ripley's Believe It or Not!* once was. Surveys showed that the feature had the highest reader interest of anything in any newspaper anywhere, with the exception of front-page photos. Letters from readers to Ripley at one point reached a million a year, the heaviest load of mail received by any individual on earth.

**The late Robert Ripley, arm in arm with one of his discoveries, the "Three-Fingered God of the Maoris." It seems that, though the Maori gods had but three fingers, they always held their tummies tightly.**

One cartoon in particular is said to have skyrocketed Ripley to success. A few weeks after Charles Lindbergh's historic flight to Paris in 1927 Ripley published a drawing of *The Spirit of Saint Louis* with the caption: "LINDBERGH was the 67th man to make a non-stop flight over the Atlantic Ocean!"

The claim unleashed nationwide rage and indignation. Two hundred thousand telegrams and letters of protest landed at Ripley's door on a single day. But he had his answer ready. Lindbergh *had* been preceded by sixty-six men—two in an airplane, thirty-one in an English dirigible, and thirty-three in a German zeppelin. Sure, Lindbergh had been the first to make the trip alone, but Ripley never said otherwise. He merely omitted that obvious fact and thereby duped at least 200,000 people—and probably a lot more who hadn't been stirred up quite enough to write in.

In 1927 *Ripley's Believe It or Not!* was syndicated in only thirty papers, but the Lindbergh item brought Ripley national attention. His sudden acclaim motivated Simon and Schuster to come out with the first Believe It or Not book. When William Randolph Hearst saw the book, the story goes, he issued this command to his gigantic King Features Syndicate: "Hire him! Hire him!" Thus, Ripley suddenly ceased being "a two-cent man" (a term Ripley applied to himself, two cents being the price of a newspaper in those days) and began making more than $100,000 a year—for the cartoon feature alone. He soon signed a $350,000 contract with Warner Brothers to make twenty-six movie shorts, and by 1930 he had his own radio show. All the while, he continued to make trips to far-flung countries, from which he emerged with reports of such curiosities as the Iron Maiden of Nuremberg, a stuffed two-headed calf, and a shrunken head with growing hair. When he had collected enough of these items, he opened a museum on Broadway in New York City, an "Odditorium," to house the memorabilia. Everybody knew about Robert Ripley. Presidents wrote him. Colleges honored him. He was one of the most sought-after and highest-paid lecturers in the world.

How did Ripley do it? Most important was the idea for the cartoon fea-

*William Allen, who teaches English at Ohio State University, is a frequent contributor to* SR.



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ture. He stumbled on it when he was a twenty-five-year-old sports artist for the *New York Globe*. On a bleak day for sports news in 1918 he threw together cartoons and captions about a few freakish athletic accomplishments he had heard word of—such as the man who walked across the continent backwards, using a mirror for better vision. He first thought of calling the collection "Champs and Chumps," but at the last minute he changed it to "Believe It or Not!" The next day, reaction to the newspaper feature was so great that Ripley began digging for more unusual and unheard-of facts, moving beyond the single field of sports for his information, but sticking to the basic format of one cartoon and forceful caption for each item.

Variations were introduced, such as an occasional trick (*à la* the Lindbergh item) and riddles and puzzles. Over the years the feature became known as well for making uncanny predictions. According to one of the Simon and Schuster collections of *Believe It or Not!*: "On February 21, 1944, Ripley made the following statement on the radio within the hearing of several million listeners. He was discussing the city of Munich. He said, 'The strangest thing in Munich is a sundial without a gnomon. An ever-present mysterious shadow points to the hour of 2:30. The official historian of the city of Munich told me the shadow always points to the death hour of Germany's current ruler. Looking around him, my informant added in an ominous whisper, "Hitler will die at 2:30 in the afternoon." ' The prediction came true with startling accuracy. Hitler died on April 30, 1945, at exactly 2:30 p.m."

You might argue that nobody knows exactly when Hitler died, but Ripley was certain and you can believe it or not.

During the late Forties B.I.O.N. ran the following under the title WHO'S NEXT?

**United States Presidents Elected Every Twenty Years Since 1840 Died in Office**

**William H. Harrison** ..... **1840**
**Abraham Lincoln** ..... **1860**
**James A. Garfield** ..... **1880**
**William McKinley** ..... **1900**
**Warren G. Harding** ..... **1920**
**Franklin D. Roosevelt** ..... **1940**
**? ? ?** ..... **1960**

One B.I.O.N. feature dared to publish the picture of a man who vowed he would die the moment his image was put into print. And he did die as his image was being run off on the presses, the night before B.I.O.N. came out. The man had no way of knowing his picture was being printed, and so B.I.O.N. was saved from being charged with scaring a man to death.

Not only did B.I.O.N. unearth misconceptions about history, in some cases it made history. In 1929 the feature informed the country, correctly, that its national anthem was set to the tune of an English drinking song, "To Anacreon in Heaven." The reaction, of course, was widespread indignation. B.I.O.N. went a step further and said that Congress had never officially declared "The Star-Spangled Banner" to be our national anthem. Within a week more than five million people had written their congressmen, and, not long after, Congress passed an appropriate resolution.

The hard-to-believe facts, the tricks, the riddles, the predictions, the trivia of history, and the making of history combined to make the feature an enormous success. Ripley was so well known that it became a fad to put trick addresses on his letters and let the Post Office figure them out. Two letters successfully delivered were addressed: "To the Biggest Liar in the World" and "If your trowsers are a bit too tight and you reach for a daisy—what happens?" Probably the cleverest of the addresses to reach Ripley was a simple rip in the envelope. By 1930 the Post Office was fed up; the Postmaster General issued a proclamation that no more mail with trick addresses would be delivered. What next? Someone pasted the decree itself on an envelope, and it went straight to Ripley.

The feature's success owed much to Ripley's personality. He had a flair for attracting attention. One of Ripley's most successful devices was having his picture taken next to oddities around the world. There are countless photos of him posing beside natives with plate-sized wooden discs in their lips, next to the world's largest tree, beside the city limits sign of the town of Hell, with a man eating a live scorpion, being picked up by the world's oldest man, crouching beside the nine-year-old child-mother of Java. His picture was in print so much and was so familiar to so many people that he decided against having his crooked front teeth fixed—he didn't want to upset his public.

* * * *

It's easy to dismiss Ripley as part of an era in which people swallowed goldfish, sat on flagpoles, tortured themselves at marathon dances, and stuffed themselves into phone booths. And it is true that his meteoric rise came at that time, though it probably had more to do with a growing popular press than with social fads and the spirit of the Twenties. For people have had a craving for the unusual in all times and in all places. The early Romans brought back Nubians from Africa because they were black, and thereby "different." European explorers hauled back any curiosity they could find as they voyaged around the world. Darwin caused a tremendous stir when he returned on H.M.S. *Beagle* with four Yehgan Indians, the most primitive people known at the time. In this century, of course, the earth has been quite fully explored and described, and it might take a two-headed calf to rouse the popular interest that alien and "primitive" people once inspired.

The man who has been the researcher for *Ripley's Believe It or Not!* for fifty years, Norbert Pearlroth, has a notion of the nerves B.I.O.N. touches and of why it continues to succeed: "It satisfies," he says, "a primary human urge to flee from the daily grind into the realm of the incredible. It offers people a fairy tale that is astonishing but perfectly true. Curiosity is a fundamental human trait, but in addition to meeting that need, *Believe It or Not!* shows that life is not all cut-and-dried and boringly uniform. There are some glorious exceptions, and *Believe It or Not!* presents them." Pearlroth, unknown to Johnny Carson and to most of the millions of B.I.O.N. followers, is an essential reason for Ripley's original success and for the continuance of the feature. The first meeting between the two men occurred fifty years ago.

One afternoon in 1923, not long after *Ripley's Believe It or Not!* had become a regular newspaper feature, Ripley was in the New York Athletic Club for a round of handball with a friend. After the game they began to talk about B.I.O.N., and Ripley complained that he was having a problem coming up with usable items. He was basically an artist, not a researcher, and his hours in the New York Public Library were doing him in. One problem was his ignorance of foreign languages. He said he could look at books in other tongues and spot interesting pictures, but for the life of him he couldn't get at the mysteries described. It was driving him crazy. The friend, a bank manager, let it be known that he employed a young clerk from Austria, one Norbert Pearlroth, who knew thirteen languages.

Ripley got in touch with clerk Pearlroth and set up a meeting. The first thing Ripley asked him was, "Do you know any good Believe It or Nots?" Pearlroth was prepared. "Yes. There is a church in Santa Rosa, California, that is made entirely from the wood of one tree." "Somebody must have put you up to that," Ripley said. "Santa Rosa is my hometown, and what you say is absolutely true!" Pearlroth then listed several more Believe It or Nots.

After those facts appeared in the *New York Globe* a few days later, Ripley called Pearlroth and asked whether he minded that they were used. "Not in the least," Pearlroth said. "Come to my office," said Ripley. "I think we will



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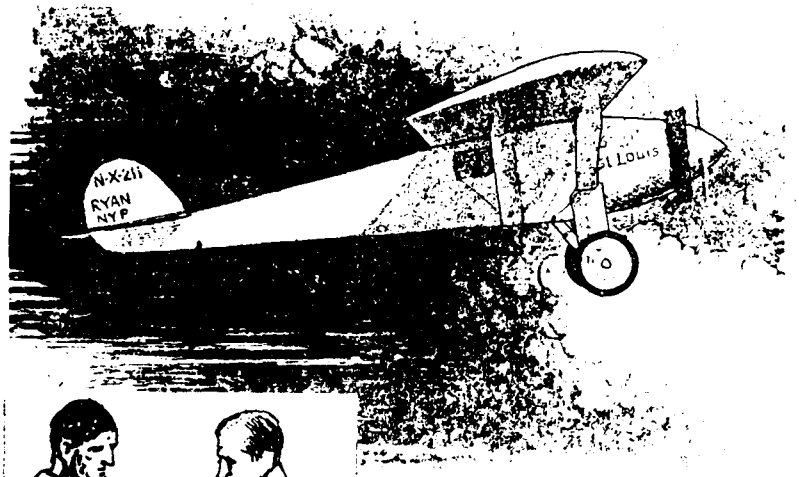
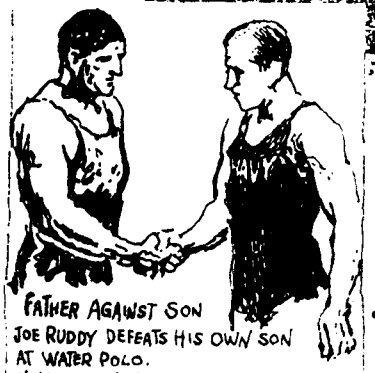
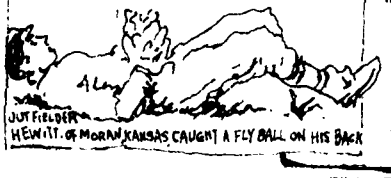
# Ripley's—Believe It or Not!

"Rip's" Most Doubted "Believe It or Not"



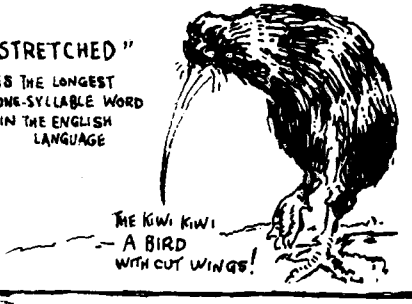
FATHER AGAWST SON
JOE RUDDY DEFEATS HIS OWN SON AT WATER POLO.
N.Y.A.C VS NAVY, Annapolis, Feb. 1928



OUTFIELDER HEWITT OF MORAN KANSAS CAUGHT A FLY BALL ON HIS BACK

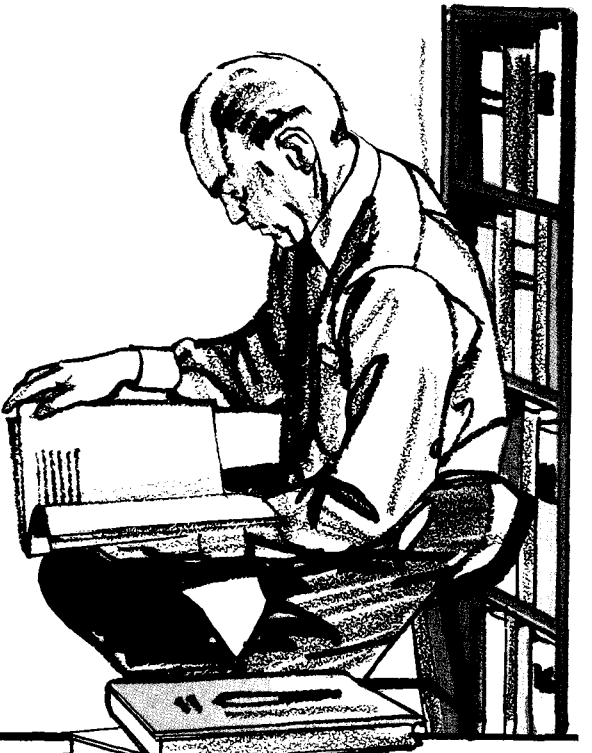
LINDBERGH WAS THE 67th MAN TO MAKE A NON-STOP FLIGHT OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN !

"STRETCHED" IS THE LONGEST ONE-SYLLABLE WORD IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE



THE KIWI KIWI — A BIRD WITH CUT WINGS!

RESEARCHER NORBERT PEARLROTH, WHO JOINED RIPLEY IN 1923, HAS READ THROUGH 350,000 BOOKS TO PRODUCE 60,000 BELIEVE IT OR NOT FEATURES!!



ARTIST PAUL FREHM WHO JOINED RIPLEY IN 1937. HAS DRAWN 30,000 BELIEVE IT OR NOT CARTOONS!!

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be able to work something out."

Soon after, Pearlroth went to work for Ripley as a full-time researcher, the job he still holds. The researcher proved to have such an innate gift for his work that Ripley was soon able to escape the library completely and devote his time to illustrating. Pearlroth, not Ripley, came up with the facts about the national anthem and "predicted" President Kennedy's death. For the past fifty years virtually every fact in *Ripley's Believe It or Not!*, with the exception of reader contributions, has been located by Norbert Pearlroth.

But he has been much more to the feature than a researcher. The "spontaneous" trips that Ripley made were carefully planned in advance by Pearlroth, who went along as traveling companion, interpreter, and photographer. "You can't just take off for a country and ask the natives where their 'curiosities' are," Pearlroth explains. "You have to come primed; you have to know already about them. Usually we would take along pictures of an oddity I had found in the library, show them to the inhabitants of whatever place we were in, and tell them we would like another picture."

Pearlroth also was instrumental in starting the popular *Believe It or Not!* radio show. "An agency called Ripley and told him they wanted to use *Believe It or Not!* on the radio but didn't know how to go about it—they couldn't just sit there and enumerate items. Ripley called me and asked what I thought. I told him I thought some of our facts were capable of dramatization. In other words, a cartoon is just a moment in time where we say, 'This is what happened.' But you don't know what happened in the first act, the second, and so on. Ripley asked for an example, and I told him the story of *The Last Supper* by Da Vinci. It seems that after Da Vinci got the order to paint the fresco, he went looking for models. Of course the first one he wanted was Christ, and he found the perfect man—one with a pleasant religious look that seemed to radiate hope for humanity. Well, he painted him, then he did all the apostles, and the last man he had to do was Judas. It had taken about ten years from the first man to the last. He began to frequent all the low dives along the waterfront in Milan, looking for an outcast, an outlaw, a real derelict. When he finally saw the perfect man, he grabbed him and said, 'I want you to model for me.' 'Oh, yes,' the man said. 'I modeled for you once before. I was Christ.' Well, as it turned out, that particular story became the first radio show."

When Ripley died of a stroke in 1949, he was one of the most successful newspaper artists who had ever lived. His museums were scattered over the United States and in Canada and England. He had just started a TV show. He was rich. The Ripley enterprise and its assets went to his estate, whose trustees were convinced that the whole business would collapse without the Ripley personality; they sold it while the market value was high. The enterprise changed hands several times. It is now owned by a Canadian group called Ripley International, Inc. Three years ago for $4 million they bought the Ripley name and everything connected to it and reassigned King Features the job of running the cartoon feature.

Today the Ripley process continues in a tiny office in the King Features building in New York. Although the office is hardly more than a cubicle, it is jammed to the ceiling with shelves and files of papers, reference material, photos, and correspondence. There is no room to walk naturally—only narrow gaps between desks, file cabinets, and office machines. Office manager Helen Kish Monahan is stationed in front of the door, where she goes through the 100 or so letters that still pour in daily. Behind slanted drawing boards by the windows perch the artists, Paul Frehm and his brother, Walter. They draw steadily—Paul doing the feature drawings and Walter the secondary art and lettering.

Walter joined the Ripley staff only in 1959, but Paul has been a Ripley artist since 1937, soon after the radio show got under way. Near sixty, he has a drooping mustache, a bass voice, and a Brooklyn accent. Frehm has been doing practically all the features' cartoons since soon after his first B.I.O.N. illustration, "The Whipping of the Sea," an elaborate scene showing Persians beating a raging ocean with whips so it would calm down enough for them to make a crossing.

The other man on the staff is the amazing Norbert Pearlroth, now seventy-six years old. On most days he takes a subway from his Brooklyn apartment and heads straight for the New York Public Library. But today he has a week's work to turn in, so he comes to the office first. He spreads the material on his desk for Paul Frehm to see. Since there is no room for an extra chair in the office, Frehm sits on a stepladder beside Pearlroth's desk, studying the Xeroxed illustrations—Pearlroth's burden is greater because he must provide an illustration with every item in order for Frehm's drawings to be as accurate and authentic as possible. Pearlroth once went through 600 books in search of a picture of the man who had been President of Mexico for forty-five minutes. He found it.

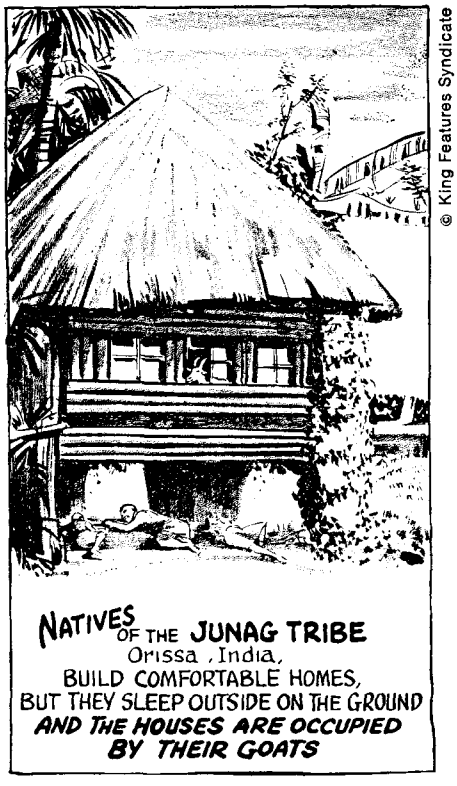
"Look at this, Paul." Pearlroth speaks in the same German accent he had when he arrived from Austria fifty years ago. "It's something I found just yesterday. It's called the leaf-cutter bee. See? They cut up leaves, roll them up, and put them inside one another to make their little cells. They look like thimbles, don't they? Amazing. Here's another one. A cow that has been tattooed all over its entire body with a needle, like a sailor! Have you ever heard of such a thing? They would have had to tie the poor thing down. Shave it. Incredible . . . ."

In all, Pearlroth has twenty-four items for the week, three for each day except Sunday, which gets a six-item spread. He works several months ahead. Sometimes he will go for a couple of days and find nothing, but then later in the week—his search made more fierce because he is falling behind—he makes up for it.

He goes through each item with a boy's enthusiasm, then shows Frehm an additional picture, one with a naked woman. His voice is a gleeful whisper. "We can't use this, but I brought it along anyway for the laughs. It illustrates a story about King Louis X of France. He decided to get rid of his first wife when he discovered she was lame, and to make sure he didn't make the same mistake twice he sent an ambassador and four female assistants to inspect his new prospect—Princess Constance of Hungary—in the nude!"

Frehm studies the picture and nods. "It's a good *Believe It or Not!*, but you're right. To do it justice, I'd have to draw her without any clothes on."

The B.I.O.N. workers have many


NATIVES OF THE JUNAG TRIBE
Orissa, India,
BUILD COMFORTABLE HOMES,
BUT THEY SLEEP OUTSIDE ON THE GROUND
AND THE HOUSES ARE OCCUPIED
BY THEIR GOATS

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taboos, more now than in the old days. They have to be particularly careful not to use facts that could cast an ill light on ethnic groups. Over the years hundreds of "unusable" items have been found. One example is the derivation of the word "testimony." It seems that the ancient Romans used to hold their testicles as a sign that they were speaking the truth. How to cartoon that?

Many of the unusable items, most of them submitted by readers, are considered too gory for a general audience. In the office are yellowed newspaper clippings about a man who was cut in two by a switch engine, yet lived five hours, conscious all the while. Another clipping shows a picture of the upper half of the man who is looking dazedly into the camera. "Medical men shook their heads in amazement," this article begins. " 'I've never heard of such a thing,' said one." The article points out that the lower half of the body was already embalmed before the upper half died.

Away from such gore, and from the office, is Pearlroth's second home, the New York Public Library. Inside, he is greeted by almost every employee. He goes to the card catalogue room, spots a tray left on a table, and sits down without even bothering to notice the label. It makes no difference. He always takes a tray at random, thumbs through it, selects ten or so books that look interesting, and scans through them for the rest of the afternoon.

While he is jotting down file numbers in his small spiral notebook, a long-haired young man slides a chair up next to him. "Mr. Pearlroth, could I speak to you a moment? One of the librarians told me who you are. I didn't realize *Believe It or Not!* was still being published. I haven't seen it since I was a kid."

"Oh, it's still going strong. The New York papers dropped it, but quite a few others use it."

"I want to ask you something, Mr. Pearlroth. Could you tell me the most unbelievable *Believe It or Not!* of all time? In your opinion, I mean."

Pearlroth is coy. He scratches his bald scalp in pretended doubt. "Young man, people have been writing in, asking me that for fifty years. You know what I always say? I say it hasn't been printed yet." But then he leans forward and speaks in a confiding whisper. "With you, though, I will make an exception. Just keep it under your hat. The strangest *Believe It or Not!* in history happened on a mountaintop in Colombia, South America. They had a school there run by monks, but their well had run dry and they were in danger of having to close the school down. It would have been impossible to haul water to such a remote place. They had consulted scientists, done everything, but couldn't locate water. So in a last-ditch effort they contacted a certain Father Alexis Mermet, a famous water witch, who was in Saint-Prex, Switzerland. They wrote him that they were at their wits' end, that they would pay his way to Colombia, pay him for his lost time, anything, if he would just come and see if he could find water."

"And he did, right?" the boy said. "He went over and saved them?"

"Not so fast," Pearlroth said. "Listen to this. He wrote back that he didn't travel, but if they would send him a detailed map of the area he would be glad to tell them if there was any water there. They sent him the map, and in his office six thousand miles away he held a pendulum over the map and marked a place on it with an X. He returned it with a letter saying where he marked the X they would find water at a depth of eighty-eight feet, nine inches, and that it would have a flow rate of five hundred liters a minute. The monks dug, and the water was there, exactly as he predicted, right down to the flow rate." Pearlroth's voice rises. "*How*? Six thousand miles away? On a piece of *paper*? It doesn't make sense. You can almost understand a water witch walking around with a stick in his hand—you can say there is *something*, some affinity between the stick and the water, but over a *map*?" He shakes his head, amazed all over again.

The boy shakes his head, too, then asks, "Did you or Ripley discover that?"

Pearlroth ignores the question. Still wrapped up in the story, he touches the boy's arm. "There is something else to do with this not generally known. Do you want to know what it is?"

"Sure."

"There was a P.S. to the father's letter. He said he sensed the presence of tin on the mountain, but it was outside the area the map covered. The monks sent him a larger map, and he marked the place where the tin was supposed to be. They dug down where he indicated and found ten dead monks—all buried in coffins of tin."

Pearlroth leaves the boy gaping and collects the pile of books to be scanned today. He carries them to a table beside one of the library's large windows and, as he often does, turns out the light to enjoy the sunshine. After gazing out the window a minute, he begins to leaf through one of the books. Nothing there. He opens another. He has been doing this most of his life. He will continue to do it as long as anybody is interested in the freakish facts he finds. ☐

THE MARCHING CHINESE
IF ALL THE CHINESE IN THE WORLD WERE TO MARCH -4 ABREAST- PAST A GIVEN POINT THEY WOULD NEVER FINISH PASSING THOUGH THEY MARCHED FOREVER AND EVER!
(Based on U.S. Army Marching Regulations)
Rip

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# POLITICS & GOVERNMENT

## What Your Congressman Can Do for You Besides Make Laws

BY ROBERT C. ZELNICK

A new Congress has just convened on Capitol Hill, and front-page speculations about its probable course over the next two years have no doubt reinforced the view of those who regard their congressmen as more or less lofty drafters of law for the Republic. But, in fact, congressmen (by which I mean, in particular, House members) will as ever be devoting a lot of their time to mundane chores for their constituents, providing a wide range of services and influences, of which you may want to avail yourself one of these days.

Indeed, it makes sense to regard your congressman as a particularly well-motivated public servant. For he is acutely aware that excellence in providing personal service for constituents can atone for an abundance of legislative deficiencies.

Accordingly, such favors are so much a part of the activity of a congressman and his staff that they have their own term—"casework." Casework takes up as much as 40 per cent of staff time in most congressmen's Washington offices, a great deal more in some. "We are the mini-ombudsmen of the Hill," says Linda Langsten, who has spent nine years as a caseworker, the first five for Republican James T. Broyhill of North Carolina and the last four for Democrat Morris K. Udall of Arizona. "We average 150 letters a day in this office, most from people who have not received common courtesy, let alone assistance, from the bureaucracy. The person who contacts us either does not know where in the system he or she can find relief, or is mired somewhere inside it. A widow finds her social security payments have stopped. A nineteen-year-old soldier with a wife and two kids to support inquires about a hardship discharge and his drill sergeant assigns him to latrine duty. A divorced woman discovers her children have been "kidnapped" by their father and removed to another state or country. Those are the situations we run into all the time, and I would say that in about 70 per cent of the cases we are at least able to expedite things. Half of those we can resolve almost immediately."

Just what kinds of things can your congressman do for you? Here are some areas in which he is uniquely equipped to and is often ready and willing to help his constituents:

### PROVIDING INFORMATION

If you have a problem you think the federal government can help you with but are uncertain about what agency to turn to, your congressman will find out for you. He'll also guide you to specific programs—to help start a small business, establish a day care center, obtain an emergency disaster loan, etc.

### CUTTING THROUGH BUREAUCRATIC RED TAPE

If you know what action you want by what agency, your congressman can prod the agency on your behalf. More than likely, if you have written requesting a reasonable-seeming government action or decision, he will attach a "buck slip" to your request. This is a ubiquitous form memo that asks for prompt and favorable action. He can thereby speed by days, even weeks, such routine bureaucratic chores as getting a passport issued or a government check sent.

### PRIVATE BILLS

Private bills attempt to correct situations where the law, through some nuance, quirk, or oversight, works an injustice against a particular individual. The House passed 161 private bills during the Ninety-second Congress, better than 20 per cent of all legislation enacted. Many are designed to prevent aliens from being deported or to permit others to enter the country. There is no rule of thumb for determining when a private bill may be of help to you (only one-fifth of those introduced ever pass). But if you sense that some grave injustice is being worked against you by "the system," write your congressman and see if he thinks a private bill might help. If you think pending legislation will affect you adversely, let him know, too. He may be able to get it amended in committee.

How do you find your congressman to begin with? Don't feel terribly ignorant if you don't have the fuzziest idea who he is. Surveys show that better than 50 per cent of all Americans are in the same boat. That problem can be solved by contacting your local newspaper, labor council, registrar of voters, Chamber of Commerce or League of Women Voters.

Now that you know who he is and what he can do for you, how do you contact your congressman? Either by writing his Washington office (House Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20515), or, if you have a particularly urgent problem, by phoning, usually to his local office, which is listed under the congressman's name in your phone book. Nearly every congressman maintains at least one office in his home district in order to handle constituents' problems.

To find out more about what your congressman can do for you, I suggest you read a lively and instructive book by Rep. Jim Wright, Democrat of Texas. It's called *You and Your Congressman*. Predictably, perhaps, one of the things Congressman Wright points out in his book is that a congressman's good deeds for his constituents are not always thankful ones.

He tells of receiving an urgent phone call from one young female constituent of his. It seems that her boyfriend was in the navy, about to sail for the Far East, and was unable to obtain emergency leave to get married. Wright, sensing a rare opportunity to play Cupid, interceded with the Pentagon and leave for the sailor was arranged. Days later he received two telegrams, one from the bride warmly thanking him for coming to the rescue. The one from the groom was not quite as euphoric. "Why," it read, "don't you mind your own damn business?" □

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*Robert C. Zelnick, a Washington reporter for National Public Radio and the* Anchorage Daily News, *is a former aide to Congressman Henry S. Reuss of Wisconsin.*



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# BUSINESS & ECONOMICS

## The Coming Revolt of the Home Buyer

BY SUZANN LANCASHIRE

"The housing issue is going to be in the Seventies what the auto issue was in the Sixties. There is no question about it, no question at all." So says consumer advocate Ralph Nader, who bases this recent prediction on a steady flow of mail to his office from disgruntled homeowners. Lending weight to Nader's statement are the results of a 1971 Harris poll in which a cross section of consumers was queried on the change in product quality in eleven basic consumer areas—areas that included automobiles, appliances, and food as well as housing. Forty-seven per cent of these Americans thought housing quality had deteriorated over the past ten years—the highest percentage of discontent registered in any of the basic areas covered in the poll.

The complaints received by Nader indicate the seriousness of the construction problems "consumers" of new housing may experience. One new homeowner in a large Florida development wrote that "the house was made larger than the plan, and the window for the half bath was put in my bedroom . . . . They put the wrong door on the front, they replaced the door after five weeks and prime-coated it after seven weeks and painted it six months later."

A homeowner who purchased a new $25,000 split-level house in the Chicago suburb of Hanover Park reported: "When the [spring] thaw began, the hill [in our backyard] started to wash away." A month later the floor in her son's bedroom sank more than an inch and began to pull away from the walls. She could slide her hand between the walls and the floor. "When the builders got out here," she continued, "they said [the sinking floor] was definitely not a structural defect." But to eliminate the problem, the builders had to pour concrete under the foundation.

Two doors away another Hanover Park resident was angered over the one-inch gap between the front storm door and the floor, "cracks like roadmaps" in the basement, the sinking sidewalks around the house, and the insulation that was installed backwards.

Many homeowners with Federal Housing Administration (FHA) mortgage financing assume their house is soundly built or the government would not have guaranteed the mortgage. But a Newark, Delaware, woman writes about her two-year-old, $28,000, FHA-financed home: "I really believe that the materials in this house are substandard; no room is finished perfectly; the house is falling apart; no nuts and bolts on one wall; we can see daylight in the basement; kitchen cabinets are coming apart . . . ."

Although FHA is supposed to inspect houses routinely to verify their soundness and value before accepting mortgages, the 1968 National Commission on Urban Problems noted that most FHA standards have been adopted directly from voluntary industry guidelines. Nader claims these are "minimum standard . . . which are full of escape hatches for builders." The failure of FHA approval to function as a guarantee of housing quality was made clear in a recent HUD investigation following scandals in a special FHA house-purchasing program for low-income families. The agency's report revealed that about a third of the 1,200 FHA-insured houses HUD checked had serious defects. Deficiencies were found in 25.7 per cent of the *new* houses.

A bill recently introduced into Congress by Sen. Charles Percy of Illinois aims to make FHA mortgage acceptance serve as a minimal guarantee of quality for home buyers. Under the proposed law, builders or sellers of houses would have to agree to correct or compensate for substantial defects in the houses they market before they could receive federal mortgage guarantees.

But Nader doubts that the simple enforcement of FHA's existing standards will be enough to improve significantly the quality of housing so long as FHA's standards continue to mirror the apparently inadequate standards the building industry has voluntarily set for itself. What Nader proposes is the creation of "a government-owned agency, completely independent of private industry, to test and certify building products and techniques, to experiment with new construction methods, and to establish a national building code to be adopted by any local government requesting federal funds." □

*Suzann Lancashire is a freelance reporter and writer.*

### POINTERS FOR PROSPECTIVE HOME BUYERS

John J. Heyn, president of National Home Inspection Service, a commercial inspection network servicing forty major cities, warns shoppers for houses against the tendency to conduct their inspections as if they were guests of the owner. "Even a home buyer looking for a $50,000 house normally doesn't have the nerve to flush the toilet," Heyn says. He offers the following pointers:

*Wet basements.* Check the basement corners for dampness and the walls for water stains. Rust on the bottom of the furnace may indicate a damp basement. Be wary of freshly painted basement walls or new paneling. "People with wet basements do not store personal belongings on the floor," Heyn notes. "We like the messy ones with everything piled up on the floor—the expensive golf clubs, the old high school diploma . . . all dry as a bone."

*Plumbing.* To check the water pressure, turn on the faucets full force in the kitchen. Then go upstairs and turn on the bathroom faucets. Upstairs there should be a steady flow, not a trickle. Fill the bathtub and sink with water. It should be clear, not rusty, and the water should drain quickly and noiselessly. If you notice that part of the water piping is, say, copper while the rest is lead, chances are there have been some plumbing problems, and you should ask about them.

*Electricity.* Most houses today require at least 100 amp, 110/220 volt service. Check in the fuse box to see if the electrical capacity is up to this standard. If there is only one electric outlet per room, this may prove insufficient and you may need to do some rewiring.

*Water heaters.* A family of three needs a thirty-gallon gas water heater. Add ten gallons for each additional member of the family. These capacity figures should be doubled if the water heater is electric. Check for rust or small leaks at the bottom of the heater.

*Heating.* The average house needs a furnace that produces at least 100,000 BTU (British thermal units) of heat. Heating outlets should be located on the outside walls of the room. If you have reason to worry about the efficiency of the heating system, tactfully ask to see recent heating bills.

*Exterior of the house.* Most roofs have asphalt shingles. Check for signs of blistering or cracking. Old shingles curl up at the corners; the mineral granules are worn away and can be found on the ground under the vertical rain spouts. Inspect the spouting for rust, sagging, and leaking. Spouting should slant enough so water does not stand in it, and water should drain away from the house. Check the exterior paint for signs of peeling and blistering. Curling paint may mean moisture in the walls, rather than a need for new paint. □



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# LIFESTYLES

## How to Live Well at 30,000 Ft.

BY NANCY LYON

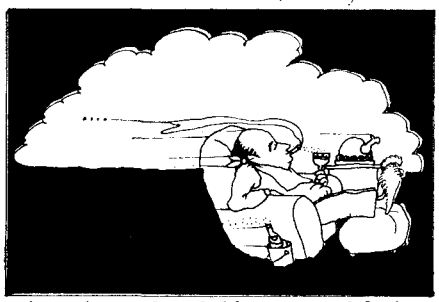
Barring such inconveniences as hijackings, dirty laundry, and slow death from jet lag, it's possible to live full-time on an airplane. The wacky grandmother who flew back and forth between New York and Amsterdam on KLM for five months, sometimes deplaning only to switch flights, proved that conclusively. The question is why anyone would want to, now that jet life has lost much of its glamour. Liquor and movies aren't free, food portions have shrunk, passengers are herded onto a 747 like cattle passing livestock inspection and sit nine abreast once aboard.

Yet certain amenities—though unadvertised and nearly invisible—*do* exist to make jet flights more comfortable and interesting, as the grandmother on her 80-odd round trips possibly discovered. Airlines compete with creature comforts: the trick is to know about them before you fly. Some services are standard on all airlines, some only on certain airlines or only on long-distance flights. No matter. Learn how to be pampered and you will be.

Start by ordering your own bon voyage cake and champagne (even if you're just going to Chicago) when you make your reservation. It's a little-known fact that complimentary cakes can be ordered for any occasion and brought to your seat on all Pan American, TWA, Delta, National, and United meal flights. The champagne is free on certain Pan Am and National flights, while Western Airlines serves free champagne—without the cake—to anyone going anywhere at any time.

What's your favorite food fetish? Most travelers know that airlines, if given notice when reservations are made, can substitute kosher, salt-free, low-cholesterol, low-sugar diets for regular in-flight meals. But certain indulgent airlines, if given proper notice, will serve you just about anything that's available from their ground kitchens—within reason, of course. United says, "No fried eels." But TWA once lavished upon a passenger a bowl of bananas in cream and a cream-cheese sandwich. Most airlines will serve Weight Watcher meals, and American is investigating the possibility of offering health and natural foods—assuming that it can discover a way to preserve foods without using artificial preservatives. Pan Am has available for the asking Hindu, Mormon, Muslim, organic and vegetarian meals, as well as Chinese, Japanese, and Indian cuisine. Airlines plan meals so that they rotate on a monthly basis, and so you might call reservations a few days before your flight to see what's being served. If you don't like their baked chicken, ask for lobster thermidor.

Even at the finest restaurant any child in his right mind asks for a hamburger and a shake, and so most airlines provide, on a day's notice, hot dogs, hamburgers, peanut-butter sandwiches, Ovaltine, milk shakes, and pop. (American has a kiddie lunch with fried chicken and French fries.) And you can



ask to have the children served before the other passengers. Airlines compete with kiddie giveaways—coloring and story books, games, trinkets—so don't lug a toy chest with you to Paris. United provides balloons, and lollypops, educational games, and a cardboard punch-out menagerie. Pan Am has magic erase boards and punch-out animals, but discontinued crayons and coloring books to save the yearly $50,000 it cost the company just to clean crayon off the walls of all its planes. TWA has magic slates, airplane models, and, in the summer, cartoon films. National has crosswords. Eastern's San Juan flights cater to children with a toy chest and supervised group activities.

For fidgety grown-ups TWA now stocks its 747s and other wide-bodied jets with nine adult games, which have names like "Psyc-Out," "Levitation," "Wit's End," and "Tiny Tennis," as well as the complimentary playing cards most airlines provide. TWA's airsick bags double as score sheets for bridge. United has chess and checkers. But none of them has Ouija boards yet.

So far no airline provides rattles or teethers for infants, either. But mothers traveling with infants may ask for bulkhead seats, to which a hanging crib can be attached. Airlines also have carry-on cribs for use in the airport or on the plane. Stewardesses can heat baby bottles, but only Pan Am prepares formulas, if you give advance notice as to what you require. Pan Am also stocks Pablum, as well as vegetable, fruit, and meat baby foods on all flights. Other airlines have baby food, but you must request it when you make your reservations. Disposable diapers are standard on almost all flights.

Everyone on TWA flights can have his own disposable toothbrush—with the toothpaste built in. Pan Am keeps sanitary napkins, complimentary bottles of mouthwash, cologne, and aftershave in the restrooms; electric razors are available from flight attendants. All airlines carry aspirin, Alka-Seltzer, inhalers, Band-Aids, and other first-aid items, but federal regulations prevent them from dispensing Dramamine or other remedies for airsickness. If you feel nauseated, drink a club soda and ask for an individual oxygen bottle to breathe from. (These aren't the drop-down oxygen masks that stewardesses demonstrate, but cylindrical metal bottles like miniature scuba tanks fitted with a mouth attachment.) For greater back comfort TWA's seats are now fitted with inflatable lumbar supports that conform to the curvature of the lower spine.

Airlines don't mail letters anymore, but most have complimentary postcards, stationery, and pens. PSA has become a flying TV game show with its "lucky seat" flights. Certain seats on some of its flights are designated as "lucky," and the passengers who happen to be in them win anything from bottles of champagne to three-foot-long sausages, tickets to dinner in the town of destination, or foot-long pickles.

As for miscellaneous, though not necessarily free, services, airlines transport skis, golf clubs, and now bicycles, and sell plastic bags that fit each. Seeing-Eye dogs always fly free and sit under the passenger's seat. We know of no foolproof way to sneak into first class (and recommend you to try it only during the movie when the lights are out), but a coach ticket can be upgraded to first-class in midair and the passenger charged the difference later. Bulkhead seats and seats opposite the exit signs have the most leg room, and passengers near the galley usually are served meals first.

Pickles and piano bars . . . where does the competition end? Eventually some airline may even come up with the neatest gimmick of all—a promise to get its passengers and their luggage to the same place at the same time. □

*Nancy Lyon, formerly on the staff of* New York *magazine, is a freelance writer presently living in San Francisco.*



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# THE LAW

## The Lengthening List of New Tenant Rights Laws

BY D. STEVEN RUTKUS

Bill Kaufman thought $207 a month in rent for his two-bedroom apartment in Lindenwold, New Jersey, entitled him to a decent home. So he complained to the building superintendent about the chipping paint and flaking plaster, about cracks in his ceiling, exposed nails, faulty plumbing, leaking gas, and poor heating in winter. But instead of patching the plaster, his landlord tried to evict him. In court, Kaufman, a twenty-eight-year-old manufacturer's representative, argued that the retaliatory eviction attempt violated his right, under state law, to complain without fear of eviction. Three years ago Kaufman would have been better off calling a moving van than calling a lawyer. But last summer Bill Kaufman actually won.

Although some seventy million Americans now rent the place they call home, it is not until the last few years that tenants like Bill Kaufman have had any legal rights at all vis-à-vis their landlords. What has sparked a nationwide movement to establish such rights is the critical housing shortage that has persisted since the early Sixties in many major metropolitan areas—a shortage that has permitted the abuse of tenants who often have had nowhere else to move. Blacks, caught in substandard tenements, were the first to resist the squeeze and to organize to fight back with suits and rent strikes. But with rental vacancy levels running as low as 1 per cent in the choice neighborhoods and suburbs of cities like Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, D.C., New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, the middle class has joined the movement. Tenant groups can now claim an estimated 900,000 members. Even more importantly, they are beginning to claim some victories. A variety of new tenant laws have been passed in several states. They are establishing rules governing security deposits, building repairs, evictions, and some of the illegal but intimidating clauses that may show up in standard leases almost anywhere in the country.

Traditionally, tenant law has been unwritten, and the relationship between landlord and tenant has often been determined by the one-sided agreements in favor of the landlord that still constitute an all too typical lease in most states. Many leases, for example, carry clauses in which the tenant waives his right to sue the landlord for damages caused by the landlord's negligence, or the tenant may agree to pay the landlord's legal fees should the two become embroiled in a suit. The tenant often waives his right to sublet (and thereby the possibility of finding another tenant to take on the financial obligations of his lease if need be). When the tenant signs his lease, he may sign away his right to complain to municipal authorities about building code violations, and he may also accept the landlord's right to evict him for whatever the landlord sees as "objectionable conduct"—anything from actually damaging the apartment to having children whom the landlord considers "noisy."

A number of state courts are in the process of declaring many such restrictions on tenants invalid. A Pennsylvania judge has ruled, for instance, that a tenant cannot give up the right to report building code violations to housing authorities. To do so would violate the very intent of such codes. Courts generally support a landlord's right to refuse subletting in order to maintain his right to choose his tenants. But in most states courts will also rule that a tenant cannot be held liable for rent after breaking his lease if the landlord finds a new tenant immediately.

Legally a tenant cannot be physically restrained from moving. Nor, the courts tend to hold, can he give up his basic right to sue his landlord for personal injury (bones broken in a fall down a badly lighted staircase) or for damage to personal property (the ruin of an expensive rug soaked by water from a rupture in the plumbing). Moreover, if a tenant wins a suit against his landlord, it is unlikely that a clause requiring the tenant to pay the landlord's lawyer and court costs will be honored by the court.

In spite of the fact that many lease clauses may be untenable in court, their very existence still serves to confuse and intimidate even sophisticated tenants. As Professor Julian H. Levi of the University of Chicago Law School, a legal adviser to the tenant rights movement, explains, "You are a tenant, and you've suffered several hundred dollars' damage to your furniture because an old pipe in the ceiling broke. You want to sue the landlord for damages, but when the landlord's insurance adjuster comes around, he waves a lease in your face with a clause that says you can't sue for damages. So you make a settlement you wouldn't otherwise. You let the adjuster persuade you to sign a release for fifty dollars. This sort of thing happens all the time."

In part because of the reluctance of tenants to test their landlords in the courts, many of those concerned with tenant protection are choosing a more direct route to reform than working through the courts. They are applying pressure to state legislatures to pass laws that set limits on what landlords can or cannot do and that give tenants legal recourse in the event of landlord abuse. One of the most effective legislative efforts to date has been made in New Jersey. New Jersey has the strongest statewide tenant group in the country, the New Jersey Tenants Organization (NJTO). Representing 500,000 of the state's 3.2 million tenants, NJTO has successfully lobbied five key laws through the legislature—laws that might well begin to serve as a model for what is needed elsewhere.

*D. Steven Rutkus, a Philadelphia reporter, has recently been named a Fellow of the Washington Journalism Center.*

**CALIFORNIA TENANTS' HANDBOOK**
**Myron Moskovitz, Ralph E. Warner, and Charles E. Sherman**
**Nolo Press**
**$3.95**
Though many of its legal details apply only in California, this handbook offers much sound and generally applicable advice on how to deal with landlords. Tips range from how to get your walls painted to how to handle yourself in small claims court.

**THE TENANT SURVIVAL BOOK**
**Emily Jane Goodman**
**The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc.**
**$3.95**
This book is written for tenants in the tough central city. Much of it focuses on housing conditions of the poor, but digging through its radical rhetoric will yield tips for wealthier folk, too. If you are about to do serious battle with your landlord (file suit, organize fellow tenants, or withhold rent), several sections of this paperback are worth reading—a chapter on how to read the legalese of your lease; another on the kinds of legal arguments that are helping tenants win court cases; a third that offers a thorough, step-by-step guide to organizing the tenants in your building.



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The first of these laws, known as the Tenant Reprisal Law of 1971, is the one on which Bill Kaufmann based his case. A sort of Taft-Hartley for tenants, the law prohibits the retaliatory eviction of tenants who lodge complaints against landlords or engage in tenant organizing. Another new law limits the amount of the security deposit a landlord can request to a sum equal to one and one-half months' rent, and it requires that landlords put the money in a bank account with interest accruing to the tenant. When a tenant vacates his apartment, the landlord must give the tenant an itemization of all damages that he is deducting from the original deposit. A tenant may challenge the landlord's deductions in court, and if the tenant wins, the landlord can be made to pay the tenant double the original security, plus interest and court costs.

New Jersey tenants also have the legal right now to petition the state's courts for permission to use their rent to make repairs if the landlord has refused to do so. A complementary New Jersey Supreme Court decision has upheld a tenant's right to use rent for repairs necessary to keep the premises "in livable condition" if the landlord has not made the repairs after "timely and adequate notice." New Jersey landlords no longer have the right to lock a tenant out of his apartment or confiscate a tenant's belongings without first allowing the tenant to defend himself in court.

California legislators have also responded to tenant pressures for new rights. Some thirty-eight bills on landlord-tenant law were introduced into the legislature in 1970, and six of them were passed. In California a tenant may remain in his apartment without being liable to pay further rent if a landlord fails to make serious repairs after reasonable notice. A tenant may use up to one month's rent to make needed repairs. Moreover, if a tenant wishes to break his lease and not remain liable for the rent due on the remainder of his lease, he may find new tenants (through a friend or ads in the newspaper) and the landlord cannot be "unreasonable" in his refusal of the proposed new tenants. By presenting the landlord with three "reasonable" applicants, a tenant can usually fulfill the financial obligation imposed by an unexpired lease. California tenants, like New Jersey tenants, are protected against retaliatory evictions for lodging complaints or organizing fellow tenants, but a tenant can use this law to protect himself only once a year. If a landlord is determined to evict a tenant, this law can only postpone the inevitable.

In addition to New Jersey and California, at least eighteen other states have now passed one or more new tenant-landlord laws. Thirteen states have some form of law against retaliatory evictions*; eleven have statutes governing security deposits.** Maine has passed a "habitability law," a statute that obligates landlords to keep apartments in livable condition as their half of the rental agreement, and ten other states have established habitability requirements through judicial decision.*** Reformers hope that both the list of states with written tenant laws and the comprehensiveness of those laws will grow. In late August, at the National Conference of the Commission on Uniform State Laws, an annual meeting of government-appointed legal experts from all fifty states, a wide-ranging model tenant law was endorsed. (See sidebar.) Hearings on the bill have already begun in Ohio and California, and are expected to take place in thirteen other states this year.

Apartments continue to be scarce in and around Lindenwold, New Jersey, and so Bill Kaufmann has no immediate plans to move. Having already fought one retaliatory eviction successfully, however, he is at least confident he can now complain without fear if his apartment needs to be painted or his hot water suddenly turns ice cold. Tenant rights leaders hope that one day soon every tenant in the nation will be able to take that kind of legal protection for granted. □

**The states with retaliatory eviction laws are California, Connecticut, Delaware, Hawaii, Illinois, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island.*

***The states with laws on security deposits are California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania.*

****Habitability requirements have been recognized in judicial decisions in California, Colorado, Georgia, Hawaii, Illinois, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Maine, Michigan, Washington, D.C., and Wisconsin.*

## FOLLOW UP . . .

If you want to know what new tenant rights exist in your state, or if you need advice on a specific landlord-tenant problem, query a tenant organization in your area. Any local legal aid office ought to be able to put you in touch with a tenant group. The National Tenants Organization (NTO), a national clearinghouse for 300 affiliated tenant groups in 100 cities and thirty-eight states, can also give you the name of an organization near you. In addition, NTO can supply information on Phase II rent control, model leases, and HUD grievance procedures. Write to:

National Tenants
Information Service
425 13th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005

## A MODEL TENANT LAW

Tenant rights depend upon state laws, or, more likely, such rights are nonexistent because of the absence of written tenant laws. In the hope of correcting this situation, last August the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws adopted a model bill that is intended "to give the tenant a bill of rights." No state has yet adopted such a law, but a number of state legislatures have made strides in this direction. The model bill guarantees tenants such protections as these:

—A landlord cannot demand more than one month's rent as security. If a tenant vacates an apartment without violating his lease and without having damaged the apartment, the landlord is obliged to return the full deposit. If he refuses, the tenant may sue the landlord for double the amount of the deposit, plus interest and attorney's fees.

—A lease cannot require a tenant to waive his legal rights vis-à-vis the landlord. It cannot oblige a tenant to pay his landlord's legal costs should there be a suit between them, and it cannot excuse a landlord from liability for damages should his negligence cause the tenant injury. If a landlord requires a tenant to surrender such rights in a lease, the tenant may collect from his landlord up to three months' rent in addition to the amount of actual damages caused by the landlord's negligence.

—Landlords are made legally responsible for providing a safe, clean, "habitable" rental unit. If a landlord, through negligence, fails to supply essential services, such as heat or hot water, and if the landlord does not restore services within fourteen days after notification from the tenant, the tenant may legally

1) break his lease;
2) restore the service himself and deduct his costs from his rent;
3) deduct "damages" for the missing service by, for example, paying only two-thirds of his rent if a faulty furnace is heating only two of his three rooms;
4) house himself elsewhere and pay no rent at all until service is reestablished.

—Eviction of a tenant for bringing legal or administrative complaints against a landlord or for joining a tenant organization is made illegal. Any such action by a landlord against a complaining tenant within a year after the complaint has been made is presumed retaliatory and therefore illegal.

—Landlords may prohibit subletting, but if a tenant breaks his lease, the landlord can recover lost rent from the tenant only if no new tenant is found.

The American Bar Association is expected to endorse the model bill at its winter conference. □



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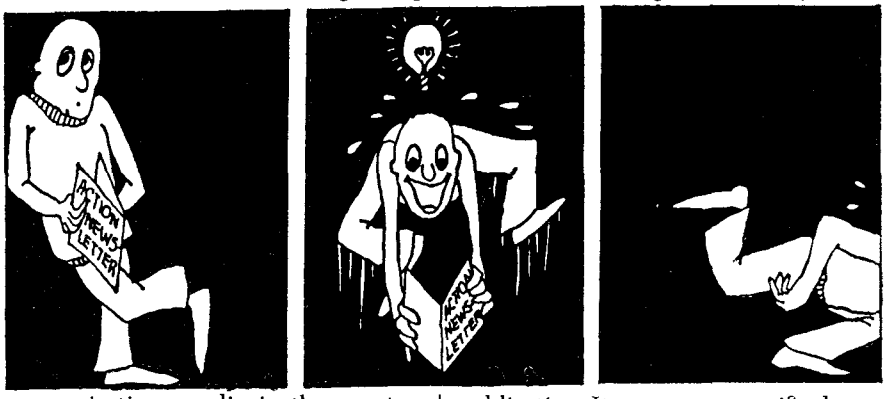
# COMMUNICATIONS

## Newsletters: For the Connoisseur of Information

BY PHIL TRACY

How to keep up with your special interest? The American Association of Foot Specialists has a way. So does the American Association of Handwriting Analysts. Not to mention the College Swimming Coaches Association of America, the Federal Plant Quarantine Inspectors National Association, or the Flying Veterinarians Association.

Each of these organizations puts out a newsletter to keep its specialized audience informed of developments in its field. It's one of the fastest-growing communications media in the country.




Although the medium is mostly uncharted and difficult to keep up with, best estimates are that more than 5,000 organizations and industries use a newsletter to keep members up to date. In addition, there are currently at least 2,000 "commercial" newsletters—those sold by subscription—roughly three times the number in print only ten years ago. The only authoritative guide to the entire field, *The Standard Directory of Newsletters*, lists more than 6,000 in both genres, arranging them into 224 subject areas, from "abrasives" to "zoological parks."

The "house-organ" and public relations newsletter, sent free of charge, are well known. The concept of the "commercial" newsletter is also well established—the "Kiplinger Washington Letter," for example, celebrates its fiftieth anniversary this year; and "inside" business reports have long been sold (Standard & Poor's "The Outlook," which gives weekly appraisals of the investment scene, has been operating more than thirty years and now goes to 40,000 subscribers at $87 a year).

One guess at the average cost of a commercial newsletter is $50, which sounds high and is. But a defining characteristic of the newsletter is that it carries no advertising. Subscription revenues pay the entire bill and provide whatever profit is realized. Hence, the newsletter—typically 8½ by 11 inches in size, produced with a typewriter and the use of an offset printing press—must focus its information in such a way that it becomes *the* vehicle for informing its readers in order to justify the price of the subscription.

But there are also non-PR newsletters that are free for the asking. One example is the "PharmChem Newsletter," now entering its second year of publication. It reports on specific drugs, on trends in illicit drug trafficking, and on "street" drug samples that have been analyzed by PharmChem Laboratories. One of the startling items from the "PharmChem Newsletter" is that 70 per cent of drugs sold on the street do not contain what their sellers claim they do. The newsletter is available at 1848 Bay Road, Palo Alto, California 94303.

Some other examples of recent newsletters that report on social activities and interests rather than on business concerns:

"Boom in Bikeways." Reports on the efforts of government, citizen groups, and private organizations to develop more and better bicycling facilities. Quarterly. No charge. Write: Bicycle Institute of America, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.

"Warpath." Covers the civil rights movement of native Americans "by keeping them informed while trying to instill pride and confidence." Monthly. $5 per year. C/o United Native Americans, Inc., Box 26149, San Francisco, California 94126.

"Consumer Newsweek." A weekly report on what's happening in Congress and in federal regulatory agencies of interest to the consumer's health and safety. Its motto is "news you can use." Available for $15 a year from: 813 National Press Building, Washington, D.C. 20004.

"Spokeswoman." "A monthly newsletter of women's news." Regarded as the best in the women's movement. Subscription price is $7 per year. Write to 5464 South Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60615.

"New Schools Exchange Newsletter." A biweekly report on radical developments in education and schools. Available for $10 per year at 701B Anacapa, Santa Barbara, California 93101.

"Eatright." A biweekly newsletter summarizing current research, current legislation, current literature, "and new ways to bring enjoyment in eating along with good nutrition." Regular subscription is $24 a year. Write to the Consumer's Institute for Food Research, 500 Second Street, San Francisco, California 94107.

"Funny Funny World." "A comprehensive survey of the wit & wisdom & the funny things that are happening around the world." Put out biweekly by Martin A. Ragaway, just for fun (and for $35 a year). Write: 407 Commercial Center Street, Beverly Hills, California 90210.

**FOLLOW UP . . .**

- Consult *The Standard Directory of Newsletters* (Oxbridge Publishing Company, 1972), which is what it claims to be and which is available in the reference section of any moderately equipped public library; it sells for $20.
- Check out "The Newsletter on Newsletters," which gives a monthly report of titles and descriptions of new newsletters; describes changes in established newsletters; provides case histories of successful newsletters; and discusses problems of newsletter operation and management. Cost is $29 per year. 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017.
- See *How to Make $25,000 a Year Publishing Newsletters* by Brian Sheehan (Prentice-Hall, 1971) if you're interested in learning the details of starting your own newsletter—or in making money. Price is $8.95.

**Tip:** For very recent newsletters, no directory exists. Best bet is to ask anyone concerned, locally or nationally, with the organization closest to your special interest. If that organization itself does not put out a newsletter, chances are it can tell you who does.

*Phil Tracy is a reporter for the* Village Voice.



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# BOOKS

## Failures of Money, Confusions of Mouth

BY MICHAEL HARRINGTON

**THE POLITICS OF A GUARANTEED INCOME: The Nixon Administration and the Family Assistance Plan. By Daniel P. Moynihan. 579 pages. Random House. $15.**

Daniel Patrick Moynihan's *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income* is an important new work, indispensable to anyone who claims to speak on social policy in the United States. I say this, even though I disagree with its central political thesis and not a few of its other analyses and judgments. But whatever its flaws, it is necessary reading for all those concerned with the urgent problems of this nation.

Moynihan was for two years Richard Nixon's domestic Kissinger. In a gray, unimaginative administration he was an Irish romantic, a graduate of the regular wing of the New York Democratic party, an intellectual, and a sub-Cabinet veteran of both the Kennedy and the Johnson years. In his new book he has written a sometimes partisan, sometimes scholarly, and sometimes wrong study of one of the most surprising departures of Richard Nixon's first four years, the Family Assistance Plan (FAP). Few trained social scientists have had Moynihan's opportunity to examine the interrelationship between academic research and political policy making, and it is this that gives *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income* its unique vantage point and its most profound limitation.

I cannot even begin to summarize the multiplicity of issues Moynihan poses. I propose simply to comment on those that strike me as most relevant to present discussion and future choices. First of all, it is to Moynihan's credit that he corrects an impression being widely spread by President Nixon himself. In that most revealing interview with Garnet Horner of the *Washington Star* just before his landslide re-election Nixon said that the government had failed in the Sixties because it "threw money at problems." That theme has also been picked up by influential intellectuals—some of them Moynihan's associates on the editorial board of the political quarterly *The Public Interest*

*Michael Harrington's books include* The Other America, The Accidental Century, Toward a Democratic Left, *and* Socialism.

*Daniel Patrick Moynihan*

—who are preaching the virtues of timidity and caution in matters of social policy. The difficulty with this thesis is that the crucial event upon which it rests—that prodigious expenditure of federal money on the Great Society and the War on Poverty—never took place. On this point Moynihan is excellent—even though he sometimes coquettes with the neo-conservative ideas that his less informed colleagues derive from the data he proves to be erroneous.

"The social reforms of the mid-decade," Moynihan writes, "had been oversold and, with the coming of the war, *underfinanced to the degree that seeming failure could be ascribed almost to intent* [emphasis mine]." So it was, for example, that the "New Towns In-Town" program to build housing on surplus federal land was announced with great fanfare by Lyndon Johnson in 1967 and produced, as of mid-1971, fewer than 300 units. Many citizens, Richard Nixon foremost among them, listened to all those futuristic declarations of what the government was going to do for the poor, the blacks, the Chicanos, etc., and assumed that the nation was putting its money where its mouth was. It wasn't, as Moynihan shows in some detail.

However, by 1969, when Nixon took office and Moynihan joined him as his domestic specialist, there was the possibility of a basic new tack. There is a considerable body of academic theory that holds that change in a society such as ours comes only in increments. In the case of FAP, Moynihan rightly argues, a quantum leap was involved: a Republican President proposed a guaranteed annual income. He did so, to be sure, shamefacedly, *i.e.*, denying that his program was the guaranteed annual income it was. But the fact is that Richard Nixon had urged the most radical new social principle since the New Deal.

What went wrong with that remarkable venture in public policy? Moynihan's answer is composed of many strands, but the most important are these: conservatives, particularly southern conservatives, fought the measure because they were rightly fearful of the fact that it was a guaranteed income; some liberals and most radicals joined in a de facto alliance with their opposite numbers on the Right, because they could not tolerate the notion of Nixon's doing something good, and/or because they could not be one-upped by a Republican President. And on all sides, Moynihan adds, there was confusion and ignorance about what FAP was, in part because the scheme was deceptively complicated. Therefore, he concludes, the nation lost a great opportunity for a pioneering law that at least had the possibility of some modest success—which is more, Moynihan holds, than can be said for most of our recent social legislation.

I think that almost everything Moynihan says is true enough but that what he omits is at least as important as what he says. It is for this reason that I cannot accept the basic dramatic line of his narrative in which Richard Nixon is the hero and the liberals are the villains. (I should add that I wrote and spoke in critical—and sometimes quite critical—support of FAP and urged congressmen to vote for it even with its inadequacies.)

The conservative opposition to FAP is not too hard to understand. In the state of Mississippi that program would have raised welfare payments under Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) by about 500 per cent and supplemented the incomes of the working poor as well. In one Delta town, the experts figured, this would have *trebled* the income of black families. The economic and social underpinnings of southern racism could not tolerate such subversion, so the Dixiecrats fought a measure that, ironically,



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would have done more for the white poor than the black poor.

Moynihan's indictment of the liberals and radicals is not based on an attack against such obvious self-interests. The Left, particularly in the Senate, was, in Moynihan's view, caught playing that old game of More Militant Than Thou. It had to outbid Nixon and deny the validity of his plan. And many liberals simply did not understand the bill.

The main feature of FAP was not aid to welfare recipients: in the poor states, primarily in the South, such people would gain, but in the more affluent states of the Northeast they would simply hold their own. Moreover, the various figures for the minimum federal contribution did not, as many thought, define the total income that all Americans receiving relief would get, but only the federal portion of it. The real innovation in the scheme—and the conservatives understood it—was that working poor people not currently covered by any program would receive some aid. This would have *added* millions to the rolls.

The problem, as I understand Moynihan's presentation of it, was that, if the federal payments for the dependent (welfare) poor were raised up to the poverty line, or above it, as some proposed, that would vastly increase the number of working people who would then qualify for supplementary benefits.

If you encouraged people to work by allowing them to keep a portion—albeit a diminishing portion—of what they earned over and above the federal minimum (which the Left rightly favored), then to provide $6,500 for a dependent family of four meant that some payments would have to be provided for every family earning $13,000 or less—that is, to a substantial majority of the American people. I do not shy away from that idea on principle, as Moynihan does; but no one could argue that its time had come in 1969.

These facts were not as widely understood as they might have been, particularly on the Left, where it made such obvious emotional and political sense to argue that Nixon was holding the federal contribution down out of his well-known, and ingrained, reactionary temperament.

I freely confess to having made some errors in this matter; so did many other people. And there was an aspect of the More Militant Than Thou psychology at work in the case of some of the critics of the plan. But what bothers me about Moynihan's analysis—what vitiates at least part of it—is what he omits.

FAP, as Moynihan understands, almost counterposed the needs of the welfare poor and the working poor. Its "trade off" was to leave the lot of the former (the extreme, Mississippi-like cases were exceptions) about as it was in order to improve the position of the latter. But what, precisely, was it that had permitted our economy to tolerate the outrage of so many family heads working so many long, hard hours and staying poor? Why is there even a category of "the *working* poor"? From the enactment of the Employment Act of 1946 to the present the answer is relatively simple: this nation has never pursued a really full-employment policy that would so tighten up the labor market that all working people would receive an income well above the poverty line.

Moynihan knows these things, of course. As assistant secretary of labor for policy planning and research under Kennedy and Johnson, he was tireless and eloquent in pointing them out. But he does not linger over them in *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income*. Indeed, in his attack on liberals in the Sixties for concentrating on social services, he forgets the Freedom Budget, prepared for A. Philip Randolph by Leon Keyserling and other economists (and endorsed by an impressive list of union presidents and liberals), which would have dealt with the problem, not through social work, but through jobs. Why this omission? In part I think it is because Moynihan was, and still is, focused too exclusively upon FAP, which was his own personal crusade. However, it is also true that candor on this point would have made his romantic portrait of Nixon as the lonely, thoughtful Tory reformer, in this book, impossible.

While FAP was being argued, Nixon was following conscious and deliberate policies that increased unemployment by two million and the official number of the poor by more than one million. He was, in other words, undoing at least part of one of the most undeniable accomplishments of the Kennedy-Johnson years, and he was doing it because he gave higher priority to Republican demands for price stability than to the welfare of the working poor (and of working people in general). In fact, as the President effectively acknowledged in his dramatic reversal of policy—the establishment of wage and price controls—in August 1971 his famous "game plan" had produced a simultaneous recession-inflation. If he had followed a real full-employment policy—including the federal funding of public service employment urged by both the Automation Commission of 1966 and the Riot Commission of 1968—the contradictions of FAP could have been dealt with.

I would generalize. A decent welfare program is possible only within the context of a full-employment society. If one accepts chronic high rates of unemployment and underemployment as a given, as Moynihan does in this book, then there will be inevitable conflicts between the interests of the dependent and the working poor.

In short, Nixon, the bungling economic manager, was the greatest single enemy of Nixon, the proponent of a guaranteed annual income. When Moynihan told the President that the wage structure was the most important single cause of the welfare crisis, did he add that the President's economic policies were making this crisis worse?

There was also a problem of deception. Nixon pretended that his guaranteed income was not a guaranteed income. Moynihan argues that this was a permissible strategy. It is all right "to make a radical proposal seem conservative," as William Safire of the White House staff put it. Indeed, the President himself is quoted as saying, "I don't care a damn about the work requirement. This is the price of getting the $1,600 [the proposed federal minimum at that point]." But then must not the President be assigned some blame for the fact that some liberals believed him when he filled the public record with statement after statement on the Protestant ethic and "workfare"? If it was wrong for people to think that Nixon was proposing a reactionary and coercive work requirement, why did Nixon pretend so insistently and persuasively that this was indeed the case?

Pat Moynihan's basic reading of the FAP failure is much too easy on Richard Nixon, and it consequently places too much of the blame on liberals and radicals. It is of some moment that the President of the United States pursued disastrous economic policies that worsened the plight of the working poor at the same time as he delivered those homilies on the glories of menial labor. That is the context missing from *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income*.

Once one is aware of these omissions, then there is so much to be learned from Pat Moynihan's new book, so much that is intriguing and informing, that it should be read carefully and profitably even by those who disagree with some of its major themes. His treatment of such long-range issues as incrementalism and the relationship of social science to public policy reveal him as a more interesting theorist than many of his fellow travelers and associates; for all its flaws, *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income* is a major accomplishment. □



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# In the Crunch

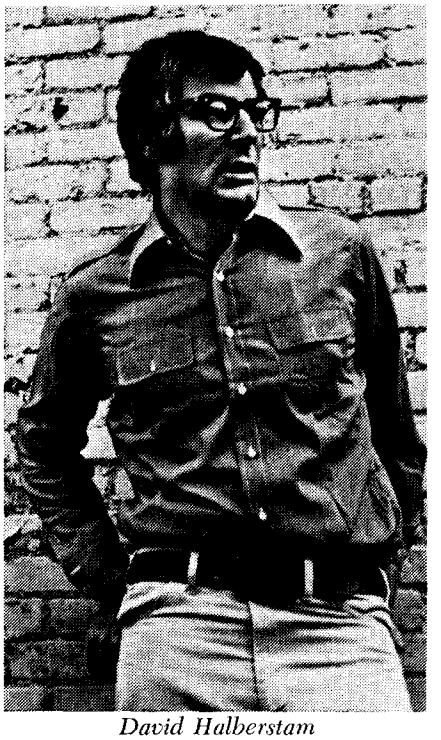
**THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST. By David Halberstam. 668 pages. Random House. $10.**

BY ELIOT FREMONT-SMITH

Excepting possibly Daniel Ellsberg's *Papers on the War*, David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest* is the most important book on public policy to be published in the last year. Certainly it is the most successful: well over 100,000 copies are in print, and it has been at the top of the best-seller lists for several weeks. Is anybody really reading it? All 668 tiny-type, closely packed pages? That's another matter. One suspects, perhaps too ruefully, that it is being bought (and not really read) by people who already agree with its underlying theme that our involvement in the Vietnam War has been a terrible, tragic, and possibly criminal blunder. What about government? Is President Nixon reading it, or Henry Kissinger? Again—and without sure knowledge—one suspects not. They are too busy—and, anyway, Kissinger has a lot of books about himself to read first. And, supposedly, just like their predecessors, they know it all.

If that sounds bitter, it's intended. There are those of us, totally unconnected with government, who knew the war was wrong and also hopeless *more than ten years ago*. The cautiously rational part of one says "knew" advisedly: as I write, deadlines being what they are, the extraordinarily brutal and costly B-52 raids over Hanoi have been halted, at least for the moment, and Henry Kissinger is about to resume the Paris negotiations. Well and good, and here's hoping. But the other, less cautious, fully rational part of one does indeed know, and has known for a very long time, that the war was wrong in every possible way, and not least because it has made some of us sound shrill and has (as Marya Mannes pointed out last year in the *New York Times*) somehow brought up the question of patriotism vis-à-vis the most true and stalwart and committed patriots. To dissent on the war has been thought, and proclaimed by two administrations, to be subversive. Well, it *has* been subversive, not to what America is supposed to be and stand for, but to Presidents and appointed officials and functionaries, and to a policy that has not only been no-win, as the military correctly say, but itself subversive—characterized by a war that has been repeatedly and with calculation presented as something else, and that has cost hundreds of thousands of lives, billions of dollars, and not a small part of our collective soul.

How could it have happened? How could those extraordinarily able, intelligent, proud, modern, supremely rational men of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations—Robert McNamara, Dean Rusk, Maxwell Taylor, McGeorge and William Bundy, Walt Rostow, and a host of others, "best and brightest" all—have blundered so? In part, Halberstam suggests, they were doomed by history, by having come to political maturity during the Cold War years, by the legacy of McCarthyism that had driven the best and brightest experts on Asian affairs out of government and had put a premium on toughness, sureness, invulnerability. The Cold War was for most still a given in the early 1960s (so much so that to this day the Cuban missile crisis is thought of as Khrushchev's irrationality, not our own); we saw (and still see) our role



*David Halberstam*

as that of moral and military guardian of the non-Communist world—which led so easily to faulty analogies (Korea with Vietnam) and erroneous assumptions (for example, that South Vietnam was intrinsically a viable, independent political entity). And the Democrats, back in power, had chafed long enough under the notion that they has "lost" China; there were pressures aplenty not to repeat *that* mistake. Dienbienphu? Well, poor old France; such a calamity was unthinkable to happen to us.

Doomed by history—or, rather, by too close a view of very recent history, the kind of view that tends to obscure more than it reveals, the kind that is used primarily to justify continuing action in the same direction. That is one strand in Halberstam's explanatory

## SR. RECOMMENDS

*A rotating selection by the book review editors of ten particularly notable new and current books of general interest, arranged alphabetically by title*

**THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST.** By David Halberstam (Random House, $10)—A thoroughgoing and provocative analysis of the uses and abuses of power by the extraordinarily able policy-makers of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, who went to Washington to build a Camelot and left behind a country trapped in unwanted war and divided against itself.

**THE FRED ASTAIRE & GINGER ROGERS BOOK.** By Arlene Croce (Outerbridge & Lazard, $9.95)—An intelligent text and nostalgic photographs combine in an act of homage to the team whose grace and style have become film landmarks.

**FIRE IN THE LAKE:** The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam. By Frances FitzGerald (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $12.50)—With its intelligence, ability, and fine sense of Vietnamese culture and history, Miss FitzGerald's book becomes one of the best yet written about our involvement in Vietnam.

**THE GREAT BRIDGE.** By David McCullough (Simon & Schuster, $10.95)—The fascinating, story of the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge, whose dramatic engineering was matched only by the melodrama of political chicanery that attended it.

**HARRY S. TRUMAN.** By Margaret Truman (Morrow, $10.95)—A frank and openly affectionate biography of the former President by his daughter.

**THE MAKING OF A PSYCHIATRIST.** By David S. Viscott (Arbor House, $8.95)—An exceptionally candid, warm, and compellingly readable account of a young doctor's training and early practice in psychiatry.

**THE POLITICS OF A GUARANTEED INCOME: The Nixon Administration and the Family Assistance Plan.** By Daniel Patrick Moynihan (Random House, $15)—This well-written, detailed account of the fate of the most far-reaching social legislation proposed since the New Deal provides a rare inside view of the workings of government and the pressures of politics.

**THE SUNLIGHT DIALOGUES.** By John Gardner (Knopf, $8.95)—The author of *Grendel* takes on the complex texture of an American small town, the motif of medieval romance, and the weighty themes of freedom and entropy in his most important novel to date.

**TRANSPARENT THINGS.** By Vladimir Nabokov (McGraw-Hill, $5.95)—A new brief novel, whose underlying theme is the juxtaposition of art and death, by the master of literary mirrors.

**VIRGINIA WOOLF.** By Quentin Bell (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12.50)—A revealing biography of Virginia Woolf by her nephew, offering the fullest account yet of the Bloomsbury novelist, her circle, and her troubled life.



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## WIT TWISTER NO. 316

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.*

That — — — — — —, caught
red-handed, sought escape

And climbed the — — — — —
— rigging like an ape.

The tiller spun; the — — — —
— — lost his grip

And fell to shark-filled waters
near the ship.

**A.S.**

*Answer on page 71*

## FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1538

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1538 will be found on page 71.*

QXV PSIBM BUWVT XCGSI,
ECQ QIVFQT UQ RFQISKUD-
UKLBN. UQ MVASIFQVT UQT
TVIUSCT FIQUTQT PUQX
BFCIVB, FKM UQT PFLT
PUQX EICTTVBT TRISCQT.

V. E. PXUQV

# BOOKS

tapestry. Another is the "system," the nature of bureaucracy, the sense of we're-in-this-together team spirit. Here things become more difficult: team spirit is a Good Thing. But because it is also action-oriented and fundamentally antagonistic to basic questions about and changes of goals or policies, team spirit becomes an engine for disaster when the goals are wrong or frustrated; its primary objective becomes its own preservation, and this in turn becomes the determinant of policy. But this doesn't happen automatically; however semiconscious and self-deceptive, it is nevertheless *willed*, just as selective ignorance (for instance, on Vietnamese history) was and is willed by the best and brightest.

There are instances on virtually every page of Halberstam's history. Military information is modified in accordance to what Gen. William Westmoreland's subordinates know he wants to hear. Army proposals for more troops are supported by the air force; the air force's proposals for more bombing are seconded by the army. Over and over again the President chooses a "reasonable" path—that is, some "middle ground" between a modest escalation of the war and a major escalation of the war. Westmoreland, early in 1965, asks for seventeen more battalions and a wider mission (from limited "enclave" operations to "search and destroy" operations); Johnson thinks seventeen is excessive, so he takes the moderate course and grants his general the wider mission but only two more battalions. So went the escalation, from security to enclaves to search and destroy to attrition, and from retaliatory bombing in the South to full-scale raids in the North.

The cornerstone of our involvement in the war had been the idea of control—"controlled response"—but, as Halberstam points out, the decision-makers in Washington had really lost control at least by 1965. And if control requires the implementation by policy-makers and team leaders of accurate knowledge of the enemy's capabilities and likely responses (say, the effect of bombing on *his* team spirit), then control is something they never had. As the Pentagon Papers document, the information was available; it was simply not welcomed. And as the frustrations of the war increased, so did optimism about it's outcome—not optimism based on reason, but optimism called forth by team spirit: you were "on the team" a "player," or you were not, and if you were not, you were isolated—which is what in effect happened to Robert S. McNamara, the super-hawk Secretary of Defense, when he began to voice doubts in 1967.

Of all the best and brightest, McNamara is the most interesting; he exemplified can-do leadership, and then, when he lost belief, he exemplified the impotence that can-do leadership customarily assigns to doubters. Doubters (in this book, George Ball is the chief hero-doubter) have an especially hard role; without alternative can-do programs, they seem merely to undermine morale; their doubts are usually vague (in the face of can-do crispness and precision) and suggestive of inaction (in the face of "let's get on with it," go-ahead action). To doubt is to subvert the group's cohesiveness, the welding of which is a prime responsibility of leadership. And when the crunch is really on, as it has been for our leadership in the Vietnam War since 1964, doubters become walking affronts.

It might have been different had the doubters within government pressed the obvious can-do alternative program, unilateral withdrawal. But they did not. To do so, as Halberstam makes clear, not only would have provoked the President's wrath (Nixon is hardly the first to rule out the notion of "defeat"), but would have, up until Johnson's decision not to run again in 1968, effectively ended one's connection with the government. A few, such as Roger Hilsman, did resign; but most of the doubters stayed on, expressing their doubts mostly, and with tremendous caution, to one another. (The picture Halberstam paints has its comically ironic side; one gets the impression of much guarded whisperings in hallways among courtiers fearful of royal disfavor. In fact, the conscious concern was one of effectiveness, the odd presumption being that the more direct the stand, the less effective it would be.) And also the idea of unilateral withdrawal simply went too much against the grain.

The "best and the brightest" were, for the most part, men who saw their proper role in public service, i.e., in government. They had, for the most part, been brought up for such a role, gone to the right schools, started wealthy and sought and attained positions of power. They were winners. And power could be used for good (as they saw the good) and need not be corrupting so long as it was used intelligently and rationally. But there is another word for all this, and that is arrogance. They shared an arrogance that, in the crunch of Vietnam, seems to have blinded them to the sense of proportion and, indeed, humanity that their intellects, if nothing else, should have told them was essential; they were, in a moral sense, uninformed;



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"hubris" and "*machismo*" (Halberstam's words) reigned instead. It is really a most tragic story, and Halberstam tells it with insight, masterful detailing and anecdote, and sympathy.

One is haunted finally by—as much as anything else in this haunting book—the image of John McNaughton, a close McNamara aide in the Defense Department (who died in a plane accident in 1967), blocking out a period of time on his crowded calendar to consider a question he thought important even though so many others seemed so sure of the answer. The time was nine years ago. The question was: "*What are we trying to get Hanoi to do?*" □

## An Army Career That Wasn't

**SOLDIER. By Anthony B. Herbert, with James T. Wooten. Illustrated, 498 pages. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $10.95.**

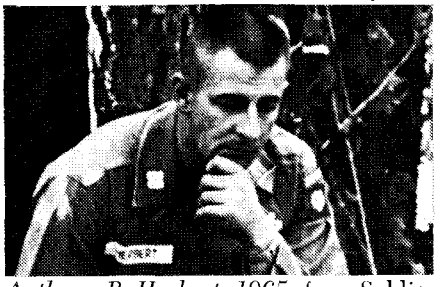
BY EDWARD L. KING

Twice in the past twenty years American soldiers have died in Asian wars that had little relation to the defense of our national security. The U.S. Army developed a philosophy for fighting these limited wars: create layers of rear-area headquarters to help senior officers qualify for promotion and let draftees become the battle casualties. Hundreds of career officers have frantically played military politics to get to Vietnam, lest they fall behind in the promotion sweepstakes and higher-paid retirement.

Lt. Col. Anthony B. Herbert, who became something of a *cause célèbre* nearly two years ago for his disclosures about war crimes in Vietnam and his harassment by the army, was one of those who volunteered and pulled strings to get assigned to a U.S. unit in Vietnam. Despite assignments there in 1965 and intimate knowledge of the CIA-run "Phoenix" assassination program, still, as late as 1968, Herbert "believed we were in Vietnam to do good." In his words he "wanted to fight." He got to Vietnam, finally obtained a battalion command slot, fought, killed, and ordered young Americans to their deaths.

Yet Herbert has now written (with James T. Wooten, a reporter with the *New York Times*) a book, in which he says, "The whole damned U.S. Army in Vietnam was crazy." He deplores the "lack of command leadership" by officers who directed combat operations from helicopters circling at 1,500 feet. About this Herbert says that "the birdmen may have been commanders in the technical sense of the word, but they weren't leaders and the grunts knew it." He repeats several charges about faulty army leadership, policies, and organization that others have been making publicly since 1969. For example, he focuses on the stupidity inherent in rotating combat commanders every six months. "We were filling combat slots with ticket-punchers who were there to get one more credit on their record and then be on their way to greener pastures. They had little motivation except career impulses. Generally they failed to understand their men and regarded them simply as things to be used." This inane policy contributed to the needless death of hundreds of draftees. But even more tragic is the fact that this same command policy was used during the Korean War to facilitate career promotions and was judged a dismal failure. Why did the army repeat the mistake in Vietnam?

Herbert discusses the "cover your ass" mentality of the elitist "WPPA"—the unofficial but nonetheless very real



*Anthony B. Herbert, 1965, from* Soldier

West Point Protective Association." And he spells out how this clique of West Point graduates managed the army in Vietnam for their career purposes. He tells how these non-leaders helped each other to the best assignments and awarded medals for valor by roster. The book's main contribution comes through Herbert's enumeration of the war crimes he witnessed in Vietnam. Although *Soldier* often becomes tedious with details of the personal clash over charges of crimes connected with the 173rd Brigade, between Herbert and Col. J. Ross Franklin, who is the villain of the piece, this does not diminish the importance of its central theme of unpunished war crimes. Despite an understandable tendency to justify his own emotions and actions, Colonel Herbert presents a shocking picture of the U.S. Army involved in torture and murder. Even more chilling are examples of how his superiors and fellow officers were more interested in

*Edward L. King, author of* The Death of the Army, *enlisted as an infantry private, served as an* NCO, *and retired a lieutenant colonel in 1969 in disagreement with the war in Vietnam.*


"Pulitzer Prize winner David Halberstam's latest, most important and impressive book." —*N.Y. Times Book Review*

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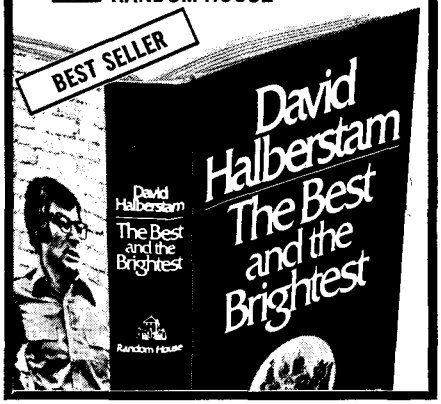


The Myth of the Middle Class

*Notes on Affluence and Equality*
**Richard Parker**
Foreword by
**G. William Domhoff**

A brilliant refutation of the widely held belief that America is a middle class society—moneyed, leisured, comfortable. Parker shows, in a dazzling array of arguments, how the distribution of power and wealth has divided the nation. "I like Richard Parker's book very much . . . The facts it cites are disturbing, but they are true and need very much to be called to the attention of the public."
—Robert L. Heilbroner $7.95

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## BOOKS

protecting the brigade and their own reputations than in investigating the crimes.

Some may wonder why an officer as aggressive as Colonel Herbert did not vigorously press his charges to the highest command levels earlier, when it became apparent to him that his immediate superiors were stalling and covering up. The army will no doubt claim that Herbert's concern with the war crimes came forth only after he was relieved of command and saw his career ambitions shattered. But this should not detract from the substance of what Colonel Herbert has to say about Vietnam and an army leadership that countenanced and covered up torture and murder.

Herbert's case is weakened by the inaccuracies and inconsistencies that appear throughout the book. It doesn't help his credibility to be once again described as "the most decorated enlisted man of the Korean War." This is not true if only U.S. decorations for valor are considered. His account of picking up a British agent in the middle of a desert is fascinating reading—but it doesn't explain how he, the pilot, and the "fat guy" agent then fly out in a two-seater "Hunter Hawker" (i.e., Hawker Hunter) that Herbert calls in. And since when did General Ridgeway replace General MacArthur in command in Korea in 1950? Such errors—and many others—may seem minor, but in context of the importance of the issues involved they are damaging indeed.

It also seems less than wholly truthful to portray Herbert as a boy with a single, burning ambition to be a soldier, who later becomes a supersoldier destined for high command. It is a portrait that doesn't quite square with the fact that each of Herbert's enlistments was for the shortest time allowed. And he ended his first enlistment as a PFC—hardly the record of a boy who contemplated making the army his career. Those of us who also served as teen-age soldiers during the same period as Herbert remember that few volunteers left Mr. Truman's "new regular" army as privates; rank was easy to make. Herbert came home from Korea in 1951 as a sergeant. He was not the recipient of one of the battlefield commissions that were so liberally awarded to outstanding soldiers in Korea during 1950–51. His commission came at age twenty-six after he had left the army a second time, and it was only a provisional National Guard direct commission, obtained, as he says, through the intercession of a local congressman. This is not the record of a supersoldier.

The sad truth is that despite Colonel Herbert's personal bravery and troop-leading ability he could never have expected "a career that would end at the highest levels." And this is the sickness and the sadness of the U.S. Army today. It is WPPA ticket-punchers—who don't make waves—who achieve high-level command. Soldiers such as Herbert inevitably become disillusioned, and if they voice their concerns they are harassed, denigrated, and driven out of the army.

The American people are the ones who lose. They had better demand a halt to such practices and a thorough reform of their army if they expect it to defend them. □

## Momentous Questions, Few Answers

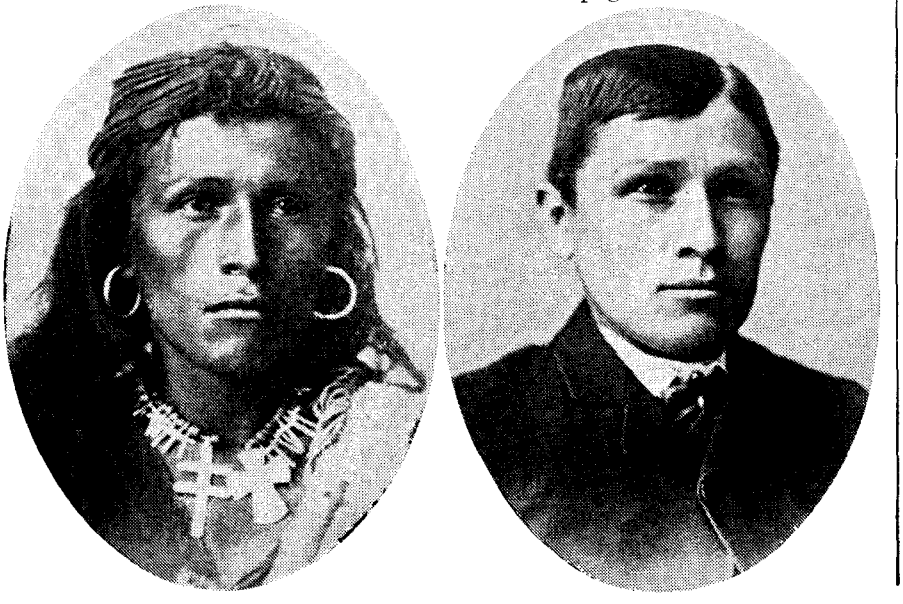
**AMERICAN CIVILIZATION: A Portrait From the Twentieth Century. Edited by Daniel J. Boorstin. Illustrated. 352 pages. McGraw-Hill. $35.**

BY BENJAMIN DeMOTT

The price of this "portrait" went up $5 on January 1, but even way back at Christmas, 1972, at $29.95, it didn't look, on its face, like a super-bargain. The thirteen experts assembled to produce the likeness are experts, no question. They include Nathan Glazer (Immigration and Separatism), Martin E. Marty ("Spiritual Attitudes of a New World"), Frank Freidel (Politics and Government), Walt Rostow (Business), Marcus Cunliffe (Education), Harold Rosenberg ("Aesthetic America"), and Ernest R. May ("America's Destiny"), and others. The commitment to breadth of perspective grants equal time to several topics slightly less obvious than those just named—inequality and manners, the country's changing legal system, and Megalopolis among them. And the attempt by the editor—Daniel Boorstin, director of the Smithsonian's Museum of History and Technology—to name and explicate in a preface the primary themes emerging from the work of his contributors is in fact right on as a summary. (". . . at least two [themes] might command the special interest of the student of civilization. They are *Transformation* and *Popularization*.")

Yet there are some major problems. For one, the experts to a man had already declared themselves, in grand tomes, on America in the large: it stands to reason that the essays they composed for *American Civilization* wouldn't be conceived as fresh inquiries and might well reek of the potting shed (a few of them do). Another problem is the plain brute unwieldiness of all $35 coffee table books—orgies of coated paper, buckram upholstery, heavy gold lettering, parchment endpapers, and the like.

And for still another problem, there is the inevitable tendency to tease the reader with momentous questions that subsequently have to be dismissed as unanswerable. On the first page of his introduction, Dr. Boorstin writes: "In this late twentieth century, while the American appetite for novelty remains unsated, and while hopes become more extravagant than ever, we may ask a more old-fashioned, more Old-Worldly question. What does it all add up to? Has the New World lived up to the Old World expectations? . . . This volume aims to help answer this question." One page later (the far side of



*"From 'barbarian' warrior to sober industrious citizen"—A Navajo Indian boy, before (left) and after (right) assimilation training in the 1880s, from* American Civilization



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the turnstile) the questioners confess they were just kidding: "The authors and the editor of this volume do not pretend that today they or anybody else can convey—in a phrase or in a book—what the American achievement really adds up to."

That despite failings and teasers *American Civilization* repays a serious glance owes much—as might be guessed—to the quality of the illustrations. It's not simply that they're gorgeous (the art and architecture sections are almost better than that). Rather it's that earnest thought has gone into their choice—some awareness of the kind of power shrewdly chosen images can lend to an argument. In theory it's too late in the day for anyone to be instructive about, say, "assimilation." Yet there's a pair of photographs of an Indian brave, before and after entrance to a reservation school, that recovers the full edge of the experience and virtually demands pondering.

And this bid to rumination, this hint that the mind can learn something if it pauses to work its way reflectively across the surface of a face, a room, a street corner, recurs repeatedly in the text. Shots of Orchard Street in New York City in 1900: crowds, open-air market, signs in Hebrew, mothers with baskets and shawls, high-wheeled carriages, awnings, street hawkers, kids carrying sacks and cloth-bolts, umbrellas against the sun, chicken pens, a caption remarking that "parts of New York were hardly distinguishable from Europe" . . . . A high school auditorium, assembly in progress: flag, blue-and-gold silk banner ("God Bless America"), hard-eyed lady leading the sing, Boy Scoutmaster, Cub Scoutmaster, everybody on his seat, a kid maybe just ducking back from a neighbor's blow, smudged gilt on the purple velvet curtain (glamour) . . . . A line of Japanese-Americans, cardboard suitcases in hand, waiting to be bused to "relocation centers" (California, 1942). . . . Hearst and Marion Davies giving a luncheon party for Hollywood types, great clutter of objets d'art, crystal, silver, five-foot candlesticks, medieval triptych, Heinz 57 ketchup bottle catching the light off brocaded linen. . . . Side by side shots of a McDonald's, (three families poised and bent, two-handed, to their burgers) and of the long line of hotel triumphs at Miami Beach, one joint after another, indistinguishable—that's the Doral, no that's the Eden Roc, no that's the—

Or a split page: up top a shot of Old Faithful surrounded by folks on their snowmobiles, jellybean colors, frabjous joy; below a desert landscape at Shoshone, Thirties-model Fords and Plymouths rusting raw in the heat.

Or a simple montage of newsclips taken from *Harper's Weekly* in 1915: "$28,000 PAID FOR A SALT CELLAR"; "$500,000 IN GEMS ON MRS. LEEDS AT PANTOMIME BALL"; "DIE OF STARVATION, TOO PROUD TO BEG/Steven Farley and Wife Found When Their Passaic House Is Broken Into/HER DEAD BODY IN HIS ARMS."

It could be argued, perhaps, that the reflections aroused by such material would, if spelled out, yield little but commonplaces—stuff as puerile as the line about the thousand-word worth of a picture. And certainly it's true that the experts' essays in *American Civilization* are often graced by piquant remarks—for instance, the brisk linkup of Norman Mailer and Edith Wharton as reporters, in R. W. B Lewis's romp through Am Lit—and that one writer, Philip Kurland, finds a language for dealing with constitutional crisis and the challenge of race that, with a superb assist from Learned Hand, attains uncommon moral force and dignity. But none of this alters the case: the poetry is the images. These vanished verandahs, packaged-cereal kitchens, railroad quick lunch counters, Noguchi gardens, Franz Kline black eruptions—they become, before the end, a climate of thought in themseves. Accident! accident! they cry, see the culture of accident, step up, folks, up to the edge, right over the edge—

Many sillier *luxo* items will appear and, safe to predict, disappear in Yankee households before this one wears out the family mind. □

*Benjamin DeMott is a novelist and social critic; his latest book, a collection of essays, is* Surviving the Seventies.

## Royalty in Biography and the Problem of Balance

**THE ROYAL GRIFFIN: Frederick Prince of Wales, 1707–51. By John Walters. Illustrated. 232 pages. Stein and Day. $7.95.**
**GEORGE THE THIRD. By Stanley Ayling. Illustrated. 510 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $12.50.**
**KING GEORGE III. By John Brooke. Illustrated. 411 pages. McGraw-Hill. $12.50.**

BY PETER STANSKY

Royalty makes a tempting but difficult subject for biography. The attraction is obvious: until modern times the ruler of a kingdom enjoyed both the glamour of rank, being exalted above all others, and the possibilities of power—he literally could help shape events to his


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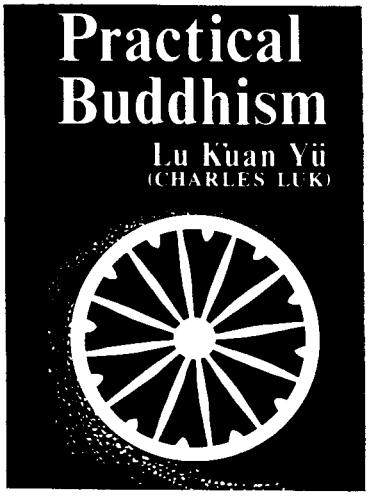

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■ Lu K'uan Yü is a foremost exponent of Chinese Buddhist thought. This volume, which is the first U.S. edition, presents a clear outline of Buddhist doctrine from the points of view of the Hinayana and the Mahayana schools of China. Included is an account of the third Ch'an patriarch, Seng Ts'an, and the story of the life and training of Ch'an Master Han Shan. The author, known also as Charles Luk, has published *Ch'an & Zen Teaching* and *The Secrets of Chinese Meditation.* 170pp.
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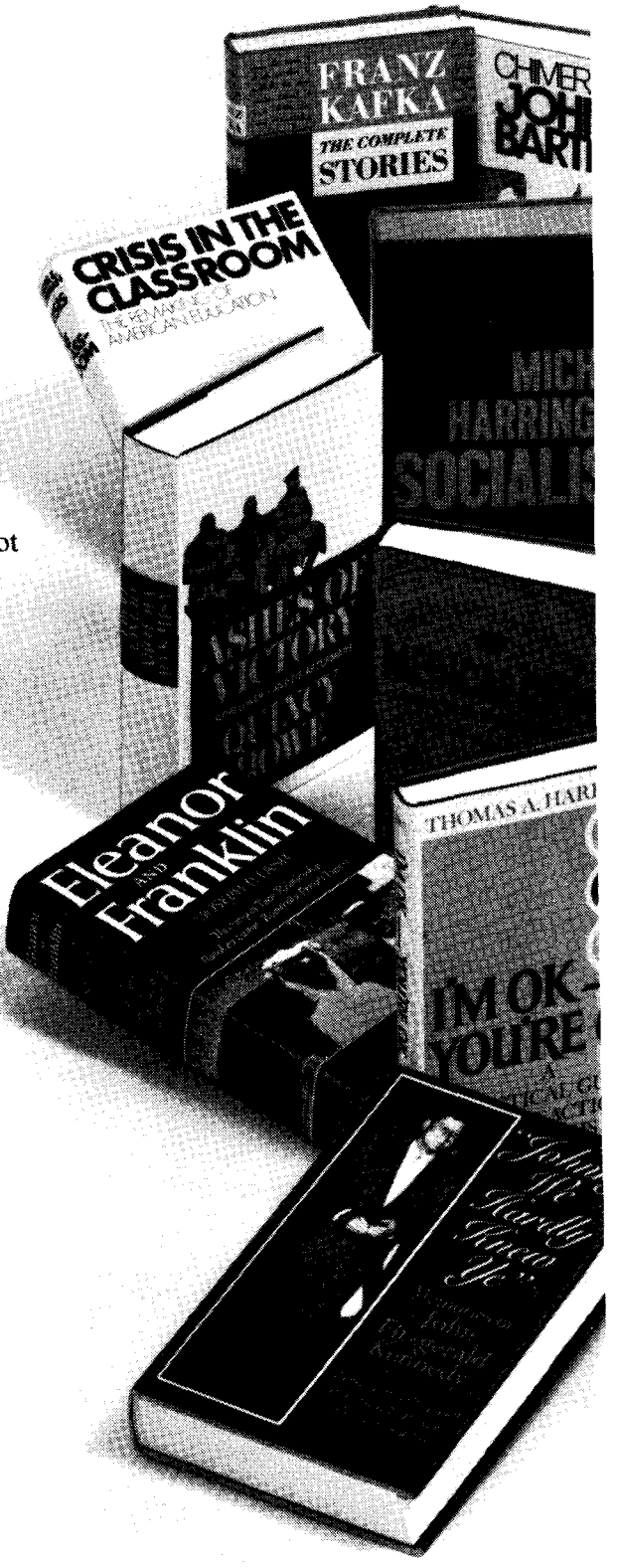
# you really have to *say* something!

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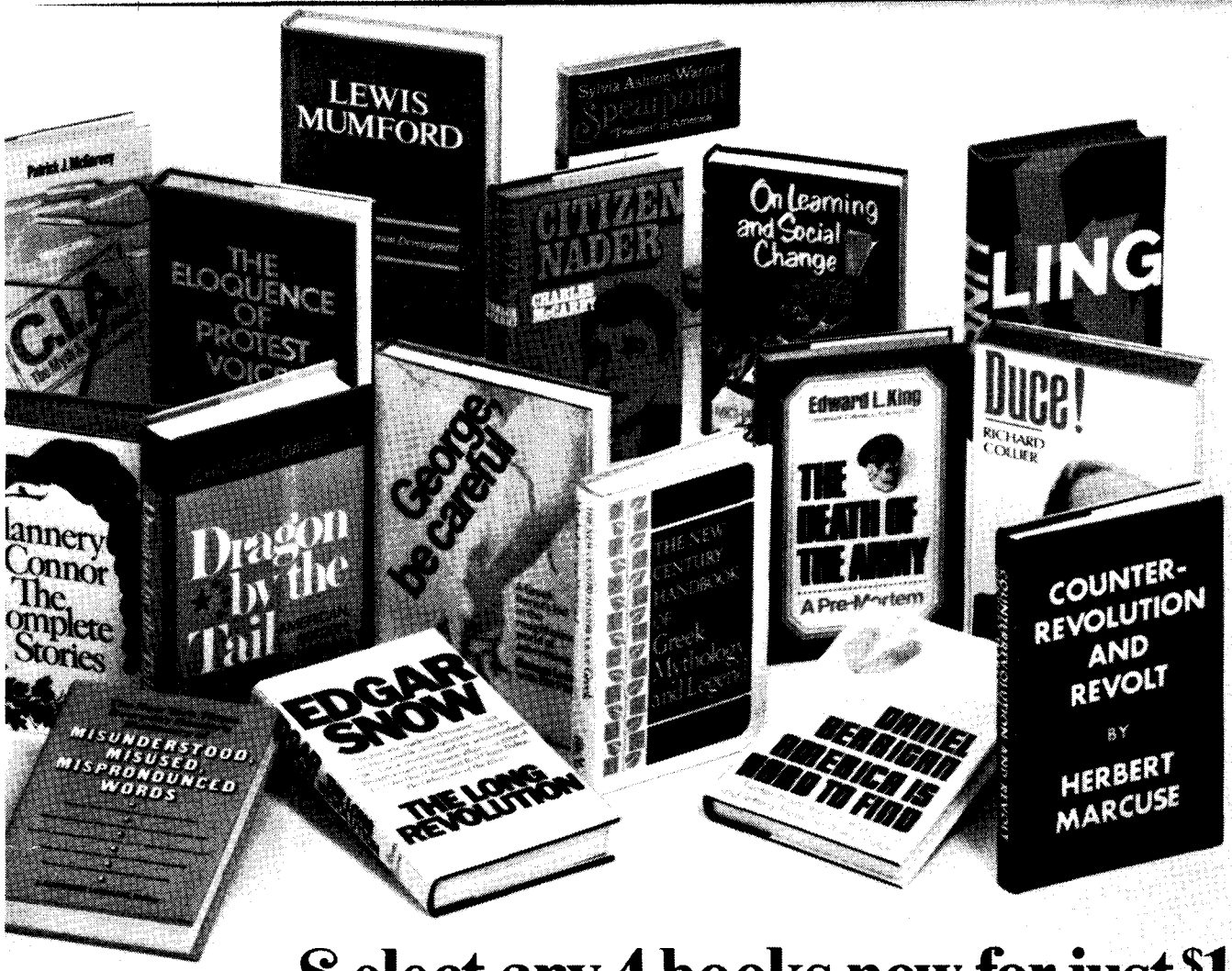


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will. Confronted by such a figure, the biographer has the difficult task of striking a proper balance between the contrasting aspects of a royal existence, the public and official on the one hand, the private and personal on the other.

In our own age the decline of monarchy as an institution has simplified the task. In the case of Elizabeth II, for example, the grandest survivor in a fast-diminishing field, power except in the most marginal sense has fled; only glamour is left; and her eventual biographer will have the pleasant task of noticing how the popularity of the monarch has risen to new levels even as her role has become increasingly symbolic. But when monarchy was arguably the single most important factor in politics, as in the case of George III, the problem of emphasis is at its most acute, and difficult to resolve: is one writing a "life," or a political history centered on its most exalted proponent? The problem tends to be more manageable when royal power has lost a degree of its immediate political force, though none of its ceremonial trappings, as with George III's granddaughter, Victoria. In her case, power and glamour seem to intertwine in just the right proportions to make her an irresistible subject. Yet even in that superb recent biography of her by Cecil Woodham-Smith, there was a slight problem of adjusting the balance, and at moments the general story of what was happening in England during Victoria's reign threatened to overshadow the Queen's own story.

None of the biographers considered here, practicing their art on eighteenth-century members of the Hanoverian line of the English royal family, matches Mrs. Woodham-Smith's skill, but I think it also fair to say that they are dealing with somewhat more difficult, less tractable, and less attractive subjects than she. Irresistible is not the first word that springs to mind when one thinks of these Hanoverians.

The old view of George I, II, III was that all three were stupid and that the third of the line was malicious as well and ultimately insane. Recent revisionist studies of George I and II have demonstrated their considerable skills at kingship. Now Stanley Ayling and John Brooke have set out separately to revise the earlier view of

*Peter Stansky is professor of history at Stanford University. Among his books is* The Unknown Orwell, *a biography written in collaboration with William Abrahams; most recently he has edited* Winston Churchill: A Profile, *to be published next month.*

*Gainsborough's George the Third*

George III—the appearance of their books in the same season is an unlucky coincidence of publishing—and John Walters has written a biography of the one of the line who didn't manage to become king, Frederick Prince of Wales, son of George II and father of George III, and to whom, in consequence, little attention has been paid. Like his grandfather, father, and son, he too was thought to be stupid and, as a prince, unimportant. His most enduring epitaph was the poem by Anonymous that began: "Here lies poor Fred,/Who was alive and is dead."

The intention of all three royal biographies is to reverse traditional judgments. But their authors are so enthusiastic in their tasks, so insistent in their claims, so determined to present their subjects in the best possible light, as having been much and unjustly maligned, that even the most sympathetic reader feels a certain skepticism. Surely no figure in such a position of power can have been as good and as worthy as we are asked to believe these eighteenth-century royals were. The pasteboard villains of old are convincingly removed from the historical stage, but they are not replaced effectively by pasteboard saints.

The least satisfactory of the three books is John Walter's modest study of Frederick Prince of Wales. Admittedly, Walters hasn't pretended to do more than offer a chronological narrative of the life, drawn from secondary sources, and it should entertain and inform undemanding readers who are curious about its little-known central figure. Since Frederick's political role was of slight consequence—as compared to his father's or his son's—his biographer weights the balance heavily on the personal side, and here the sad fact has to be faced that the prince was not an especially interesting man; only a very gifted writer with a talent for the complexities of human psychology would have been able to do much with him. Frederick's relationship with his parents, who detested him, is perhaps the most remarkable aspect of his life and provides his biographer with some amusing, blood-curdling quotations, as in the comment of Frederick's mother, the blue-stocking Queen Caroline: "My dear first-born is the greatest ass, and the greatest liar, and the greatest *canaille*, and the greatest beast, in the whole world. I most heartily wish he was out of it."

But if *The Royal Griffin* fails to revise the accepted view of the father of George III, it does solve a minor historical dispute: did Frederick die of a blow from a cricket ball at Cliveden —he rented the first house on that site from 1737 until his death in 1751— or of pneumonia caught at his residence at Kew? "Poor Fred" seems to have died of both—pneumonia, caught at Kew, *and* an abcess bursting from the blow received at Cliveden three years earlier.

Stanley Ayling and John Brooke have written far more thorough and complete biographies of a much more important man. After all, George III was King at a period when the monarch played an influential political role. He occupied the throne for sixty years, although in the last ten years he was incapacitated—whether mad or ill is a

SOLUTION OF THIS WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 2023)

(Guy) WRIGHT:
THE URGE TO SMASH

Most political assassins are of the same puny calibre as the man who smashed the Pieta, inconsequential people craving recognition and unable to get it by other than the most simple-minded act, pounding a hammer or pulling a trigger.



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ntinuing question—and his son, the Prince of Pleasure" and an irresistible iographical subject if ever there was ne, served as regent on his behalf. oth books are serious works of schol-ship, drawing upon an impressive nge of primary and secondary urces; both are determinedly re-isionist; both promise to occasion a od deal of controversy among spe-alists—indeed, the controversy has ready begun, with a spirited counter-tack by J. H. Plumb. I have found oth books rewarding and stimulating sometimes, in Mr. Brooke's case, irri-ting) to read; but judged as biogra-hies, not quite of the highest quality, o transparent in their determination tell the reader how splendid this uch-maligned monarch was. No oubt George III has been under-alued, but no human being could be ne "parfit, gentil knight" whose pic-ure emerges from the pages of these yal biographies.

The dominant modern figure in ighteenth-century studies had been ne late Sir Lewis Namier, Brooke's entor and collaborator, to whom he ays tribute. It was Namier who first ffected a reassessment of George III: at he was not the tyrant who brought n the American Revolution but a law-biding, if sometimes headstrong, mon-rch acting up to the limits of the nglish constitution. Simplifying a od deal, I would say that Namier ggested that George III was too upid to act unconstitutionally. Ayling nd Brooke would not disagree with Namier's political-historical analysis, ut their view of their subject is more seate than his, and at the personal vel more "revisionist." Neither of em would argue that George was a gure of surpassing intelligence, but ey do convincingly demonstrate that e was a man of culture, or at least not philistine. Beyond this they go on to ake him almost unbearably "good."

John Brooke offers it as his con-lusion that "King George III was the rst of the Victorians," a prototype for lbert, Victoria's beloved Prince Con-ort. This would be perfectly fine if Brooke's picture of the monarch, for ll the value of the mass of personal etail he has assembled, were more onvincing than that put forth by Namier himself in his classic lecture f 1953, "King George III: A Study of ersonality." But it is not. To a greater xtent than Ayling, who admits an oc-asional "wart," Brooke illustrates one f the pitfalls of a royal biographer: hat he may, in his enthusiasm, be-ome an ex post facto courtier. Of ourse he is aware that the King is ot absolutely *perfect*, but in a rather anglossian (and unhistorical—i.e., un-xamined) way he seems determined

*Lord North from* George the Third

to present all royal events in the most favorable light. Yet it is he, rather than Ayling, who is the professional historian.

Brooke's volume is graced with an introduction by the present Prince of Wales, who, unlike "Poor Fred," seems to be on excellent terms with *his* mother. Writing from Windsor Castle, which George III made a major royal residence, Charles gently takes issue with the claim recently put forward in Ida Macalpine and Richard Hunter's *George III and the Mad-Business* (and accepted by both Brooke and Ayling) that the monarch was not mad at all but suffering from porphyria, an inheritable disease that can have many of the symptoms of mental illness. Charles is also reluctant to accept that George was mad, and he prefers to think that he suffered from some sort of "metabolic" disorder. But, presumably, the prince would not take issue in any other particular with the flattering picture Brooke presents of his great-great-great-great-great-grandfather.

For those with a less personal stake in the matter, the question still remains: which of these two imposing biographies to read? Both are certainly useful. Ayling is stronger on the personal side. Being more modest in his claims for his subject, he is able to make him more credible as the anti-romantic, antidemocratic monarch who believed in precision, propriety, and reticence, who expressed himself in solid eighteenth-century prose, who supported new developments in farming, and who could at times be very popular with his subjects: he had a sense of what the ordinary Englishman or, more precisely, the ordinary English squire thought—he gloried "in the name of Britain."

Brooke's strengths, on the whole, are political rather than biographical. The ongoing political story seems to me very well told from 1760 to 1785, although it more or less evaporates after that date. It is made clear how important was the role played by the King, who might occasionally be forced to yield on a matter of policy but was happiest when he could support a minister of whom he thoroughly approved, such as Lord North. Brooke would appear to agree with Walter Bagehot that one of the Englishman's chief virtues is stupidity, or at least ordinariness, especially when carried to such transcendental levels as by George III and North, whom Brooke calls the Baldwin or Attlee of his age.

Brooke seems to me almost unbearably patronizing to those stars of the eighteenth-century firmament; anything but ordinary men: Chatham, Fox, and Burke. He is able to write that the century of Whiggism from 1688 on was "the most tolerant and least oppressive form of government which western man has known." The mind boggles—but, presumably, this can be interpreted to mean that a nonoppressive government was one that did nothing to relieve the misery assumed to be the human condition and that toleration meant not actively persecuting those excluded from power. It hardly comes as a surprise, then, to learn from him that the American Revolution was not a revolution at all but a "rebellion," and even that might not have taken place if the American colonials had had the privilege of a visit from George and his Queen—apparently to have seen royalty in the flesh would have canceled out all sense of injustice.

What comes through undeniably from both biographies is the reality of George III as an important and powerful monarch. He was not the villain some of the American revolutionaries thought him to be—although he did not wish them free of his rule. He was not so great an obstacle to a broadening of participation in the political process as some nineteenth-century historians chose to believe. He was probably not as stupid or inept as he has been portrayed by Sir Lewis Namier. Between them, Ayling and Brooke fill out a portrait of the man and his times that in many particulars will stand as authoritative. Yet neither work in itself has quite achieved that difficult balance that is the mark of royal biography at its best. □

Answer to Wit Twister, page 62: rascal, scalar, lascar.

**Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1538**
*The world likes humor, but treats it patronizingly. It decorates its serious artists with laurel, and its wags with brussels sprouts.*
E B. White



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# FILM

## He May Be the Greatest Filmmaker of All Time

BY THOMAS MEEHAN

Ingmar Bergman's *Cries and Whispers* is among the most brilliant, moving, and painful films that I've ever seen. In an isolated Swedish manor house that stands beside a lake in a parklike setting of barren, late-autumn trees, a spinster of thirty-seven, Agnes (Harriet Andersson), is dying in terrible agony of cancer of the womb. Death is near, and keeping the deathwatch in the shadowed house are a maidservant, Anna (a heavy-breasted young peasant girl, played by Kary Sylway), and Agnes's two sisters—Karin (Ingrid Thulin), a frigid, embittered woman of thirty-nine who is married to an elderly diplomat whom she despises; and Maria (Liv Ullmann), a stupid, indolent beauty of perhaps thirty who is married to a weakling whom she frequently cuckolds with such types as the cold-eyed, middle-aged doctor who is attending Agnes. Although the story takes place at the turn of the century, the film exists outside of literal time and place, in a mysterious realm of fantasy, nightmare, and the supernatural. As the film opens, we see a real house standing among real trees in a chill and misty early morning. But as Bergman moves his camera inside the house, where almost all of the film takes place, it becomes evident that realism is secondary to symbolism. We see, for instance, that each room in the house is decorated in a different shade of red—the walls are red, and so are the rugs, the drapes, and even the blankets on the beds. Each scene fades with a dissolve not to black but to red. Amid these stylized rooms, in which the color shifts from dark maroon to bright scarlet as the light changes, the three women who are keeping the deathwatch move somberly about, dressed in white, ankle-length gowns. Agnes, writhing in pain on her deathbed, is in white, too. "Ever since my childhood I have pictured the inside of the soul as a moist membrane in shades of red," Bergman has written, and in *Cries and Whispers* perhaps he intended the color to suggest blood, thus representing life and passion, in contrast with white, which stands here not for purity or innocence but rather for sterility, impotence, and the immense void of death.

As Agnes approaches death, flashbacks tell us that she, Karin, and Maria have, each in her own way, been living a life of total unhappiness. *Cries and Whispers*, as one critic has pointed out, is Bergman's *The Three Sisters*, but it is the conviction that life, wherever it is lived is entirely pointless, and it is not just arid provincial life that has cast his three sisters into despair. Why are we put on earth to endure life? Agnes, bewildered and in agony at the approach of death after having lived a meaningless life, doesn't know. And neither does Karin, who hates not only her husband but herself to the degree that she admits to frequent thoughts of suicide; nor Maria, who is too shallow and egocentric even to understand the cause of her depression. Only Agnes is capable of love, and as death nears, she feels an overwhelming affection for Karin and Maria that is for the most part unreturned. Indeed, the two sisters respond to the cries from the deathbed with fear and repulsion. We are told that the three sisters loved one another as children, but the sisterly bond of love between Karin and Maria has long since been broken. Despite attempts to draw close once again, each realizes that she has nothing but hatred and contempt for the other. Both Karin and Maria are racked by guilt, too, at being unable to feel love for Agnes as she is dying. Only Anna, the maidservant, is able to love Agnes. In one of the film's most touching scenes Anna climbs into bed with Agnes, bares her outsized breasts, and enfolds the dying woman compassionately in her plump arms.

Agnes lapses into a coma. She gasps for breath in rasping half-screams that chill and frighten you, and then she dies. Her corpse is laid out in white on the bed and the others move about the red rooms dressed now in black. One assumes that Agnes's agony has ended, but such is not the case, for the supernatural now intrudes. The decaying corpse moans, cries out, and tears stream down its cheeks. Agnes speaks: She asks to be loved, to be held in the arms of her sisters before her soul departs from the house. Karin and Maria shrink away in terror and horror. Once again only Anna is able to enter the bedroom and embrace the dead woman.

Agnes is buried, Anna is dismissed, the manor house is closed up, and Karin and Maria go their separate way with their husbands. And so *Cries and Whispers* would appear to be over. But it isn't. Bergman's final scene ends on a note of affirmation, reminiscent of the beautiful closing moment of *Wild Strawberries*. Perhaps only he could get away with such an optimistic ending to a film that has otherwise so relentlessly told us that life is pointless. The scene re-enacts an episode from Agnes's diary written several months before her death. Already aware that her cancer was terminal, she had sat with Karin and Maria one sun-drenched afternoon in the old-fashioned swinging seat on the back lawn of the manor house. We see Anna gently pushing the white-garbed sisters back and forth, as we hear Agnes's voice-over memory of the moment: "The people I'm most fond of in the world were with me. I closed my eyes tightly, trying to cling to the moment and thinking, come what may, this is happiness. I can't wish for anything better. Now, for a few minutes, I can experience perfection. And I feel a great gratitude to my life which gives me so much." Dissolve to red, and The End.

*Cries and Whispers* is magnificently performed by all four of its principals, particularly by Harriet Andersson as Agnes. It is a major work by a man who may be the greatest filmmaker of all time. Nonetheless, I should warn you that it is not a film to see when you are feeling depressed. In other words, although Chopin is played in the background at several points during *Cries and Whispers*, it's not a movie that you come out of cheerfully whistling the tunes. □

*Cries, whispers and cuckolds.*



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# MUSIC

## A New Deal for "The Queen of Spades"

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Tchaikovsky's operas abound in beautiful tunes that are cherished and enjoyed in excerpt form. The problem for the average Western listener is, however, that exposure to the entire operas adds little to what is cherished and enjoyed in the excerpts. The latest of the scores to make a reappearance in the Metropolitan's repertory is "The Queen of Spades" (*Pique Dame*), vigorously directed by Kazimierz Kord, a new young conductor from Poland by way of Leningrad. His proclamative presentation of the prelude gave hope of dramatic and emotional involvement in the action to follow, but it is simply not in the mixture contrived by Tchaikovsky and his brother, Modeste, from a story by Pushkin.

This time around, "The Queen of Spades" is being given in Russian, perhaps in deference to its principal performers. They are Nicolai Gedda, of Swedish-Russian extraction, as Gherman, the ill-fated hero in quest of a secret formula for winning at faro; and Raina Kabaivanska, of Polish background, as the Lisa whose blind devotion to his project ends in her death also. Aside from Andrij Dobriansky, who has the relatively small part of Sourin, the cast is made up of Americans.

As Gedda is famous for singing English (as in *Vanessa*) better than any native tenor, the crux of the question has to be: Why Russian? The only conceivable reply is, "The Queen of Spades" didn't make the grade—with a different cast—in its previous presentation at the Metropolitan in English, so what was the loss in choosing the "original" Russian? The loss, clearly, was the audience's, which had even less contact with the story in Russian, however clear, than in English, however mangled.

Whether conceived by former General Manager Rudolf Bing, or his successor, the late Göran Gentele, the plan violates an essential reality of opera's unreality by pretending that one element of authenticity, however remote from the comprehension of the audience, can redeem the lack of a dozen other, more meaningful elements.

In such a score as "The Queen of Spades," whose swelling tide of melodic invention relates it to such balletic masterpieces of Tchaikovsky as *Sleeping Beauty* and *Swan Lake*, the underlying essential is: justice to the music. This is *the* element that transcends language, culture, and even the myopic complexities of a singularly Russian dramatic situation. Conductor Kord expended a full measure of effort on behalf of the orchestral values, but there was, in this cast, hardly a voluble, full-throated embodiment of Tchaikovsky's vocal requirements.

Gedda is, of course, a thorough professional, who sings Rodolfo in *La Bohème* as well as Elvino in *La Sonnambula*. His tones, however, are both light and white for Gherman, a role whose prior Metropolitan embodiment was Jon Vickers. Mme. Kabaivanska has rarely performed any role at the Metropolitan as well as Lisa, singing affectingly and acting with simple believability. But it is the final commentary on the language issue that the artistic accomplishment of the evening was Regina Resnik's impersonation of the aged Countess, whose possession of the secret sought by Gherman results in her death. She was just as good, and, in fact, more understandable, when she played the part in the English language in 1965.

Amid a variety of inadequate vocal efforts by William Walker as the blond Texan Prince Yeletsky, John Reardon as a bland New Yorkish Count Tomsky, and Paul Franke as an anonymously operatic Tchekalinsky, there was a real spark of vocal life and visual glow in Joann Grillo's Pauline. She sang her solo in Act I with charming presence and vocal elegance and made a pictorial highlight of Daphnis, to Loretta Di Franco's Chloë, in the French masque of Act II.

Here, of course, is the clue to what "The Queen of Spades" is all about, stylistically. Tchaikovsky accepted the commission to write it because he was in need of a project to fill a space in his schedule for 1889–1890. He promptly retired to write it, not in Omsk, Pinsk, or Minsk, but in Florence. He larded it with appeals to the French interests of sophisticated Muscovites, even to borrowings from Rameau. What emerged was, to be sure, drenched in his compulsive identity with the Russian protagonists. But it was, in its own way, the same kind of an imposing facade to a nonexistent reality known to Russians and non-Russians alike as a Potemkin village.

The Robert O'Hearn scenic production of 1965 and the Henry Butler stage direction are seen again in this revival. The scenery looks shabbier, but the stage direction is tighter, more appropriate than previously. Conductor Kord's competence should be rewarded with a project in which he has a better opportunity to implement it.

## Mozart Serenade Sans "Posthorn"

As an embodiment of the "musical" conductor (as opposed to those regarded as virtuosos of the baton), Pierre Boulez sometimes gives cause for wonder. Such was the case in a recent New York Philharmonic concert in which he offered his listeners the D Major (*Posthorn*) Serenade of Mozart (K. 320) along with works by Schumann, Stockhausen, and Prokofiev.

A musical treat in almost any circumstances, the amount of Mozart presented by Boulez might better have been billed as "excerpts" from the *Posthorn* Serenade. Three of the seven sections were omitted (two, four, and five), and a conventional trumpet with a muting device was substituted for the posthorn. The Philharmonic's lack of such an instrument did not afflict the Cleveland Orchestra when it recorded the work under the late George Szell in 1968.

Realistically, the Mozart serenade is a kind of portmanteau-work, of which portions may be deleted in untoward circumstances. Idealistically, its rare appearance on the program of a major orchestra in New York calls for the work to be presented as Mozart wrote it, and with the instruments for which he wrote it.

If it was Boulez's intention to display the Stockhausen *Kontra-Punkte* with its ten solo parts for winds, strings, piano, and harp as a contemporary equivalent to Mozart's serenade, the intention was more provocative than productive. It fares better from tape or disc than in a concert hall of the Philharmonic's size. Lorne Munroe, the orchestra's first cellist, performed the Schumann concerto with affectionate artistry, and Prokofiev's *Chout* Suite, a product of Stravinsky's *Sacre* period, profited by Boulez's mastery of the idiom of Stravinsky's *Sacre* period. In other words, it went well. □



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## TRAVEL

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2023

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Alfred ———, Swiss chemist, won Nobel Prize 1913 | 54 81 100 153 173 94 |
| B. Pique | 24 101 3 62 82 28 151 92 21 159 |
| C. Not definite or clear to the mind | 152 105 9 46 37 99 20 127 86 190 |
| D. *La* ———, opera by Ponchielli | 183 72 26 102 161 98 154 59 |
| E. Son of Theseus, falsely accused of raping his stepmother, Phaedra (class. myth.) | 29 97 148 5 103 179 38 185 80 47 |
| F. Unsuccessful revolt of the family of Iapetus against Zeus (class. myth.) | 48 42 138 95 73 6 147 116 158 55 128 |
| G. Taciturn (comp.) | 120 165 104 49 130 7 181 35 160 30 156 |
| H. Troubled with worms | 131 50 180 33 106 163 134 139 8 168 145 187 18 |
| I. Advocacy | 150 19 90 109 178 60 85 41 |
| J. Whiskey in Scotland and Ireland | 114 22 79 36 34 43 170 162 188 61 |
| K. TV star (*Wild Wild West*); avid Double-Crostic fan (2 wds.) | 44 56 31 143 51 23 133 107 146 182 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| L. Roulette, for instance (3 wds.) | 167 32 58 155 129 27 39 169 52 110 93 25 |
| M. Open level space used for public walks or drives | 45 57 177 149 40 53 184 164 88 |
| N. Mendicant who asks charity on the plea of insanity (2 wds., one contr.) | 124 75 1 175 117 140 63 91 12 171 |
| O. Pianist, actor, composer: "Lady, Play Your Mandolin" (2 wds.) | 2 16 74 111 176 13 69 96 136 115 64 |
| P. Gossip | 15 11 71 76 113 157 118 141 89 137 122 66 174 |
| Q. Junction | 172 78 132 4 10 112 189 |
| R. Zest | 14 67 87 119 83 125 144 123 |
| S. Ancestry | 77 126 186 17 68 166 |
| T. Emperor well-known for his studies in marine biology | 65 84 191 121 135 108 70 142 |

**DIRECTIONS**

*Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle. . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.*

| | | 1 N | 2 O | 3 B | 4 Q | | 5 E | 6 F | 7 G | 8 H | 9 C | 10 Q | 11 P | 12 N | 13 O | | 14 R |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 15 P | 16 O | 17 S | 18 H | 19 I | 20 C | 21 B | 22 J | | 23 K | 24 B | 25 L | | 26 D | 27 L | | 28 B | 29 E |
| 30 G | | 31 K | 32 L | 33 H | 34 J | | 35 G | 36 J | 37 C | 38 E | | 39 L | 40 M | 41 I | 42 F | 43 J | 44 K |
| 45 M | | 46 C | 47 E | | 48 F | 49 G | 50 H | | 51 K | 52 L | 53 M | | 54 A | 55 F | 56 K | | 57 M |
| 58 L | 59 D | 60 I | 61 J | 62 B | 63 N | | 64 O | 65 T | 66 P | | 67 R | 68 S | 69 O | 70 T | 71 P | | 72 D |
| 73 F | 74 O | 75 N | 76 P | 77 S | 78 Q | 79 J | 80 E | 81 A | 82 B | 83 R | 84 T | 85 I | 86 C | | 87 R | 88 M | 89 P |
| 90 I | 91 N | 92 B | | 93 L | 94 A | 95 F | 96 O | 97 E | 98 D | 99 C | | 100 A | 101 B | 102 D | 103 E | 104 G | 105 C |
| 106 H | 107 K | 108 T | 109 I | 110 L | | 111 O | 112 Q | 113 P | | 114 J | 115 O | 116 F | 117 N | 118 P | 119 R | | 120 G |
| 121 T | | 122 P | 123 R | 124 N | | 125 R | 126 S | | 127 C | 128 F | | 129 L | 130 G | 131 H | 132 Q | 133 K | |
| 134 H | 135 T | 136 O | 137 P | | 138 F | 139 H | 140 N | | 141 P | 142 T | 143 K | 144 R | | 145 H | 146 K | 147 F | 148 E |
| 149 M | 150 I | _ | 151 B | 152 C | 153 A | 154 D | 155 L | 156 G | | 157 P | 158 F | 159 B | | 160 G | 161 D | 162 J | 163 H |
| 164 M | 165 G | 166 S | 167 L | | 168 H | | 169 L | 170 J | 171 N | 172 Q | 173 A | 174 P | | 175 N | 176 O | | 177 M |
| 178 I | 179 E | 180 H | 181 G | 182 K | 183 D | | 184 M | | 185 E | 186 S | 187 H | 188 J | 189 Q | 190 C | 191 T | | |

**Solution of this week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 70 of this issue.**



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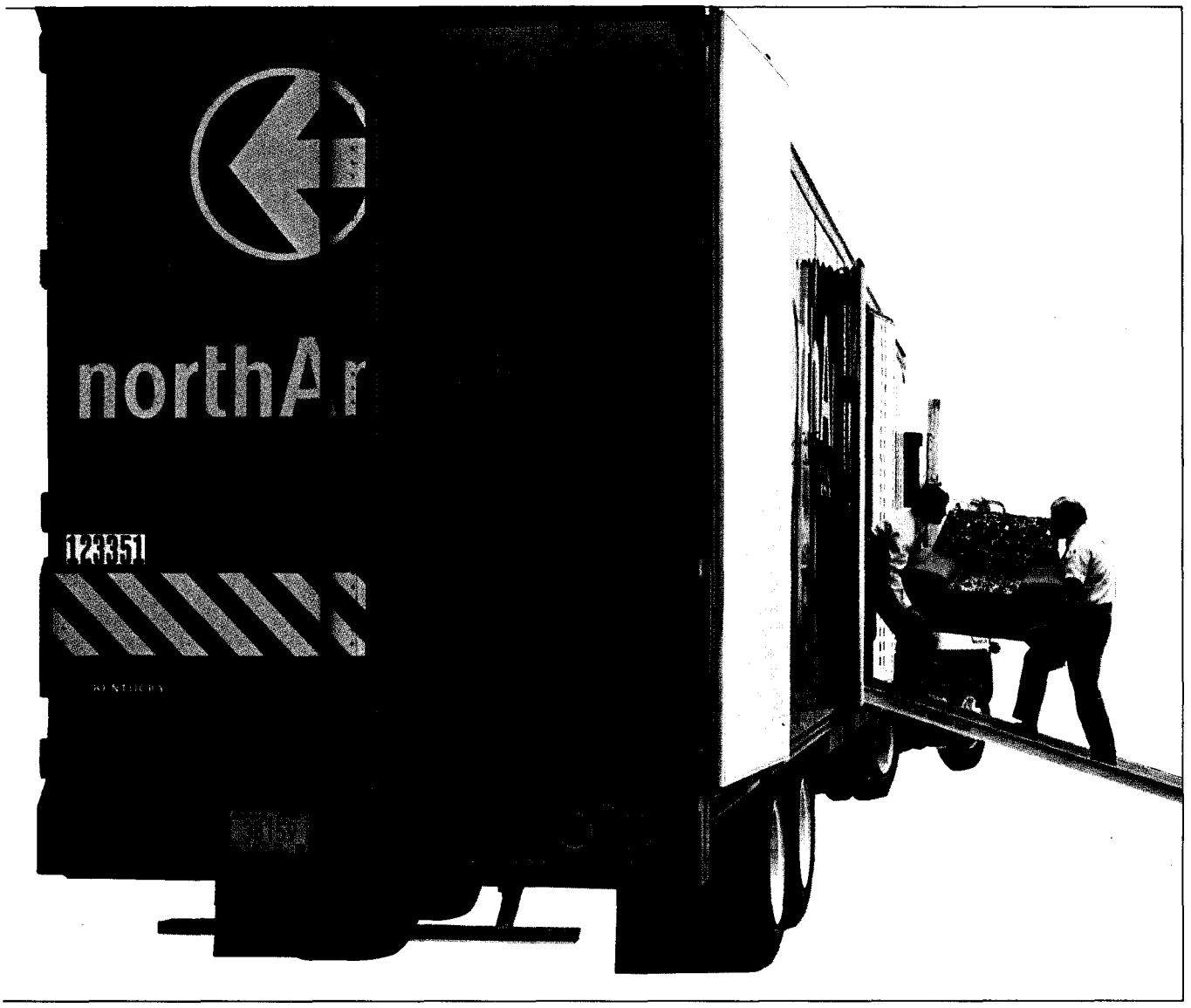


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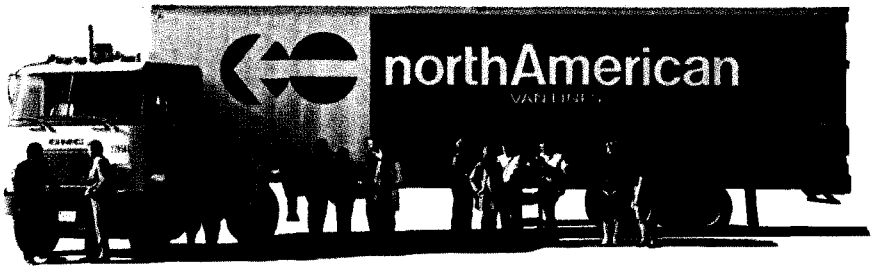


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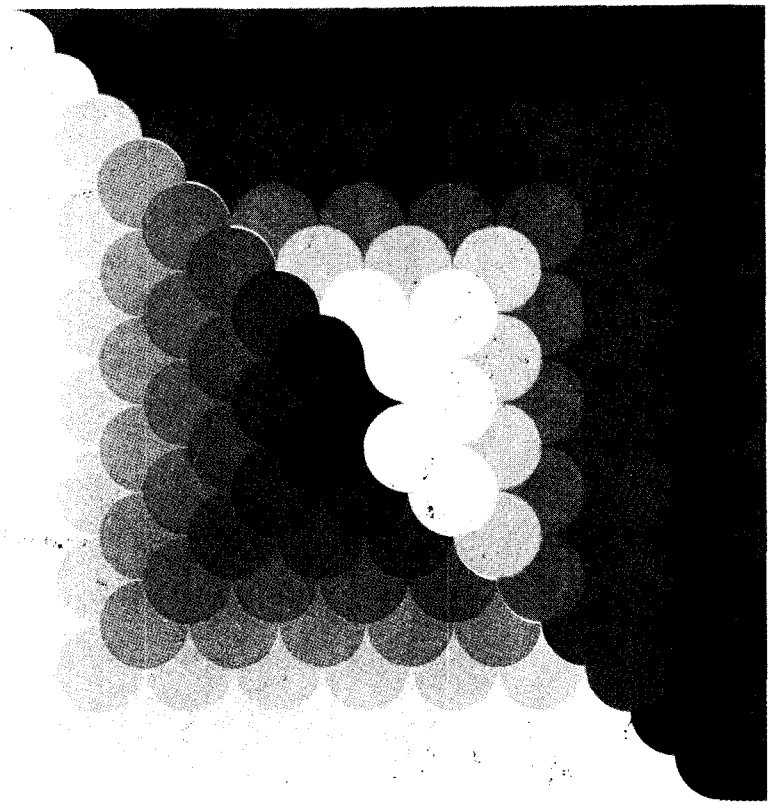
chromatic amassment



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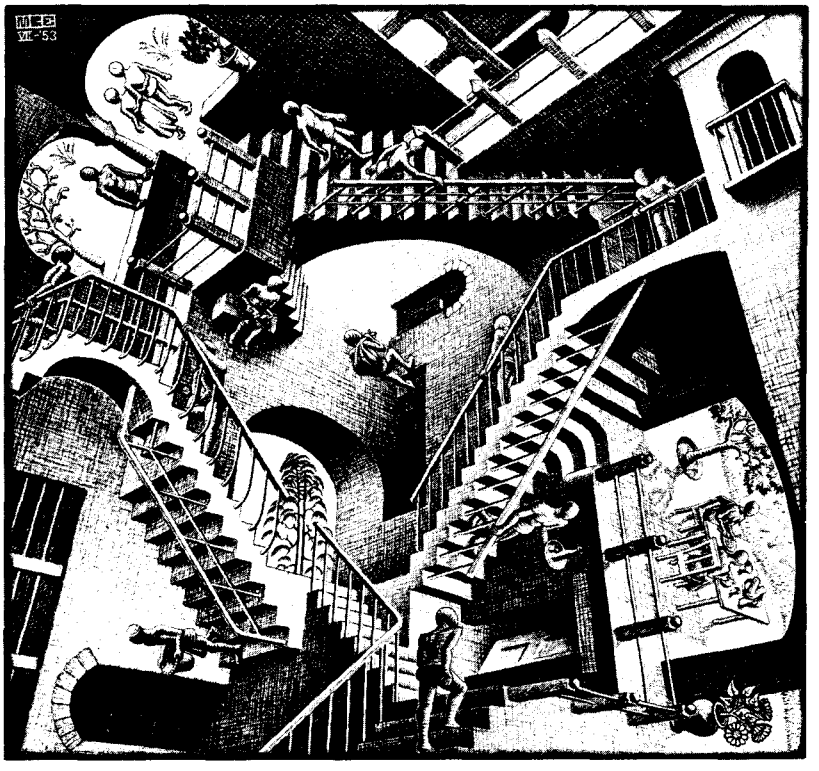
**The real**
We move in different directions, disregarding our neighbor's goal. We dilute our efforts. We fail to reach the equilibrium our strength could give us.

artist: escher



Achieving national goals requires a balanced effort. We must continue to seek new ways to reduce air and water pollution... raise the standard of living of men and women whose potential contribution to society is not being realized... and maintain a sound economy, which will be necessary to achieve environmental and social goals.

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